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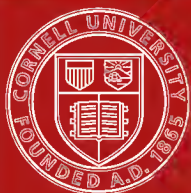
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THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF
AUSTRALIAN VERSE

THE
GOLDEN TREASURY
OF
AUSTRALIAN VERSE

EDITED BY
BERTRAM STEVENS

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PREFACE

WHEN "An Anthology of Australian Verse" was prepared for publication in 1906 the Editor was unable to obtain permission to use certain copyright poems which he wished to include. Since then the restrictions have been generously removed; it has therefore been possible to revise the original selection, and to make it more thoroughly representative of the best short poems written by Australians or inspired by the scenery and conditions of life in Australia and New Zealand. A few poems have been included by writers whose residence here has given their work an Australian interest. The arrangement is as nearly as possible chronological; and the appendix contains notes on the poems, together with brief biographical particulars and an index to the authors quoted. In some cases parts of the original poems have been omitted, and the omissions indicated by asterisks. The arrangement of stanzas in "Where the Dead Men Lie" has been altered.

The Editor specially thanks the *Bulletin* Newspaper Co., Ltd., for permission to quote from the poems of the late Victor Daley; also from those of A. H. Adams, A. A. D. Bayldon, E. J. Brady, C. Brennan, J. Le Gay Brereton, H. Church, A. E. Currie, Mrs. Curlewis, Mrs. Creed, Mrs. Gilmore, J.

PREFACE

Hebblethwaite, S. Jephcott, J. S. Neilson, B. O'Dowd, D. O'Reilly, R. Quinn, and G. C. Whitney.

Thanks are tendered to Mr. T. C. Lothian for permission to quote from the poems of J. Le Gay Brereton, Bernard O'Dowd, and others; to the Australasian Authors' Agency for the right to use two of Miss Mackellar's poems; and to Messrs. Melville & Mullen for one poem by Jennings Carmichael.

Acknowledgments are also due to Messrs. Massina & Co. for leave to print some of Adam Lindsay Gordon's poems; to the George Robertson & Co. Proprietary, Ltd., for permission to use the poems of Henry Kendall; to Messrs. Gordon & Gotch for the use of Mrs. Foott's poems; to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. for the use of two poems by Alfred Domett; to Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. for permission to quote from the poems of A. Patchett Martin; to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., for the use of Marcus Clarke's "The Song of Tigilau"; and to other owners of copyrights for leave to make selections from matter under their control. In a few cases it has been found impossible to ascertain the addresses of the proper authorities.

In addition to those who rendered assistance in connection with "An Anthology of Australian Verse," the Editor is indebted to Mr. E. Wilson Dobbs and to Mr. E. A. Petherick's articles on Australian bibliography.

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INTRODUCTION

As the literature of a country is, in certain respects, a reflex of its character, it may be advisable to introduce this anthology with some account of the main circumstances which have affected the production of Australian poetry.

Australia was first settled by the British a little more than a century ago, so that we are still a young community. The present population, including that of New Zealand, is a little under five millions, or about the same as that of London; it is chiefly scattered along the coast and the few permanent waterways, and a vast central region is but sparsely inhabited as yet. All climates, from tropical to frigid, are included within the continent, but the want of satisfactory watersheds renders it peculiarly liable to long droughts and sudden floods. The absence of those broad, outward signs of the changing seasons which mark the pageant of the year in the old world is probably a greater disadvantage than we are apt to suspect. Here, too, have existed hardly any of the conditions which obtained in older communities where great literature arose. There is no glamour of old Romance about our early history, no shading off from the actual into a dim region of myth and fable; our beginnings are clearly defined and of an eminently prosaic character. The early settlers were engaged in a hand-to-

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hand struggle with nature, and in the establishment of the primitive industries. Their strenuous pioneering days were followed by the feverish excitement of the gold period and a consequent rapid expansion of all industries. Business and politics have afforded ready roads to success, and have absorbed the energies of the best intellects. There has been no leisured class of cultured people to provide the atmosphere in which literature is best developed as an art; and, until recently, we have been content to look to the mother country for our artistic standards and supplies. The principal literary productions of our first century came from writers who had been born elsewhere, and naturally brought with them the traditions and sentiments of their home country.

We have not yet had time to settle down and form any decided racial characteristics; nor has any great crisis occurred to fuse our common sympathies and create a national sentiment. Australia has produced no great poet, nor has any remarkable innovation in verse forms been successfully attempted. But the old forms have been so coloured by the strange conditions of a new country, and so charged with the thoughts and feelings of a vigorous, restless democracy now just out of its adolescence, that they have an interest and a value beyond that of perhaps technically better minor poetry produced under English skies.

The first verses actually written and published in Australia seem to have been the Royal Birthday Odes of Michael Robinson, which were printed as broadsides from 1810 to 1821. Their publication in book form

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was announced in *The Hobart Town Gazette* of 23rd March, 1822, but no copy of such a volume is at present known to exist.

The famous "Prologue," containing the lines

"True patriots all, for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good,"

which was said to have been recited at the dramatic performance in Sydney, on January 16th, 1796 (when Dr. Young's tragedy "The Revenge" was played by a company of convicts), for a long time erroneously ranked as the first verse produced in Australia. It was printed in what is known as Barrington's "History of New South Wales," published in London in parts during 1802-1803. The notorious George Barrington was then in New South Wales; and had nothing to do with the "History" or the "Prologue." The lines first appeared in a volume called "Original Poems and Translations chiefly by Susannah Watts," published in London in 1802, a few months before the appearance of the compilation called Barrington's "History." In Susannah Watts' book the Prologue is stated to be written by "A Gentleman," and is printed under the following heading: "The newspapers having announced that a theatre was to be opened at Sydney Town, Botany Bay, and Plays to be performed by the convicts, this Prologue is supposed to have been spoken by the celebrated Mr. B-rr-ngt-n on that occasion. 1801."

Mr. Barron Field, Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales, printed in Sydney in 1819 his "First

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Fruits of Australian Poetry," for private circulation. Field was a friend of Charles Lamb, who addressed to him the letter printed in "The Essays of Elia" under the title of "Distant Correspondents." Lamb reviewed the "First Fruits" in *The Examiner*, and one wishes for his sake that the verses were more worthy.

The first poem of any importance by an Australian is William Charles Wentworth's "Australasia," written in 1823 at Cambridge University in competition for the Chancellor's medal. There were twenty-seven competitors, and the prize was awarded to W. Mackworth Praed, Wentworth being second on the list. Wentworth's poem was printed in London in the same year, and shortly afterwards in *The Sydney Gazette*, the first Australian newspaper. After an historical and descriptive account of the country, the poem concludes with the following prophecy :

"And, O Britannia ! shouldst thou cease to ride
Despotic Empress of old Ocean's tide ;—
Should thy tamed Lion—spent his former might,—
No longer roar the terror of the fight ;—
Should e'er arrive that dark disastrous hour,
When bow'd by luxury, thou yield'st to pow'r ;—
When thou, no longer freest of the free,
To some proud victor bend'st the vanquish'd knee ;—
May all thy glories in another sphere
Relume, and shine more brightly still than here ;
May this, thy last-born infant, then arise,
To glad thy heart and greet thy parent eyes ;
And Australasia float, with flag unfurl'd,
A new Britannia in another world."

In 1826 there was printed at the Albion Press,

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Sydney, "Wild Notes from the Lyre of a Native Minstrel" by Charles Tompson, Junior, the first verse of an Australian-born writer published in this country. There was also published in Sydney in 1826 a book of verses by Dr. John Dunmore Lang, called "Aurora Australis." Both Lang and Wentworth afterwards conducted newspapers and wrote histories of New South Wales, but their names are more famous in the political than in the literary annals of the country. At Hobart Town in 1827 appeared "The Van Diemen's Land Warriors, or the Heroes of Cornwall" by "Pindar Juvenal," the first book of verse published in Tasmania. During the next ten years various poetical effusions were printed in the colonies, which are of bibliographical interest but of hardly any intrinsic value. Newspapers had been established at an early date, but until the end of this period they were little better than news-sheets or official gazettes, giving no opportunities for literature. The proportion of well-educated persons was small, the majority of the free settlers being members of the working classes, as very few representatives of British culture came willingly to this country until after the discovery of gold.

It was not until 1845 that the first genuine, though crude, Australian poetry appeared, in the form of a small volume of sonnets by Charles Harpur, who was born at Windsor, N.S.W., in 1817. He passed his best years in the lonely bush, and wrote largely under the influence of Wordsworth and Shelley. He had some imagination and poetic faculty of the contemplative order, but the disadvantages of his life were many.

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Harpur's best work is in his longer poems, from which extracts cannot conveniently be given here. The year 1842 had seen the publication of Henry Parkes' "Stolen Moments," the first of a number of volumes of verse which that statesman bravely issued, the last being published just before his eightieth year. The career of Parkes is coincident with a long and important period of our history, in which he is the most striking figure. Not the least interesting aspect of his character, which contained much of rugged greatness, was his love of poetry and his unfailing kindness to the struggling writers of the colony. Others who deserve remembrance for their services at this time are Nicol D. Stenhouse and Dr. Woolley. Among the writers of the period D. H. Deniehy, Henry Halloran, J. Sheridan Moore and Richard Rowe contributed fairly good verse to the newspapers, the principal of which were *The Atlas* (1845-9), *The Empire* (1850-8), and two papers still in existence—*The Freeman's Journal* (1850) and *The Sydney Morning Herald*, which began as *The Sydney Herald* in 1831. None of their writings, however, reflected to any appreciable extent the scenery or life of the new country.

With the discovery of gold a new era began for Australia. That event induced the flow of a large stream of immigration, and gave an enormous impetus to the development of the colonies. Among the ardent spirits attracted here were J. Lionel Michael, Robert Sealy, R. H. Horne, William Howitt, Henry Kingsley and Adam Lindsay Gordon. Michael was a friend of Millais, and an early champion of the Pre-Raphaelite

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Brotherhood. Soon after his arrival in Sydney he abandoned the idea of digging for gold, and began to practise again as a solicitor. Through Sheridan Moore he became acquainted with Henry Kendall, a lad of eighteen who had already written some promising verses, and gave him work in his office. Later on he removed to Grafton on the Clarence River; where Kendall joined him. Michael, discerning his promise, encouraged him to write, and many of Kendall's early verses were sent from Michael's office to Parkes, who printed them in his paper *The Empire*. Kendall left Grafton in 1861; and his first volume, "Poems and Songs," was published in Sydney in October, 1862. It was not long before he recognised the extreme weakness of most of its contents, and did what he could to suppress the book. In the meantime he had sent specimens of his best work to the London *Athenæum*, and wrote a pathetic letter to the Editor, which was printed in the issue of 27th September, 1862, together with some of the poems and a most kindly comment. Kendall soon wrote again, sending more poems, and received encouraging notices in *The Athenæum* on 19th September, 1863, 27th February, 1864, and 17th February, 1866. These form the first favourable pronouncement upon Australian poetry by an English critical journal of importance. Their stimulating effect upon Kendall was very great. From the indifference of the many and the carping criticisms of some of the magnates here, he had appealed to one of the highest literary authorities in England, and received praise beyond his wildest expectations.

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Meanwhile the colony of Victoria, which began its independent career in 1851, had been advancing even more rapidly than New South Wales. *The Argus* newspaper had been in existence since 1846, and other periodicals sprang up in Melbourne which gave further scope to letters. *The Australasian* was established in 1854, and soon became the most important literary journal in Australia. Adam Lindsay Gordon, who had landed in Adelaide in the same year as Henry Kingsley—1853—published a little book of verse in 1864 at Mt. Gambier, S.A., and began to contribute verses to a Melbourne sporting paper in 1866. These were printed anonymously, and attracted some attention; but a collection of his ballads—"Sea Spray and Smoke Drift"—brought very little praise and no profit. Marcus Clarke came to Melbourne in 1864, and soon afterwards began to write for *The Argus* and other papers. About the same time the presence of R. H. Horne, the distinguished author of "Orion," in Melbourne lent a lustre to that city, which was for the time the literary centre of Australia. Horne corresponded with Kendall, and contributed to a paper edited by Deniehy in Sydney—*The Southern Cross* (1859-60). He was the presiding genius of the literary gatherings at Dwight's book-shop in Melbourne, and no doubt exercised a beneficial influence upon the writers around him.

In 1870, after a series of crushing disappointments, Gordon committed suicide. His dramatic end awakened sympathy and gave an additional interest to his writings. It was soon found that in the city

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and the bush many of his spirited racing ballads were well known. The virile, athletic tone of his verse, which taught

“How a man should uphold the sports of his land
And strike his best with a strong right hand
And take his strokes in return”—

and the practical philosophy, summed up in the well-known quatrain—

“Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone;
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own”—

appeal strongly to Australians. Gordon's work cannot be considered as peculiarly Australian in character; but much of it is concerned with the horse, and all of it is a-throb with the manly, reckless personality of the writer. Horses and horse-racing are especially interesting to Australians, the Swinburnian rush of Gordon's ballads charms their ear, and in many respects he embodies their ideal of a man. There are few Australians who do not know some of his poems, even if they know no others, and his influence upon subsequent writers has been very great.

Brunton Stephens, who came to Queensland in 1866, wrote there a long poem called “Convict Once” which, when published in London in 1871, gained high praise from competent critics, and gave the author an academic reputation. A little book of humorous verses issued in Melbourne in 1873 almost immediately became popular, and a later volume of “Miscellaneous

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Poems " (1880), containing some fine patriotic utterances as well as many in lighter vein, established him as one of our chief singers.

The first important poem from New Zealand—Domett's "Ranolf and Amohia"—was published in London in 1872. Domett spent thirty years in New Zealand. He wrote a good deal of verse before leaving England and after his return, but "Ranolf and Amohia" is the only poem showing traces of Australasian influence. It is a miscellany in verse rather than an epic, and contains some fine descriptions of New Zealand scenery.

The death of Kendall in Sydney in 1882 closed what may be regarded as the second literary period. He had published his finest work in "Songs from the Mountains" (1880), and had the satisfaction of knowing that it was a success, financially and otherwise. Kendall's audience is not so large as Gordon's, but it is a steadily growing one; and many readers who have been affected by his musical verse hold the ill-fated singer in more tender regard than any other. He lived at a time when Australians had not learned to think it possible that any good thing in art could come out of Australia, and were too fully occupied with things of the market-place to concern themselves much about literature.

Several attempts have been made to maintain magazines and reviews in Sydney and Melbourne, but none of them could compete successfully with the imported English periodicals. *The Colonial Monthly*, *The Melbourne Review*, *The Sydney Quarterly*, and

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The Centennial Magazine were the most important of these. They cost more to produce than their English models, and the fact that their contents were Australian was not sufficient in itself to obtain for them adequate support. Newspapers have played a far more important part in our literary world. *The Australasian*, *Sydney Mail* and *Queenslander* have done a good deal to encourage local writers, but the most powerful influence has been that of *The Bulletin*, which was started in Sydney in 1880. Its racy, irreverent tone and its humour are characteristically Australian, and through its columns the first realistic Australian verse of any importance—the writings of Henry Lawson and A. B. Paterson—became widely known. When published in book form, their verses met with phenomenal success, and Paterson's "The Man from Snowy River" (1895) has already attained a circulation of nearly fifty thousand copies. It is the first of a long series of volumes, issued during the last sixteen years, whose character is far more distinctively Australian than that of their predecessors. Their number and success are evidences of the lively interest taken by the present generation here in its native literature.

Australia has now come of age, and is becoming conscious of its strength and its possibilities. Its writers to-day are, as a rule, self-reliant and hopeful. They have faith in their own country; they write of it as they see it, and of their work and their joys and fears, in simple, direct language. It may be that none of it is poetry in the grand manner, and that some of it is lacking in technical finish; but it is a vivid and

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faithful portrayal of Australia, and its ruggedness is in character. It is hoped that this selection from the verse that has been written up to the present time will be found a not unworthy contribution to the great literature of the English-speaking peoples.

CHARLES HARPUR

LOVE

SHE loves me! From her own bliss-breathing lips
The live confession came, like rich perfume
From crimson petals bursting into bloom!
And still my heart at the remembrance skips
Like a young lion, and my tongue, too, trips
As drunk with joy! while every object seen
In life's diurnal round wears in its mien
A clear assurance that no doubts eclipse.
And if the common things of nature now
Are like old faces flushed with new delight,
Much more the consciousness of that rich vow
Deepens the beauteous, and refines the bright,
While throned I seem on love's divinest height
'Mid all the glories glowing round its brow.

WORDS

WORDS are deeds. The words we hear
May revolutionize or rear
A mighty state. The words we read
May be a spiritual deed
Excelling any fleshly one,

CHARLES HARPUR

As much as the celestial sun
Transcends a bonfire, made to throw
A light upon some raree-show.
A simple proverb tagged with rhyme
May colour half the course of time;
The pregnant saying of a sage
May influence every coming age;
A song in its effects may be
More glorious than Thermopylæ,
And many a lay that schoolboys scan
A nobler feat than Inkerman.

A COAST VIEW

HIGH 'mid the shelves of a grey cliff, that yet
Riseth in Babylonian mass above,
In a benched cleft, as in the mouldered chair
Of grey-beard Time himself, I sit alone,
And gaze with a keen wondering happiness
Out o'er the sea. Unto the circling bend
That verges Heaven, a vast luminous plain
It stretches, changeful as a lover's dream—
Into great spaces mapped by light and shade
In constant interchange—either 'neath clouds
The billows darken, or they shimmer bright
In sunny scopes of measureless expanse.
'Tis Ocean dreamless of a stormy hour,
Calm, or but gently heaving;—yet, O God!
What a blind fate-like mightiness lies coiled
In slumber, under that wide-shining face!
While o'er the watery gleam—there where its edge

CHARLES HARPUR

Banks the dim vacancy, the topmost sails
Of some tall ship, whose hull is yet unseen,
Hang as if clinging to a cloud that still
Comes rising with them from the void beyond,
Like to a heavenly net, drawn from the deep
And carried upward by ethereal hands.

DANIEL HENRY DENIEHY

LOVE IN A COTTAGE

A COTTAGE small be mine, with porch
Enwreathed with ivy green,
And brightsome flowers with dew-filled bells,
'Mid brown old wattles seen.

And one to wait at shut of eve,
With eyes as fountain clear,
And braided hair, and simple dress,
My homeward step to hear.

On summer eves to sing old songs,
And talk o'er early vows,
While stars look down like angels' eyes
Amid the leafy boughs.

When Spring flowers peep from flossy cells,
And bright-winged parrots call,
In forest paths be ours to rove
Till purple evenings fall.

The curtains closed, by taper clear
To read some page divine,

DANIEL H. DENIEHY

On winter nights, the hearth beside,
Her soft, warm hand in mine.

And so to glide through busy life,
Like some small brook alone,
That winds its way 'mid grassy knolls,
Its music all its own.

JAMES LIONEL MICHAEL

PERSONALITY

"Death is to us change, not consummation."

Heart of Midlothian.

A CHANGE! no, surely, not a change,
The change must be before we die;
Death may confer a wider range,
From pole to pole, from sea to sky,
It cannot make me new or strange
To mine own Personality!

For what am I?—this mortal flesh,
These shrinking nerves, this feeble frame,
For ever racked with ailments fresh
And scarce from day to day the same—
A fly within the spider's mesh,
A moth that plays around the flame!

This is not I—within such coil
The immortal spirit rests awhile:
When this shall lie beneath the soil,
Which its mere mortal parts defile,
That shall for ever live and foil
Mortality, and pain, and guile.

Whatever Time may make of me
Eternity must see me still

J. LIONEL MICHAEL

Clear from the dross of earth, and free
From every stain of every ill;
Yet still, where-e'er—what-e'er I be,
Time's work Eternity must fill.

When all the worlds have ceased to roll,
When the long light has ceased to quiver
When we have reached our final goal
And stand beside the Living River,
This vital spark—this loving soul,
Must last for ever and for ever.

To choose what I must be is mine,
Mine in these few and fleeting days,
I may be if I will, divine,
Standing before God's throne in praise,—
Through all Eternity to shine
In yonder Heaven's sapphire blaze.

Father, the soul that counts its gain
To love Thee and Thy law on earth,
Unchanged but free from mortal stain,
Increased in knowledge and in worth,
And purified from this world's pain,
Shall find through Thee a second birth.

A change! no surely not a change!
The change must be before we die;
Death may confer a wider range
From world to world, from sky to sky,
It cannot make me new or strange
To mine own Personality!

RICHARD ROWE

SUPERSTITES ROSÆ

THE grass is green upon her grave,
The west wind whispers low :
“ The corn is changed, come forth, come forth,
Ere all the blossoms go ! ”

In vain. Her laughing eyes are sealed,
And cold her sunny brow ;
Last year she smiled upon the flowers—
They smile above her now !

SOUL FERRY

HIGH and dry upon the shingle lies the fisher's boat
to-night ;
From his roof-beam dankly drooping, raying phos-
phorescent light,
Spectral in its pale-blue splendour, hangs his heap
of scaly nets,
And the fisher, lapt in slumber, surge and seine alike
forgets.

RICHARD ROWE

Hark! there comes a sudden knocking, and the
fisher starts from sleep,
As a hollow voice and ghostly bids him once more
seek the deep;
Wearily across his shoulder flingeth he the ashen
oar,
And upon the beach descending finds a skiff beside
the shore.

'Tis not his, but he must enter—rocking on the
waters dim,
Awful in their hidden presence, who are they that
wait for him?
Who are they that sit so silent, as he pulleth from
the land—
Nothing heard save rumbling rowlock, wave soft-
breaking on the sand?

Chill adown the tossing channel blows the wailing,
wand'ring breeze,
Lonely in the murky midnight, mutt'ring mournful
memories,—
Summer lands where once it brooded, wrecks that
widows' hearts have wrung—
Swift the dreary boat flies onwards, spray, like rain,
around it flung.

On a pebbled strand it grateth, ghastly cliffs around
it loom,
Thin and melancholy voices faintly murmur through
the gloom;

RICHARD ROWE

Voices only, lipless voices, and the fisherman turns
pale,
As the mother greets her children, sisters landing
brothers hail.

Lightened of its unseen burden, cork-like rides the
rocking bark,
Fast the fisherman flies homewards o'er the billows
deep and dark;
That boat needs no mortal's mooring—sad at heart
he seeks his bed,
For his life henceforth is clouded—he hath piloted
the Dead!

SIR HENRY PARKES

THE BURIED CHIEF

(November 6th, 1886)

WITH speechless lips and solemn tread
They brought the Lawyer-Statesman home :
They laid him with the gather'd dead,
Where rich and poor like brothers come.

How bravely did the stripling climb,
From step to step the rugged hill :
His gaze thro' that benighted time
Fix'd on the far-off beacon still.

He faced the storm that o'er him burst,
With pride to match the proudest born :
He bore unblench'd Detraction's worst,—
Paid blow for blow, and scorn for scorn.

He scaled the summit while the sun
Yet shone upon his conquer'd track :
Nor falter'd till the goal was won,
Nor struggling upward, once look'd back.

But what avails the "pride of place,"
Or wingèd chariot rolling past?
He heeds not now who wins the race,
Alike to him the first or last.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

A DEDICATION

THEY are rhymes rudely strung with intent less
Of sound than of words,
In lands where bright blossoms are scentless,
And songless bright birds;
Where, with fire and fierce drought on her tresses,
Insatiable summer oppresses
Sere woodlands and sad wildernesses,
And faint flocks and herds.

Where in dreariest days, when all dews end,
And all winds are warm,
Wild Winter's large flood-gates are loosen'd,
And floods, freed from storm,
From broken-up fountain heads, dash on
Dry deserts with long pent up passion—
Here rhyme was first framed without fashion—
Song shaped without form.

Whence gather'd?—The locust's glad chirrup
May furnish a stave;
The ring of a rowel and stirrup,
The wash of a wave;

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

The chaunt of the marsh frog in rushes,
That chimes through the pauses and hushes
Of nightfall, the torrent that gushes,
The tempests that rave;

In the deep'ning of dawn, when it dapples
The dusk of the sky,
With streaks like the redd'ning of apples,
The ripening of rye.

To eastward, when cluster by cluster,
Dim stars and dull planets, that muster,
Wax wan in a world of white lustre
That spreads far and high;

In the gathering of night 'gloom o'erhead, in
The still silent change,
All fire-flush'd when forest trees redden
On slopes of the range.

When the gnarl'd, knotted trunks Eucalyptian
Seem carved, like weird columns Egyptian,
With curious device, quaint inscription,
And hieroglyph strange;

In the Spring, when the wattle gold trembles
'Twixt shadow and shine,
When each dew-laden air draught resembles
A long draught of wine;
When the sky-line's blue burnish'd resistance
Makes deeper the dreamiest distance,
Some song in all hearts hath existence,—
Such songs have been mine.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

THORA'S SONG

WE severed in Autumn early,
Ere the earth was torn by the plough;
The wheat and the oats and the barley
Are ripe for the harvest now.
We sunder'd one misty morning
Ere the hills were dimm'd by the rain;
Through the flowers those hills adorning—
Thou comest not back again.

My heart is heavy and weary
With the weight of a weary soul;
The mid-day glare grows dreary,
And dreary the midnight scroll.
The corn-stalks sigh for the sickle,
'Neath the load of their golden grain;
I sigh for a mate more fickle—
Thou comest not back again.

The warm sun riseth and setteth,
The night bringeth moistening dew,
But the soul that longeth forgetteth
The warmth and the moisture too.
In the hot sun rising and setting
There is naught save feverish pain;
There are tears in the night-dews wetting—
Thou comest not back again.

Thy voice in my ear still mingles
With the voices of whisp'ring trees,

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

Thy kiss on my cheek still tingles
At each kiss of the summer breeze.
While dreams of the past are thronging
For substance of shades in vain,
I am waiting, watching and longing--
Thou comest not back again.

Waiting and watching ever,
Longing and lingering yet;
Leaves rustle and corn-stalks quiver,
Winds murmur and waters fret.
No answer they bring, no greeting,
No speech, save that sad refrain,
Nor voice, save an echo repeating--
He cometh not back again.

THE SICK STOCK-RIDER

HOLD hard, Ned! Lift me down once more, and lay
me in the shade.
Old man, you've had your work cut out to guide
Both horses, and to hold me in the saddle when I
swayed,
All through the hot, slow, sleepy, silent ride.
The dawn at "Moorabinda" was a mist rack dull
and dense,
The sun-rise was a sullen, sluggish lamp;
I was dozing in the gateway at Arbuthnot's bound'ry
fence,
I was dreaming on the Limestone cattle camp.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

We crossed the creek at Carricksford, and sharply
through the haze,
And suddenly the sun shot flaming forth;
To southward lay "Katawa," with the sand peaks all
ablaze,
And the flushed fields of Glen Lomond lay to north.

Now westward winds the bridle-path that leads to
Lindisfarm,
And yonder looms the double-headed Bluff;
From the far side of the first hill, when the skies are
clear and calm,
You can see Sylvester's woolshed fair enough.

Five miles we used to call it from our homestead to
the place
Where the big tree spans the roadway like an arch;
'Twas here we ran the dingo down that gave us such
a chase
Eight years ago—or was it nine?—last March.

'Twas merry in the glowing morn among the gleam-
ing grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white
wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.

'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the
station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

With a running fire of stock whips and a fiery run of
hoofs;

Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard!

Aye! we had a glorious gallop after "Starlight"
and his gang,

When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat;
How the sun-dried reed-beds crackled, how the flint-
strewn ranges rang,

To the strokes of "Mountaineer" and "Acrobat."

Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across
the heath,

Close beside them through the tea-tree scrub we
dash'd;

And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled
underneath;

And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crash'd!

We led the hunt throughout, Ned, on the chestnut and
the grey,

And the troopers were three hundred yards behind,
While we emptied our six-shooters on the bushrangers
at bay,

In the creek with stunted box-trees for a blind!

There you grappled with the leader, man to man, and
horse to horse,

And you roll'd together when the chestnut rear'd;
He blazed away and missed you in that shallow water-
course—

A narrow shave—his powder singed your beard!

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

In these hours when life is ebbing, how those days
when life was young
Come back to us; how clearly I recall
Even the yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs
Jem Roper sung;
And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall?

Ay! nearly all our comrades of the old colonial school,
Our ancient boon companions, Ned, are gone;
Hard livers for the most part, somewhat reckless as
a rule,
It seems that you and I are left alone.

There was Hughes, who got in trouble through that
business with the cards,
It matters little what became of him;
But a steer ripp'd up Macpherson in the Cooraminta
yards,
And Sullivan was drown'd at Sink-or-Swim;

And Mostyn—poor Frank Mostyn—died at last, a fear-
ful wreck,
In the “ horrors ” at the Upper Wandinong,
And Carisbrooke, the rider, at the Horsefall broke his
neck;
Faith! the wonder was he saved his neck so long!

Ah! those days and nights we squandered at the
Logans' in the glen—
The Logans, man and wife, have long been dead.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

Elsie's tallest girl seems taller than your little Elsie
then ;

And Ethel is a woman grown and wed.

I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share
of toil,

And life is short—the longest life a span ;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or for wine that maketh glad the heart of man ;

For good undone, and gifts misspent, and resolutions
vain,

'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
I should live the same life over, if I had to live again ;
And the chances are I go where most men go.

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green
trees grow dim,

The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall ;
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sun-
light swim,
And on the very sun's face weave their pall.

Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blos-
soms wave,

With never stone or rail to fence my bed ;
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush-flowers
on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

THE RHYME OF JOYOUS GARDE

.

LET me gather a little strength to think,
As one who reels on the outermost brink,
 To the innermost gulf descending.
In that truce the longest and last of all,
In the summer nights of that festival—
Soft vesture of samite and silken pall—
 The beginning came of the ending.

And one trod softly with sandall'd feet—
Ah! why are the stolen waters sweet?—
 And one crept stealthily after;
I would I had taken him there and wrung
His knavish neck when the dark door swung,
Or torn by the roots his treacherous tongue,
 And stifled his hateful laughter.

So the smouldering scandal blazed—but he,
My King, to the last put trust in me—
 Aye, well was his trust requited!
Now priests may patter, and bells may toll,
He will need no masses to aid his soul;
When the angels open the judgment scroll,
 His wrong will be tenfold righted.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

Then dawn'd the day when the mail was donn'd,
And the steed for the strife caparison'd,
But not 'gainst the Norse invader,
Then was blood shed—not by untoward chance,
As the blood that is drawn by the jousting lance,
The fray in the castle of Melegrance,
The fight in the lists with Mador.

Then the guilt made manifest ; then the siege,
When the true men rallying round the liege
Beleaguer'd his base betrayer ;
Then the fruitless parleys, the pleadings vain,
And the hard-fought battles with brave Gawaine,
Twice worsted, and once so nearly slain,
I may well be counted his slayer.

Then the crime of Modred—a little sin
At the side of mine, though the knave was kin
To the king by the knave's hand stricken.
And the once loved knight, was he there to save
That knightly King who that knighthood gave ?
Ah, Christ ! will He greet me as knight or knave
In the day when the dust shall quicken ?

Had he lightly loved, had he trusted less,
I had sinn'd perchance with the sinfulness
That through prayer and penance is pardon'd,
Oh, love most loyal ! Oh, faith most sure !
In the purity of a soul so pure
I found my safeguard—I sinn'd secure,
Till my heart to the sin grew harden'd.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

We were glad together in gladsome meads,
When they shook to the strokes of our snorting
steeds ;

We were joyful in joyous lustre
When it flush'd the coppice or fill'd the glade,
Where the horn of the Dane or the Saxon bray'd,
And we saw the heathen banner display'd
And the heathen lances cluster.

Then a steel-shod rush and a steel-clad ring,
And a crash of the spear staves splintering,
And the billowy battle blended,
Riot of chargers, revel of blows,
And fierce flush'd faces of fighting foes,
From croup to bridle, that reel'd and rose,
In a sparkle of sword-play splendid.

And the long, lithe sword in the hand became
As a leaping light, as a falling flame,
As a fire through the flax that hasted ;
Slender, and shining, and beautiful,
How it shore through shivering casque and skull
And never a stroke was void and null,
And never a thrust was wasted.

I have done for ever with all these things—
Deeds that were joyous to knights and kings,
In days that with songs were cherish'd.
The songs are ended, the deeds are done,
There shall none of them gladden me now, not one ;
There is nothing good for me under the sun,
But to perish as these things perish'd.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

Shall it profit me aught that the Bishop seeks
My presence daily, and duly speaks

Soft words of comfort and kindness ?

Shall it aught avail me ? " Certes," he said,
" Though thy soul is darkened, be not afraid—
God hateth nothing that He hath made—

His light shall disperse thy blindness."

I am not afraid for myself, although

I know I have had that light, and I know

The greater my condemnation.

When I well-nigh swoon'd in the deep drawn bliss

Of that first long, sweet, slow, stolen kiss,

I would gladly have given for less than this

Myself, with my soul's salvation.

I would languish thus in some loathsome den,

As a thing of naught in the eyes of men,

In the mouths of men as a by-word.

Through years of pain, and when God saw fit,

Singing His praises my soul should flit

To the darkest depth of the nethermost pit,

If *hers* could be wafted skyward.

Lord Christ ! have patience a little while ;

I have sinn'd because I am utterly vile,

Having light, loving darkness rather.

And I pray Thee deal with me as Thou wilt,

Yet the blood of Thy foes I have freely spilt,

And, moreover, mine is the greater guilt

In the sight of Thee and Thy Father.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

That saint, Thy servant, was counted dear
Whose sword in the garden grazed the ear
 Of Thine enemy, Lord Redeemer !
Not thus on the shattering visor jarr'd
In this hand the iron of the hilt cross-barr'd,
When the blade was swallow'd up to the guard
 Through the teeth of the strong blasphemer.

If ever I smote as a man should smite,
If I struck one stroke that seem'd good in Thy
 sight,
 By Thy loving mercy prevailing,
Lord ! let her stand in the light of Thy face,
Cloth'd with Thy love and crown'd with Thy grace,
When I gnash my teeth in the terrible place
 That is fill'd with weeping and wailing.

Shall I comfort my soul on account of this ?
In the world to come whatsoever it is,
 There is no more earthly ill-doing—
For the dusty darkness shall slay desire,
And the chaff may burn with unquenchable fire,
But for green wild growth of thistle and briar,
 At least there is no renewing.

And this grievous burden of life shall change
In the dim hereafter, dreamy and strange,
 And sorrows and joys diurnal.
And partial blessings, and perishing ills
Shall fade in the praise, or the pang that fills
The glory of God's eternal hills,
 Or the gloom of His gulf eternal.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

Yet if all things change to the glory of One
Who for all ill-doers gave His Own sweet Son,
 To His goodness so shall He change ill,
When the world as a wither'd leaf shall be,
And the sky like a shrivell'd scroll shall flee,
And souls shall be summon'd from land and sea,
 At the blast of His bright archangel.

•

GEORGE GORDON McCRAE

ILMA DE MURSKA

.
SHE sings—and, like a falcon, I
Sail wings-on-edge against the wind
Across the Puszta bare and dry,
Brown, boundless heath ! (not all unkind)
And as I sail—beneath my glance
The farmer's cot and stacks swim past,
The growing crops all wave and dance
And rustle in the whistling blast,
White, meek-eyed oxen at the plough
Strain shoulder-forward 'gainst the yoke ;
The rosy milk-maid seeks her cow
With warbled song—while round the oak
Are swine, 'mid leaves and mast, nose-deep,
And, stretched supine and lazily,
The swarthy swine-herd sound asleep.
A shepherd there in sheepskin cloak,
With pipe aglow behind a rock,
And watching thro' the wreathed smoke
The gentle movements of the flock.
On ! on ! o'er moorland and morass
(*She* sings !) I pass where sombre trees
Spread robes of shadow on the grass

GEORGE G. McCRAE

Or wave grave welcomes to the breeze—
Now 'tis a pond—a tiny lake,
Wherein some moss-grown thatch is glassed ;
Beside whose marge a bowery break,
With flowers a-fire and foliage massed.
There ! perched aloft, the stork behold !
Up on the chimney, black and bare,
Cut sharply out against the gold
Of Magyar sunset past compare ;
And round him see the gem-neck'd doves,
That coo, and sob, and wheel, and light,
Vexing the sweet air with their loves,
Proclaimed from rustic roof-tree's height ;
And out beyond, view miles of vine
In marshall'd ranks—and here, the press
Whence pours the flood of Magyar wine,
All night—and *this* ! but nothingness.
She sings ! I see the Danube glance
'Tween fields of crimson-tassell'd maize.
She sings ! For me the maidens dance
'Neath the dear trees of olden days.-
Ah ! spring ! 'Tis Magyar spring-tide here !
With opening flowers and hum of bee ;
The stork stands knee-deep in the mere,
The air is faint with melody.
Oh ! spring thou'rt full of nightingales !
The breeze a-tremble as each note,
Fraught with sad sweetness, sweeps the sails
Where lovers down the Danube float ;
The faithful stork returns with spring —
Silent—he is our sentinel,

GEORGE G. McCRAE

All night the nightingale doth sing,
While joyous pains her bosom swell,
Or 'mid the gentle forest glooms
By twilight, near the rippling tide,
Or 'mid the moon-lit grove's perfumes,
She sings alike for maid and bride.
Yes! yes! to-night I've heard *her* voice—
Lain 'tween the olive and the vine—
Danced a wild measure. Soul! rejoice,
Thou'rt drunk with true Hungarian wine;
Rich fragrance from the fields she brought,
The rustling of the river reeds,
The smiling maid I madly sought,
The land of heroes and their deeds.
Yes! She, another Hebe, poured
For me, (the while) another Jove,
The wine of song—and swift up soared
My soul to brighter skies above.
Fresh colour to a faded life
The old-world song of hers has given;
The pain, the care, the bootless strife,
Forgotten straight—and all is Heaven.

A ROSEBUD FROM THE GARDEN OF THE TAJ

.

ABOVE me on a bracket lay
The sandal-casket with the Rose,
Below—the town all swathed in gray,
Forgot in sleep its joys and woes.

GEORGE G. McCRAE

The flickering fire-light danced and played,
And wavered on my shelves and chair;
Subsided—rose—and creeping strayed
Around the glimmering wainscot bare.

And as all melted into air,
Methought I saw the faded Rose
Appear—unfolding, fresh and fair
In beauty from its long repose.

Behind the flow'r a bosom fair,
Half indistinct in dappled shade,
Where soft the circumambient air
A painter's atmosphere had made.

.

She passed away, but still the flow'r,
Expanding wide its pallid bloom,
Breathed of the sighing, scented bow'r,
That shed its sweetness o'er the "Tomb."

.

Oh! glamoured soul! I lay and dreamed—
Grand panoramas rolling past—
Of turban'd hosts, whose sabres gleamed,
Whose clarions poured a warlike blast.

I saw the haughty Genghiz-Khan
Pavilioned round with purple silk,
O'er which the fire of jewels ran—
I saw his charger white as milk,

GEORGE G. McCRAE

His Tartar guards, with glancing spears,
And steel caps glittering in the sun ;
His chiefs, astrologers and seers,
And all the glories he had won.

Next, Tamerlane the Mighty, who,
A stern-browed, pale, imperial ghost,
Limped slowly past through mists of blue—
A scourge, a terror, and a boast !

And Sultan Babur all ablaze
With mingled fire of gold and gems,
Whose stolen suns of burning rays
Were snatched from fallen diadems.

Grave Humayoon, Swart Ukbur proud ;
Juhangeer glided grandly by—
And then the Imperial tambours loud
Of Shah Jehan rolled gloriously.

Oh ! wondrous reign of pearl and gold,
Of marble courts and jewelled walls,
Of crystal founts, whence, pure and cold,
The shower of diamonds glittering falls.

On, ever on, the pictures sail,
Unfolding slow, and rolling out
With varied charms of hill and dale
And foaming rill, whence fountains spout.

.

GEORGE G. McCRAE

A mist descended on the scene,
Which faded swiftly into night ;
No more the pepul's glossy sheen—
No more the citron's gentle green
Brought dreams of calm delight.

But all my soul advancing far,
And farther in my lengthening dream,
Saw rising, radiant as a star,
The Taj-Mahal o'er Jumna's stream.

HENRY KENDALL

PREFATORY SONNETS

I.

I PURPOSED once to take my pen and write,
Not songs, like some, tormented and awry
With passion, but a cunning harmony
Of words and music caught from glen and height,
And lucid colours born of woodland light
And shining places where the sea-streams lie.
But this was when the heat of youth glowed white,
And since I've put the faded purpose by.
I have no faultless fruits to offer you
Who read this book; but certain syllables
Herein are borrowed from unfooted dells
And secret hollows dear to noontide dew;
And these at least, though far between and few,
May catch the sense like subtle forest spells.

II.

So take these kindly, even though there be
Some notes that unto other lyres belong,
Stray echoes from the elder sons of song;
And think how from its neighbouring native sea

HENRY KENDALL

The pensive shell doth borrow melody.

I would not do the lordly masters wrong
By filching fair words from the shining throng
Whose music haunts me as the wind a tree!

Lo, when a stranger in soft Syrian glooms
Shot through with sunset treads the cedar dells,
And hears the breezy ring of elfin bells

Far down by where the white-haired cataract
booms,
He, faint with sweetness caught from forest smells,
Bears thence, unwitting, plunder of perfumes.

SEPTEMBER IN AUSTRALIA

GREY Winter hath gone, like a wearisome guest,
And, behold, for repayment,
September comes in with the wind of the West
And the Spring in her raiment!
The ways of the frost have been filled of the flowers,
While the forest discovers
Wild wings, with the halo of hyaline hours,
And the music of lovers.

September, the maid with the swift, silver feet!
She glides, and she graces
The valleys of coolness, the slopes of the heat,
With her blossomy traces;
Sweet month, with a mouth that is made of a rose,
She lightens and lingers
In spots where the harp of the evening glows,
Attuned by her fingers.

HENRY KENDALL

The stream from its home in the hollow hill slips
 In a darling old fashion ;
And the day goeth down with a song on its lips
 Whose key-note is passion ;
Far out in the fierce, bitter front of the sea
 I stand, and remember
Dead things that were brothers and sisters of thee,
 Resplendent September.

The West, when it blows at the fall of the noon
 And beats on the beaches,
Is filled with a tender and tremulous tune
 That touches and teaches ;
The stories of Youth, of the burden of Time,
 And the death of Devotion,
Come back with the wind, and are themes of the
 rhyme
 In the waves of the ocean.

We, having a secret to others unknown,
 In the cool mountain-mosses,
May whisper together, September, alone
 Of our loves and our losses.
One word for her beauty, and one for the grace
 She gave to the hours ;
And then we may kiss her, and suffer her face
 To sleep with the flowers.

.

Oh, season of changes—of shadow and shine—
 September the splendid !

HENRY KENDALL

My song hath no music to mingle with thine,
And its burden is ended;
But thou, being born of the winds and the sun,
By mountain, by river,
Mayst lighten and listen, and loiter and run,
With thy voices for ever.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE

HE crouches, and buries his face on his knees,
And hides in the dark of his hair;
For he cannot look up to the storm-smitten trees,
Or think of the loneliness there:
Of the loss and the loneliness there.

The wallaroos grope through the tufts of the grass,
And turn to their coverts for fear;
But he sits in the ashes and lets them pass
Where the boomerangs sleep with the spear:
With the nullah, the sling, and the spear.

Uloola, behold him! The thunder that breaks
On the tops of the rocks with the rain,
And the wind which drives up with the salt of the
lakes,
Have made him a hunter again:
A hunter and fisher again.

For his eyes have been full with a smouldering
thought;
But he dreams of the hunts of yore,

HENRY KENDALL

And of foes that he sought, and of fights that he
fought
With those who will battle no more :
Who will go to the battle no more.

It is well that the water which tumbles and fills
Goes moaning and moaning along ;
For an echo rolls out from the sides of the hills,
And he starts at a wonderful song :
At the sounds of a wonderful song.

And he sees, through the rents of the scattering fogs,
The corroboree warlike and grim,
And the lubra who sat by the fire on the logs,
To watch, like a mourner, for him.
Like a mother and mourner, for him.

Will he go in his sleep from these desolate lands,
Like a chief, to the rest of his race,
With the honey-voiced woman who beckons, and
stands,
And gleams like a Dream in his face—
Like a marvellous Dream in his face ?

ROSE LORRAINE

SWEET water-moons, blown into lights
Of flying gold on pool and creek,
And many sounds and many sights
Of younger days are back this week.

HENRY KENDALL

I cannot say I sought to face
Or greatly cared to cross again
The subtle spirit of the place
Whose life is mixed with Rose Lorraine.

What though her voice rings clearly through
A nightly dream I gladly keep,
No wish have I to start anew
Heart fountains that have ceased to leap.
Here, face to face with different days,
And later things that plead for love,
It would be worse than wrong to raise
A phantom far too vain to move

But, Rose Lorraine—ah! Rose Lorraine,
I'll whisper now, where no one hears—
If you should chance to meet again
The man you kissed in soft, dead years,
Just say for once "He suffered much,"
And add to this "His fate was worst
Because of me, my voice, my touch"—
There is no passion like the first!

If I that breathe your slow sweet name,
As one breathes low notes on a flute,
Have vexed your peace with word of blame,
The phrase is dead—the lips are mute.
Yet when I turn towards the wall,
In stormy nights, in times of rain,
I often wish you could recall
Your tender speeches, Rose Lorraine.

HENRY KENDALL

. Because, you see, I thought them true,
And did not count you self-deceived,
And gave myself in all to you,
And looked on Love as Life achieved.
Then came the bitter, sudden change,
The fastened lips, the dumb despair :
The first few weeks were very strange,
And long, and sad, and hard to bear.

No woman lives with power to burst
My passion's bonds, and set me free ;
For Rose is last where Rose was first,
And only Rose is fair to me.
The faintest memory of her face,
The wilful face that hurt me so,
Is followed by a fiery trace
That Rose Lorraine must never know.

I keep a faded ribbon string
You used to wear about your throat ;
And of this pale, this perished thing,
I think I know the threads by rote.
God help such love ! To touch your hand,
To loiter where your feet might fall,
You marvellous girl, my soul would stand
The worst of hell—its fires and all !

HENRY KENDALL

TO A MOUNTAIN

To thee, O father of the stately peaks,
Above me in the loftier light—to thee,
Imperial brother of those awful hills
Whose feet are set in splendid spheres of flame,
Whose heads are where the gods are, and whose sides
Of strength are belted round with all the zones
Of all the world, I dedicate these songs.
And if, within the compass of this book,
There lives and glows *one* verse in which there beats
The pulse of wind and torrent—if *one* line
Is here that like a running water sounds,
And seems an echo from the lands of leaf,
Be sure that line is thine. Here, in this home,
Away from men and books and all the schools,
I take thee for my Teacher. In thy voice
Of deathless majesty, I, kneeling, hear
God's grand authentic Gospel! Year by year,
The great sublime cantata of thy storm
Strikes through my spirit—fills it with a life
Of startling beauty! Thou my Bible art
With holy leaves of rock, and flower, and tree,
And moss, and shining runnel. From each page
That helps to make thy awful volume, I
Have learned a noble lesson. In the psalm
Of thy grave winds, and in the liturgy
Of singing waters, lo! my soul has heard
The higher worship; and from thee, indeed,
The broad foundations of a finer hope
Were gathered in; and thou hast lifted up

HENRY KENDALL

The blind horizon for a larger faith!
Moreover, walking in exalted woods
Of naked glory, in the green and gold
Of forest sunshine, I have paused like one
With all the life transfigured: and a flood
Of light ineffable has made me feel
As felt the grand old prophets caught away
By flames of inspiration; but the words
Sufficient for the story of my Dream
Are far too splendid for poor human lips!
But thou, to whom I turn with reverent eyes—
O stately Father, whose majestic face
Shines far above the zone of wind and cloud,
Where high dominion of the morning is—
Thou hast the Song complete of which my songs
Are pallid adumbrations! Certain sounds
Of strong authentic sorrow in this book
May have the sob of upland torrents—these,
And only these, may touch the great World's heart;
For, lo! they are the issues of that grief
Which makes a man more human, and his life
More like that frank exalted life of thine.
But in these pages there are other tones
In which thy large, superior voice is not—
Through which no beauty that resembles thine
Has ever shone. *These* are the broken words
Of blind occasions, when the World has come
Between me and my Dream. No song is here
Of mighty compass; for my singing robes
I've worn in stolen moments. All my days
Have been the days of a laborious life,

HENRY KENDALL

And ever on my struggling soul has burned
The fierce heat of this hurried sphere. But thou,
To whose fair majesty I dedicate
My book of rhymes—thou hast the perfect rest
Which makes the heaven of the highest gods!
To thee the noises of this violent time
Are far, faint whispers; and, from age to age,
Within the world and yet apart from it,
Thou standest! Round thy lordly capes the sea
Rolls on with a superb indifference
For ever; in thy deep, green, gracious glens
The silver fountains sing for ever. Far
Above dim ghosts of waters in the caves,
The royal robe of morning on thy head
Abides for ever! Evermore the wind
Is thy august companion; and thy peers
Are cloud, and thunder, and the face sublime
Of blue mid-heaven! On thy awful brow
Is Deity; and in that voice of thine
There is the great imperial utterance
Of God for ever; and thy feet are set
Where evermore, through all the days and years,
There rolls the grand hymn of the deathless wave.

AFTER MANY YEARS

THE song that once I dreamed about,
The tender, touching thing,
As radiant as the rose without,
The love of wind and wing:

HENRY KENDALL

The perfect verses, to the tune
Of woodland music set,
As beautiful as afternoon,
Remain unwritten yet.

It is too late to write them now—
The ancient fire is cold;
No ardent lights illumine the brow,
As in the days of old.
I cannot dream the dream again;
But, when the happy birds
Are singing in the sunny rain,
I think I hear its words.

I think I hear the echo still
Of long-forgotten tones,
When evening winds are on the hill
And sunset fires the cones;
But only in the hours supreme,
With songs of land and sea,
The lyrics of the leaf and stream,
This echo comes to me.

No longer doth the earth reveal
Her gracious green and gold;
I sit where youth was once, and feel
That I am growing old.
The lustre from the face of things
Is wearing all away;
Like one who halts with tired wings,
I rest and muse to-day.

HENRY KENDALL

There is a river in the range
I love to think about;
Perhaps the searching feet of change
Have never found it out.
Ah! oftentimes I used to look
Upon its banks, and long
To steal the beauty of that brook
And put it in a song.

I wonder if the slopes of moss,
In dreams so dear to me—
The falls of flower, and flower-like floss—
Are as they used to be!
I wonder if the waterfalls,
The singers far and fair,
That gleamed between the wet, green walls,
Are still the marvels there!

Ah! let me hope that in that place
Those old familiar things
To which I turn a wistful face
Have never taken wings.
Let me retain the fancy still
That, past the lordly range,
There always shines, in folds of hill,
One spot secure from change!

I trust that yet the tender screen
That shades a certain nook
Remains, with all its gold and green,
The glory of the brook.

HENRY KENDALL

It hides a secret to the birds
And waters only known :
The letters of two lovely words
A poem on a stone.

Perhaps the lady of the past
Upon these lines may light,
The purest verses, and the last,
That I may ever write :
She need not fear a word of blame :
Her tale the flowers keep—
The wind that heard me breathe her name
Has been for years asleep.

But in the night, and when the rain
The troubled torrent fills,
I often think I see again
The river in the hills;
And when the day is very near,
And birds are on the wing,
My spirit fancies it can hear
The song I cannot sing.

HY-BRASIL

“ DAUGHTER,” said the ancient father, pausing by
the evening sea,
“ Turn thy face towards the sunset—turn thy face
and kneel with me !

HENRY KENDALL

Prayer and praise and holy fasting, lips of love and
life of light,
These and these have made thee perfect—shining
saint with seraph's sight!
Look towards that flaming crescent—look beyond that
glowing space—
Tell me, sister of the angels, what is beaming in thy
face? ”
And the daughter, who had fasted, who had spent
her days in prayer,
Till the glory of the Saviour touched her head and
rested there,
Turned her eyes towards the sea-line—saw beyond
the fiery crest,
Floating over waves of jasper, far Hy-Brasil in the
West.
All the calmness and the colour—all the splendour
and repose,
Flowing where the sunset flowered, like a silver-
hearted rose!
There indeed was singing Eden, where the great gold
river runs
Past the porch and gates of crystal, ringed by strong
and shining ones!
There indeed was God's own garden, sailing down the
sapphire sea—
Lawny dells and slopes of summer, dazzling stream
and radiant tree!
Out against the hushed horizon—out beneath the
reverent day,
Flamed the Wonder on the waters—flamed, and
flashed, and passed away.

HENRY KENDALL

And the maiden who had seen it felt a hand within
her own,
And an angel that we know not led her to the lands
unknown.

Never since hath eye beheld it—never since hath
mortal, dazed
By its strange, unearthly splendour, on the floating
Eden gazed!
Only once since Eve went weeping through a throng
of glittering wings,
Hath the holy seen Hy-Brasil where the great gold
river sings!
Only once by quiet waters, under still, resplendent
skies,
Did the sister of the seraphs kneel in sight of
Paradise!
She, the pure, the perfect woman, sanctified by
patient prayer,
Had the eyes of saints of Heaven, all their glory in
her hair:
Therefore God the Father whispered to a radiant
spirit near—
“Show Our daughter fair Hy-Brasil—show her this,
and lead her here.”

But beyond the halls of sunset, but within the
wondrous West,
On the rose-red seas of evening, sails the Garden of
the Blest.

HENRY KENDALL

Still the gates of glassy beauty, still the walls o.
glowing light,
Shine on waves that no man knows of, out of sound
and out of sight.
Yet the slopes and lawns of lustre, yet the dells of
sparkling streams,
Dip to tranquil shores of jasper, where the watching
angel beams.
But, behold! our eyes are human, and our way is
paved with pain,
We can never find Hy-Brasil, never see its hills again!
Never look on bays of crystal, never bend the reverent
knee
In the sight of Eden floating—floating on the sapphire
sea!

OUTRE MER

I SEE, as one in dreaming,
A broad, bright, quiet sea;
Beyond it lies a haven—
The only home for me.
Some men grow strong with trouble,
But all my strength is past,
And tired and full of sorrow,
I long to sleep at last.
By force of chance and changes
Man's life is hard at best;
And, seeing rest is voiceless,
The dearest thing is rest.

HENRY KENDALL

Beyond the sea—behold it,
The home I wish to seek,
The refuge of the weary,
The solace of the weak!
Sweet angel fingers beckon,
Sweet angel voices ask
My soul to cross the waters;
And yet I dread the task.
God help the man whose trials
Are tares that he must reap!
He cannot face the future—
His only hope is sleep.

Across the main a vision
Of sunset coasts, and skies,
And widths of waters gleaming,
Enchant my human eyes.
I, who have sinned and suffered,
Have sought—with tears have sought—
To rule my life with goodness,
And shape it to my thought.
And yet there is no refuge
To shield me from distress,
Except the realm of slumber
And great forgetfulness.

MARCUS CLARKE

THE SONG OF TIGILAU

THE song of Tigilau the brave,
Sina's wild lover,
Who across the heaving wave
From Samoa came over :
Came over, Sina, at the setting moon !

The moon shines round and bright ;
She, with her dark-eyed maidens at her side,
Watches the rising tide.
While balmy breathes the starry southern night,
While languid heaves the lazy southern tide ;
The rising tide, O Sina, and the setting moon !

The night is past, is past and gone,
The moon sinks to the West,
The sea-heart beats opprest,
And Sina's passionate breast
Heaves like the sea, when the pale moon has gone,
Heaves like the passionate sea, Sina, left by the
moon alone !

Silver on silver sands, the rippling waters meet—
Will he come soon ?

MARCUS CLARKE

The rippling waters kiss her delicate feet,
The rippling waters, lispings low and sweet,
Ripple with the tide,
The rising tide,
The rising tide, O Sina, and the setting moon!
He comes!—her lover!
Tigilau, the son of Tui Viti.
Her maidens round her hover,
The rising waves her white feet cover.
O Tigilau, son of Tui Viti,
Through the mellow dusk thy proas glide,
So soon!
So soon by the rising tide,
The rising tide, my Sina, and the setting moon!
The mooring-poles are left,
The whitening waves are cleft,
By the prows of Tui Viti!
By the sharp keels of Tui Viti!
Broad is the sea, and deep,
The yellow Samoans sleep,
But they will wake and weep—
Weep in their luxurious odorous vaies,
While the land breeze swells the sails
Of Tui Viti!
Tui Viti—far upon the rising tide,
The rising tide—
The rising tide, my Sina, beneath the setting moon!
She leaps to meet him!
Her mouth to greet him
Burns at his own.

MARCUS CLARKE

Away! To the canoes,
To the yoked war canoes!
The sea in murmurous tone
Whispers the story of their loves,
Re-echoes the story of their loves—
The story of Tui Viti,
Of Sina and Tui Viti,
By the rising tide,
The rising tide, Sina, beneath the setting moon :

She has gone!

She has fled!

Sina!

Sina, for whom the warriors decked their shining hair,
Wreathing with pearls their bosoms brown and bare,
Flinging beneath her dainty feet
Mats crimson with the feathers of the parrakcet.

Ho, Samoans! rouse your warriors full soon,

For Sina is across the rippling wave,

With Tīgilau, the bold and brave.

Far, far upon the rising tide!

Far upon the rising tide!

Far upon the rising tide, Sina, beneath the setting
moon.

PATRICK MOLONEY

MELBOURNE

O SWEET Queen-city of the golden South,
Piercing the evening with thy star-lit spires,
Thou wert a witness when I kissed the mouth
Of her whose eyes outblazed the skyey fires.
I saw the parallels of thy long streets,
With lamps like angels shining all a-row,
While overhead the empyrean seats
Of gods were steeped in paradisiic glow.
The Pleiades with rarer fires were tipt,
Hesper sat throned upon his jewelled chair,
The belted giant's triple stars were dipt
In all the splendour of Olympian air,
On high to bless, the Southern Cross did shine,
Like that which blazed o'er conquering Constantine.

ALFRED DOMETT

AN INVITATION

WELL! if Truth be all welcomed with hardy reliance,
All the lovely unfoldings of luminous Science,

All that Logic can prove or disprove be avowed :
Is there room for no faith—though such Evil intrude—
In the dominance still of a Spirit of Good?
Is there room for no hope—such a handbreadth we
scan—

In the permanence yet of the Spirit of Man?—

May we bless the far seeker, nor blame the fine
dreamer?

Leave Reason her radiance—Doubt her due cloud;
Nor their Rainbows enshroud?—

From our Life of realities—hard—shallow-hearted,
Has Romance—has all glory idyllic departed—

From the workaday World all the wonderment
flown?

Well, but what if there gleamed, in an Age cold as
this,

The divinest of Poets' ideal of bliss?

Yea, an Eden could lurk in this Empire of ours,
With the loneliest love in the loveliest bowers?—

ALFRED DOMETT

In an era so rapid with railway and steamer,
And with Pan and the Dryads like Raphael gone—
What if this could be shown?

O my friends, never deaf to the charms of Denial,
Were its comfortless comforting worth a life-trial—
Discontented content with a chilling despair?—
Better ask as we float down a song-flood unchecked,
If our Sky with no Iris be glory-bedecked?
Through the gloom of eclipse as we wistfully steal
If no darkling aureolar rays may reveal
That the Future is haply not utterly cheerless :
While the Present has joy and adventure as rare
As the Past when most fair?

And if weary of mists you will roam undisdaining
To a land where the fanciful fountains are raining
Swift brilliants of boiling and beautiful spray
In the violet splendour of skies that illumine
Such a wealth of green ferns and rare crimson tree-
bloom ;
Where a people primeval is vanishing fast,
With its faiths and its fables and ways of the past :
O with reason and fancy unfettered and fearless,
Come plunge with us deep into regions of Day—
Come away—and away!—

A MAORI GIRL'S SONG

“ ALAS, and well-a-day ! they are talking of me still :
By the tingling of my nostril, I fear they are talking
ill ;

ALFRED DOMETT

Poor hapless I—poor little I—so many mouths to fill—

And all for this strange feeling—O, this sad, sweet pain!

“O! senseless heart—O simple! to yearn so, and to pine

For one so far above me, confest o’er all to shine,
For one a hundred dote upon, who never can be mine!

O, ’tis a foolish feeling—all this fond, sweet pain!

“When I was quite a child—not so many moons ago—

A happy little maiden—O, then it was not so;
Like a sunny-dancing wavelet then I sparkled to and fro;

And I never had this feeling—O, this sad, sweet pain!

“I think it must be owing to the idle life I lead
In the dreamy house for ever that this new bosom-weed

Has sprouted up and spread its shoots till it troubles me indeed

With a restless, weary feeling—such a sad, sweet pain!

“So in this pleasant islet, O, no longer will I stay—
And the shadowy summer dwelling I will leave this very day;

ALFRED DOMETT

On Arapá I'll launch my skiff, and soon be borne
away

From all that feeds this feeling—O, this fond, sweet
pain!

“ I'll go and see dear Rima—she'll welcome me, I
know,

And a flaxen cloak—her gayest—o'er my weary
shoulders throw,

With purple red and points so free—O, quite a lovely
show—

To charm away this feeling—O, this sad, sweet
pain!

“ Two feathers I will borrow, and so gracefully I'll
wear

Two feathers soft and snowy, for my long, black,
lustrous hair.

Of the albatross's down they'll be—O, how charming
they'll look there—

All to chase away this feeling—O, this fond, sweet
pain!

“ Then the lads will flock around me with flattering
talk all day—

And, with anxious little pinches, sly hints of love
convey;

And I shall blush with happy pride to hear them, I
daresay,

And quite forget this feeling—O, this sad, sweet
pain! ”

JAMES BRUNTON STEPHENS

THE DOMINION OF AUSTRALIA

(A Forecast, 1877)

SHE is not yet; but he whose ear
Thrills to that finer atmosphere
Where footfalls of appointed things,
Reverberant of days to be,
Are heard in forecast echoings,
Like wave-beats from a viewless sea—
Hears in the voiceful tremors of the sky
Auroral heralds whispering, "She is nigh."

She is not yet; but he whose sight
Foreknows the advent of the light,
Whose soul to morning radiance turns
Ere night her curtain hath withdrawn,
And in its quivering folds discerns
The mute monitions of the dawn,
With urgent sense strained onward to descry
Her distant tokens, starts to find Her nigh.

Not yet her day. How long "not yet"? . . .
There comes the flush of violet!

JAMES BRUNTON STEPHENS

And heavenward faces, all aflame
With sanguine imminence of morn,
Wait but the sun-kiss to proclaim
The Day of The Dominion born.
Prelusive baptism!—ere the natal hour
Named with the name and prophecy of power.

Already here to hearts intense,
A spirit-force, transcending sense,
In heights unscaled, in deeps unstirred,
Beneath the calm, above the storm,
She waits the incorporating word
To bid her tremble into form.
Already, like divining-rods, men's souls
Bend down to where the unseen river rolls;—

For even as, from sight concealed,
By never flush of dawn revealed,
Nor e'er illumed by golden noon,
Nor sunset-streaked with crimson bar,
Nor silver-spanned by wake of moon,
Nor visited of any star,
Beneath these lands a river waits to bless
(So men divine) our utmost wilderness,—

Rolls dark, but yet shall know our skies,
Soon as the wisdom of the wise
Conspires with nature to disclose
The blessing prisoned and unseen,
Till round our lessening wastes there glows
A perfect zone of broadening green,—

JAMES BRUNTON STEPHENS

Till all our land, Australia Felix called,
Become one Continent-Isle of Emerald;
So flows beneath our good and ill
A viewless stream of Common Will,
A gathering force, a present might,
That from its silent depths of gloom
At Wisdom's voice shall leap to light,
And hide our barren feuds in bloom,
Till, all our sundering lines with love o'ergrown,
Our bounds shall be the girdling seas alone.

THE DARK COMPANION

THERE is an orb that mocked the lore of sages
Long time with mystery of strange unrest;
The steadfast law that rounds the starry ages
Gave doubtful token of supreme behest.
But they who knew the ways of God unchanging,
Concluded some far influence unseen—
Some kindred sphere through viewless ethers ranging,
Whose strong persuasions spanned the void between.
And knowing it alone through perturbation
And vague disquiet of another star,
They named it, till the day of revelation,
“The Dark Companion”—darkly guessed afar.
But when, through new perfection of appliance,
Faith merged at length in undisputed sight,
The mystic mover was revealed to science,
No Dark Companion, but—a speck of light.

JAMES BRUNTON STEPHENS

No Dark Companion, but a sun of glory;
No fell disturber, but a bright compeer;
The shining complement that crowned the story;
The golden link that made the meaning clear.

Oh, Dark Companion, journeying ever by us,
Oh, grim Perturber of our works and ways—
Oh, potent Dread, unseen, yet ever nigh us,
Disquieting all the tenor of our days—

Oh, Dark Companion, Death, whose wide embraces
O’ertake remotest change of clime and skies—
Oh, Dark Companion, Death, whose grievous traces
Are scattered shreds of riven enterprise—

Thou, too, in this wise, when, our eyes unsealing,
The clearer day shall change our faith to sight.
Shalt show thyself, in that supreme revealing,
No Dark Companion, but a thing of light.

No ruthless wrecker of harmonious order;
No alien heart of discord and caprice;
A beckoning light upon the Blissful Border;
A kindred element of law and peace.

So, too, our strange unrest in this our dwelling,
The trembling that thou joinest with our mirth,
Are but thy magnet-communings compelling
Our spirits farther from the scope of earth.

JAMES BRUNTON STEPHENS

So, doubtless, when beneath thy potence swerving,
'Tis that thou lead'st us by a path unknown,
Our seeming deviations all subserving
The perfect orbit round the central throne.

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The night wind moans. The Austral wilds are round
me.

The loved who live—ah, God! how few they are!
I looked above; and heaven in mercy found me
This parable of comfort in a star.

DAY

LINGER, oh Sun, for a little, nor close yet this day of
a million!

Is there not glory enough in the rose-curtained halls
of the West?

Hast thou no joy in the passion-hued folds of thy
kingly pavilion?

Why shouldst thou only pass through it? Oh rest
thee a little while, rest!

Why should the Night come and take it, the wan
Night that cannot enjoy it,

Bringing pale argent for golden, and changing
vermilion to grey?

Why should the Night come and shadow it, entering
but to destroy it?

Rest 'mid thy ruby-trailed splendours! Oh stay
thee a little while, stay!

JAMES BRUNTON STEPHENS

Rest thee at least a brief hour in it! 'Tis a right
royal pavilion.

Lo, there are thrones for high dalliance all gloriously
canopied o'er!

Lo, there are hangings of purple, and hangings of
blue and vermillion,

And there are fleeces of gold for thy feet on the
diapered floor!

Linger, a little while linger. To-morrow my heart
may not sing to thee:

This shall be Yesterday, numbered with memories,
folded away.

Now should my flesh-fettered soul be set free! I
would soar to thee, cling to thee,

And be thy rere-ward Aurora, pursuing the skirts
of To-day!

NIGHT

HARK how the tremulous night-wind is passing
in joy-laden sighs;

Soft through my window it comes, like the fanning
of pinions angelic,

Whispering to cease from myself, and look out on
the infinite skies.

Out on the orb-studded night, and the crescent
effulgence of Dian;

Out on the far-gleaming star-dust that marks where
the angels have trod;

JAMES BRUNTON STEPHENS

Out on the gem-pointed Cross, and the glittering
pomp of Orion,
Flaming in measureless azure, the coronal jewels
of God;

Luminous streams of delight in the silent immensity
flowing,
Journeying surgelessly on through impalpable ethers
of peace.

How can I think of myself when infinitude o'er me
is glowing,
Glowing with tokens of love from the land where
my sorrows shall cease?

Oh, summer-night of the South! Oh, sweet languor
of zephyrs love-sighing!

Oh, mighty circuit of shadowy solitude, holy and
still!

Music scarce audible, echo-less harmony joyously
dying,

Dying in faint suspirations o'er meadow, and forest,
and hill!

I must go forth and be part of it, part of the night
and its gladness.

But a few steps, and I pause on the marge of the
shining lagoon.

Here then, at length, I have rest; and I lay down
my burden of sadness,

Kneeling alone 'neath the stars and the silvery arc
of the moon.

THOMAS BRACKEN

NOT UNDERSTOOD

Not understood, we move along asunder ;
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years ; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life, and then we fall asleep
Not understood.

Not understood, we gather false impressions
And hug them closer as the years go by ;
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions ;
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die
Not understood.

Not understood ! Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants with their narrow gauge ;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age,
Not understood.

Not understood ! The secret springs of action
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded ; with self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbours, and they often go
Not understood.

THOMAS BRACKEN

Not understood! How trifles often change us!
The thoughtless sentence and the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship, and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight;
Not understood.

Not understood! How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away,
Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see!
O God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another,—they'd be nearer Thee,
And understood.

ADA CAMBRIDGE

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

To you, who look below,
Where little candles glow—
Who listen in a narrow street,
Confused with noise of passing feet—

To you 'tis wild and dark;
No light, no guide, no ark,
For travellers lost on moor and lea,
And ship-wrecked mariners at sea.

But they who stand apart,
With hushed but wakeful heart—
They hear the lulling of the gale,
And see the dawn-rise faint and pale.

A dawn whereto they grope
In trembling faith and hope,
If haply, brightening, it may cast
A gleam on path and goal at last.

ADA CAMBRIDGE

GOOD-BYE

GOOD-BYE!—'tis like a churchyard bell—good-bye!
Poor weeping eyes! Poor head, bowed down with
 woe!

Kiss me again, dear love, before you go.
Ah, me, how fast the precious moments fly!
 Good-bye! Good-bye!

We are like mourners when they stand and cry
At open grave in wintry wind and rain.
Yes, it is death. But you shall rise again—
Your sun return to this benighted sky.
 Good-bye! Good-bye!

The great physician, Time, shall pacify
This parting anguish with another friend.
Your heart is broken now, but it will mend.
Though it is death, yet still you will not die.
 Good-bye! Good-bye!

Dear heart! dear eyes! dear tongue, that cannot lie!
Your love is true, your grief is deep and sore;
But love will pass—then you will grieve no more.
New love will come. Your tears will soon be dry.
 Good-bye! Good-bye!

THE VIRGIN MARTYR

EVERY wild she-bird has nest and mate in the warm
April weather,
But a captive woman, made for love—no mate, no
nest has she.
In the spring of young desire, young men and maids
are wed together,
And the happy mothers flaunt their bliss for all the
world to see :
Nature's sacramental feast for these—an empty board
for me.

I, a young maid once, an old maid now, deposed,
despised, forgotten—
I, like them have thrilled with passion and have
dreamed of nuptial rest,
Of the trembling life within me of my children un-
begotten,
Of a breathing new-born body to my yearning bosom
prest,
Of the rapture of a little soft mouth drinking at my
breast.

Time, that heals so many sorrows, keeps mine ever
freshly aching ;
Though my face is growing furrowed and my brown
hair turning white,
Still I mourn my irremediable loss, asleep or waking—

ADA CAMBRIDGE

Still I hear my son's voice calling "mother" in the
dead of night,
And am haunted by my girl's eyes that will never
see the light.

O my children that I might have had! my children,
lost for ever!
O the goodly years that might have been—now
desolate and bare!
O malignant God or Fate, what have I done that I
should never
Take my birthright like the others, take the crown
that women wear,
And possess the common heritage to which all flesh
is heir?

HONOUR

ME let the world disparage and despise—
As one unfettered with its gilded chains,
As one untempted by its sordid gains,
Its pleasant vice, its profitable lies;
Let Justice, blind and halt and maimed, chastise
The rebel spirit surging in my veins,
Let the Law deal me penalties and pains
And make me hideous in my neighbours' eyes.

But let me fall not in mine own esteem,
By poor deceit or selfish greed debased.
Let me be clean from secret stain and shame,

ADA CAMBRIDGE

Know myself true, though false as hell I seem—
Know myself worthy, howsoe'er disgraced—
Know myself right, though every tongue should
blame.

DESPAIR

ALONE! Alone! No beacon, far or near!
No chart, no compass, and no anchor stay!
Like melting fog the mirage melts away
In all-surrounding darkness, void and clear.
Drifting, I spread vain hands, and vainly peer
And vainly call for pilot,—weep and pray;
Beyond these limits not the faintest ray
Shows distant coast whereto the lost may steer.

O what is life, if we must hold it thus
As wind-blown sparks hold momentary fire?
What are these gifts without the larger boon?
O what is art, or wealth, or fame to us
Who scarce have time to know what we desire?
O what is love, if we must part so soon?

FAITH

AND is the great cause lost beyond recall?
Have all the hopes of ages come to naught?
Is life no more with noble meaning fraught?
Is life but death, and love its funeral pall?

ADA CAMBRIDGE

Maybe. And still on bended knees I fall,
Filled with a faith no preacher ever taught.
O God—*my* God—by no false prophet wrought—
I believe still, in despite of it all!

Let go the myths and creeds of groping men.
This clay knows naught—the Potter understands.
I own that Power divine beyond my ken,
And still can leave me in His shaping hands.
But, O my God, that madest me to feel,
Forgive the anguish of the turning wheel!

PHILIP JOSEPH HOLDSWORTH

QUIS SEPARABIT?

ALL my life's short years had been stern and sterile—
I stood like one whom the blasts blow back—
As with shipmen whirled through the straits of Peril,
So fierce foes menaced my every track.

But I steeled my soul to a strong endeavour,
I bared my brow as the sharp strokes fell,
And I said to my heart—"Hope on! Hope ever:
Have Courage—Courage, and all is well."

Then, bright as the blood in my heart's rich chalice,
O Blossom, Blossom!—you came from far;
And life rang joy, till the World's loud malice
Shrilled to the edge of our utmost star.

And I said: "On me let the rough storms hurtle,
The great clouds gather and shroud my sun—
But you shall be Queen where the rose and myrtle
Laugh with the year till the year is done."

So my Dream fell dead; and the fluctuant passion—
The stress and strain of the past re-grew,
The world laughed on in its heedless fashion,
But Earth whirled worthless, because of you!

PHILIP JOSEPH HOLDSWORTH

In that Lake of Tears which my grief discovered,
I laid dead Love with a passionate kiss,
And over those soundless depths has hovered
The sweet, sad wraith of my vanished bliss.

Heart clings to Heart—let the strange years sever
The fates of two who had met—to part;
Love's strength survives, and the harsh world never
Shall crush the passion of heart for heart;

For I know my life, though it droop and dwindle,
Shall leave me Love till I fade and die,
And when hereafter our Souls re-kindle,
Who shall be fonder—You or I?

MY QUEEN OF DREAMS

IN the warm flushed heart of the rose-red west,
When the great sun quivered and died to-day,
You pulsed, O star, by yon pine-clad crest—
And throbbed till the bright eve ashened grey—
Then I saw you swim
By the shadowy rim
Where the grey gum dips to the western plain,
And you rayed delight
As you winged your flight
To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign.
O star, did you see her? My queen of dreams!
Was it you that glimmered the night we strayed
A month ago by these scented streams?
Half-checked by the litter the musk-buds made?

PHILIP JOSEPH HOLDSWORTH

Did you sleep or wake?
Ah, for Love's sweet sake
(Though the world should fail and the soft stars
wane!)
I shall dream delight
Till our souls take flight
To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign!

MARY HANNAY FOOTT

WHERE THE PELICAN BUILDS

THE horses were ready, the rails were down,
But the riders lingered still—
One had a parting word to say,
And one had his pipe to fill.
Then they mounted, one with a granted prayer,
And one with a grief unguessed.
“We are going,” they said, as they rode away—
“Where the pelican builds her nest!”

They had told us of pastures wide and green,
To be sought past the sunset's glow;
Of rifts in the ranges by opal lit;
And gold 'neath the river's flow.
And thirst and hunger were banished words
When they spoke of that unknown West;
No drought they dreaded, no flood they feared,
Where the pelican builds her nest!

The creek at the ford was but fetlock deep
When we watched them crossing there;
The rains have replenished it thrice since then
And thrice has the rock lain bare.

MARY HANNAY FOOTT

But the waters of Hope have flowed and fled,
And never from blue hill's breast
Come back—by the sun and the sands devoured—
Where the pelican builds her nest.

NEW COUNTRY

CONDÈ had come with us all the way—
Eight hundred miles—but the fortnight's rest
Made him fresh as a youngster, the sturdy bay!
And Lurline was looking her very best.

Wearied and footsore, the cattle strayed
'Mid the silvery saltbush well content;
Where the creeks lay cool 'neath the gidya's shade
The stock-horses clustered, travel-spent.

In the bright spring morning we left them all—
Camp, and cattle, and white, and black—
And rode for the Range's westward fall,
Where the dingo's trail was the only track.

Slow through the clay-pans, wet to the knee,
With the cane-grass rustling overhead;
Swift o'er the plains with never a tree;
Up the cliffs by a torrent's bed.

Bridle on arm for a mile or more
We toiled, ere we reached Bindanna's verge
And saw—as one sees a far-off shore—
The blue hills bounding the forest surge.

MARY HANNAY FOOTT

An ocean of trees, by the west wind stirred,
Rolled, ever rolled, to the great cliff's base;
And its sound like the noise of waves was heard
'Mid the rocks and the caves of that lonely place.

.

We recked not of wealth in stream or soil
As we heard on the heights the breezes sing;
We felt no longer our travel-toil;
We feared no more what the years might bring.

NO MESSAGE

SHE heard the story of the end,
Each message, too, she heard;
And there was one for every friend;
For her alone—no word.

And shall she bear a heavier heart,
And deem his love was fled;
Because his soul from earth could part
Leaving her name unsaid?

No—No!—Though neither sign nor sound
A parting thought expressed—
Not heedless passed the Homeward-Bound
Of her he loved the best.

Of voyage-perils, bravely borne,
He would not tell the tale;
Of shattered planks and canvas torn,
And war with wind and gale.

MARY HANNAY FOOTT

He waited till the light-house star
Should rise against the sky;
And from the mainland, looming far,
The forest scents blow by.

He hoped to tell—assurance sweet!—
That pain and grief were o'er—
What blessings haste the soul to meet,
Ere yet within the door.

Then one farewell he thought to speak
When all the rest were past—
As in the parting-hour we seek
The dearest hand the last.

And while for this delaying but
To see Heaven's opening Gate—
Lo, it received him—and was shut—
Ere he could say "I wait."

HAPPY DAYS

A FRINGE of rushes—one green line
Upon a faded plain;
A silver streak of water-shine—
Above, tree-watchers twain.
It was our resting-place awhile,
And still, with backward gaze,
We say: "'Tis many a weary mile—
But there were happy days."

MARY HANNAY FOOTT

And shall no ripple break the sand
Upon our farther way?
Or reedy ranks all knee-deep stand?
Or leafy tree-tops sway?
The gold of dawn is surely met
In sunset's lavish blaze;
And—in horizons hidden yet—
There shall be happy days.

ANN GLENNY WILSON

FAIRYLAND

Do you remember that careless band,
Riding o'er meadow and wet sea-sand,
One autumn day, in a mist of sunshine,
Joyously seeking for fairyland?

The wind in the tree-tops was scarcely heard,
The streamlet repeated its one silver word,
And far away, o'er the depths of wood-land,
Floated the bell of the parson-bird.

Pale hoar-frost glittered in shady slips,
Where ferns were dipping their finger-tips,
From mossy branches a faint perfume
Breathed o'er honeyed Clematis lips.

At last we climbed to the ridge on high
Ah, crystal vision! Dreamland nigh!
Far, far below us, the wide Pacific
Slumbered in azure from sky to sky.

And cloud and shadow, across the deep
Wavered, or paused in enchanted sleep,
And eastward, the purple-misted islets
Fretted the wave with terrace and steep.

ANN GLENNY WILSON

We looked on the tranquil, glassy bay,
On headlands sheeted in dazzling spray,
And the whitening ribs of a wreck forlorn
That for twenty years had wasted away.

All was so calm, and pure and fair,
It seemed the hour of worship there,
Silent, as where the great North-Minster
Rises for ever, a visible prayer.

Then we turned from the murmurous forest-land,
And rode over shingle and silver sand,
For so fair was the earth in the golden autumn,
That we sought no farther for Fairyland.

A WINTER DAYBREAK

FROM the dark gorge, where burns the morning star,
I hear the glacier river rattling on
And sweeping o'er his ice-ploughed shingle-bar,
While wood owls shout in sombre unison,
And fluttering southern dancers glide and go;
And black swan's airy trumpets wildly, sweetly blow.

The cock crows in the windy winter morn,
Then must I rise and fling the curtain by.
All dark! But for a strip of fiery sky
Behind the ragged mountains, peaked and torn.
One planet glitters in the icy cold,
Poised like a hawk above the frozen peaks,
And now again the wild nor'-wester speaks,
And bends the cypress, shuddering, to his fold,

ANN GLENNY WILSON

While every timber, every casement creaks.
But still the skylarks sing aloud and bold;
The wooded hills arise; the white cascade
Shakes with wild laughter all the silent shadowy
glade.

Now from the shuttered east a silvery bar
Shines through the mist, and shows the mild day-
star.

The storm-wrapped peaks start out and fade again,
And rosy vapours skirt the pastoral plain;
The garden paths with hoary rime are wet;
And sweetly breathes the winter violet;
The jonquil half unfolds her ivory cup,
With clouds of gold-eyed daisies waking up.

Pleasant it is to turn and see the fire
Dance on the hearth, as he would never tire;
The home-baked loaf, the Indian bean's perfume,
Fill with their homely cheer the panelled room.
Come, crazy storm! And thou, wild glittering hail,
Rave o'er the roof and wave your icy veil;
Shout in our ears and take your madcap way!
I laugh at storms! for Roderick comes to-day.

THE LARK'S SONG

THE morning is wild and dark,
The night mist runs on the vale,
Bright Lucifer dies to a spark,
And the wind whistles up for a gale.

ANN GLENNY WILSON

And stormy the day may be
That breaks through its prison bars,
But it brings no regret to me,
For I sing at the door of the stars!

Along the dim ocean-verge
I see the ships labouring on;
They rise on the lifting surge
One moment, and they are gone.
I see on the twilight plain
The flash of the flying cars;
Men travail in joy or pain—
But I sing at the door of the stars!

I see the green, sleeping world,
The pastures all glazed with rime;
The smoke from the chimney curled;
I hear the faint church bells chime.
I see the grey mountain crest,
The slopes, and the forest spars,
With the dying moon on their breast—
While I sing at the door of the stars!

EDWARD BOOTH LOUGHRAN

DEAD LEAVES

WHEN these dead leaves were green, love.
November's skies were blue,
And summer came with lips aflame,
The gentle spring to woo;
And to us, wandering hand in hand,
Life was a fairy scene,
That golden morning in the woods
When these dead leaves were green!

How dream-like now that dewy morn,
Sweet with the wattle's flowers,
When love, love, love was all our theme,
And youth and hope were ours!
Two happier hearts in all the land
There were not then, I ween,
Than those young lovers'—yours and mine—
When these dead leaves were green.

How gaily did you pluck these leaves
From the acacia's bough,
To mark the lyric we had read—
I can repeat it now!

EDWARD BOOTH LOUGHRAN

While came the words, like music sweet,
Your smiling lips between—
“So fold my love within your heart,”
When these dead leaves were green!

How many springs have passed since then?
Ah, wherefore should we count,
The years that sped, like waters fled
From Time's unstaying fount?
We've had our share of happiness,
Our share of care have seen;
But love alone has never flown
Since these dead leaves were green.

Your heart is kind and loving still,
Your face to me as fair,
As when, that morn, the sunshine played
Amid your golden hair.
So, dearest, sweethearts still we'll be,
As we have ever been,
And keep our love as fresh and true
As when these leaves were green.

ISHMONIE

THE traveller tells how, in that ancient clime
Whose mystic monuments and ruins hoar
Still struggle with the antiquary's lore,
To guard the secrets of a by-gone time,

EDWARD BOOTH LOUGHRAN

He saw, uprising from the desert bare,
Like a white ghost, a city of the dead,
With palaces and temples wondrous fair,
Where moon-horn'd Isis once was worshipped.
But silence, like a pall, did all enfold,
And the inhabitants were turn'd to stone—
Yea, stone the very heart of every one !
Once to a rich man I this tale re-told.
“ Stone hearts ! A traveller's myth ! ”—he turn'd
 aside,
As Hunger bcgg'd, pale-featured and wild-eyed.

JOHN LIDDELL KELLY

IMMORTALITY

At twenty-five I cast my horoscope,
And saw a future with all good things rife—
A firm assurance of eternal life
In worlds beyond, and in this world the hope
Of deathless fame. But now my sun doth slope
To setting, and the toil of sordid strife,
The care of food and raiment, child and wife,
Have dimmed and narrowed all my spirit's scope.

Eternal life—a river gulphed in sands !
Undying fame—a rainbow lost in clouds !
What hope of immortality remains
But this: "Some soul that loves and understands
Shall save thee from the darkness that enshrouds";
And this: "Thy blood shall course in others'
veins" ?

ROBERT RICHARDSON

A BALLADE OF WATTLE BLOSSOM

THERE'S a land that is happy and fair,
Set gem-like in halcyon seas ;
The white winters visit not there,
To sadden its blossoming leas,
More bland than the Hesperides,
Or any warm isle of the West,
Where the wattle-bloom perfumes the breeze,
And the bell-bird builds her nest.

When the oak and the elm are bare,
And wild winds vex the shuddering trees ;
There the clematis whitens the air,
And the husbandman laughs as he sees
The grass rippling green to his knees,
And his vineyards in emerald drest—
Where the wattle-bloom bends in the breeze,
And the bell-bird builds her nest.

What land is with this to compare ?
Not the green hills of Hybla, with bees
Honey-sweet, are more radiant and rare
In colour and fragrance than these
Boon shores, where the storm-clouds cease,

ROBERT RICHARDSON

And the wind and the wave are at rest—

Where the wattle-bloom waves in the breeze,
And the bell-bird builds her nest.

ENVOY

Sweetheart, let them praise as they please

Other lands, but we know which is best—
Where the wattle-bloom perfumes the breeze,
And the bell-bird builds her nest.

NOCTURNE

THE fine line makes a perfect arc
Above the level brows ;
No lily mates the swift white throat
That e'er in garden blows ;
The little parted lips make pale
The red heart of the rose.

Guerdon beyond all dream were his
(Seeking no other prizé)
Who'll kiss the violet-veined lids
That screen the twilight eyes,
And hear her heart leap on his heart,
And die there in faint sighs.

Her voice is like the wind-harp's voice,
Which the warm west wind guides ;
Now floating low and tremulous
On passionate song-tides ;

ROBERT RICHARDSON

Now like the bell-bird's one dear note
That tells where the cool creek hides.

Sometimes at night, 'twixt dark and light,
She visits me in dreams;
About her, like a midnight robe,
Her dusk-gold hair down streams;
And the deep violet of her eyes
Softer than star-mist gleams.

And then my lady finds such words
As by day she may not speak;
And with lips grown cold for trembling
I kiss her mouth and cheek;
And my lady is no longer strange,
But maiden-sweet and meek.

All this is dream. By day my voice
Her still heart cannot stir;
And at this wayward geste of fate
I may make no demur—
Knōwing aright nor day or night
Can make me meet for her.

JAMES LISTER CUTHBERTSON

AT CAPE SCHANCK

Down to the lighthouse pillar
The rolling woodland comes,
Gay with the gold of she-oaks
And the green of the stunted gums,
With the silver-grey of honeysuckle,
With the wasted bracken red,
With a tuft of softest emerald
And a cloud-flecked sky o'erhead.

We climbed by ridge and boulder,
Umber and yellow scarred,
Out to the utmost precipice,
To the point that was ocean-barred,
Till we looked below on the fastness
Of the breeding eagle's nest,
And Cape Wollomai opened eastward
And the Otway on the west.

Over the mirror of azure
The purple shadows crept,
League upon league of rollers
Landward evermore swept,

JAMES L. CUTHBERTSON

And burst upon gleaming basalt,
And foamed in cranny and crack,
And mounted in sheets of silver,
And hurried reluctant back.

And the sea, so calm out yonder,
Wherever we turned our eyes,
Like the blast of an angel's trumpet
Rang out to the earth and skies,
Till the reefs and the rocky ramparts
Throbbled to the giant fray,
And the gullies and jutting headlands
Were bathed in a misty spray.

Oh, sweet in the distant ranges,
To the ear of inland men,
Is the ripple of falling water
In sassafras-haunted glen,
The stir in the ripening cornfield
That gently rustles and swells,
The wind in the wattle sighing,
The tinkle of cattle bells.

But best is the voice of ocean,
That strikes to the heart and brain,
That lulls with its passionate music
Trouble and grief and pain,
That murmurs the requiem sweetest
For those who have loved and lost,
And thunders a jubilant anthem
To brave hearts tempest-tossed.

JAMES L. CUTHBERTSON

That takes to its boundless bosom
The burden of all our care,
That whispers of sorrow vanquished,
Of hours that may yet be fair,
That tells of a Harbour of Refuge
Beyond life's stormy straits,
Of an infinite peace that gladdens,
Of an infinite love that waits.

WATTLE AND MYRTLE

GOLD of the tangled wilderness of wattle,
Break in the lone green hollows of the hills,
Flame on the iron headlands of the ocean,
Gleam on the margin of the hurrying rills.

Come with thy saffron diadem and scatter
Odours of Araby that haunt the air,
Queen of our woodland, rival of the roses,
Spring in the yellow tresses of thy hair.

Surely the old gods, dwellers on Olympus,
Under thy shining loveliness have strayed,
Crowned with thy clusters, magical Apollo,
Pan with his reedy music may have played.

Surely within thy fastness, Aphrodite,
She of the sea-ways, fallen from above,
Wandered beneath thy canopy of blossom,
Nothing disdainful of a mortal's love.

JAMES L. CUTHBERTSON

Aye, and Her sweet breath lingers on the wattle,
Aye, and Her myrtle dominates the glade,
And with a deep and perilous enchantment
Melts in the heart of lover and of maid.

THE AUSTRALIAN SUNRISE

THE Morning Star paled slowly, the Cross hung low
to the sea,
And down the shadowy reaches the tide came swirling
free,
The lustrous purple blackness of the soft Australian
night
Waned in the grey awakening that heralded the light;
Still in the dying darkness, still in the forest dim
The pearly dew of the dawning clung to each giant
limb,
Till the sun came up from ocean, red with the cold
sea mist,
And smote on the limestone ridges, and the shining
tree-tops kissed;
Then the fiery Scorpion vanished, the magpie's note
was heard,
And the wind in the she-oak wavered, and the honey-
suckles stirred,
The airy golden vapour rose from the river breast,
The kingfisher came darting out of his crannied nest,
And the bulrushes and reed-beds put off their sallow
gray
And burnt with cloudy crimson at dawning of the
day.

JAMES L. CUTHBERTSON

ODE TO APOLLO

"Tandem venias precamur
Nube candentes humeros amictus
Augur Apollo."

LORD of the golden lyre
Fraught with the Dorian fire,
Oh! fair-haired child of Leto, come again;
And if no longer smile
Delphi or Delos' isle,
Come from the depth of thine Ætnean glen,
Where in the black ravine
Thunders the foaming green
Of waters writhing far from mortals' ken;
Come o'er the sparkling brine,
And bring thy train divine—
The sweet-voiced and immortal violet-crownèd Nine.

For here are richer meads,
And here are goodlier steeds
Than ever graced the glorious land of Greece;
Here waves the yellow corn,
Here is the olive born—
The gray-green gracious harbinger of peace;
Here too hath taken root
A tree with golden fruit,
In purple clusters hangs the vine's increase,
And all the earth doth wear
The dry clear Attic air
That lifts the soul to liberty, and frees the heart from
care.

JAMES L. CUTHBERTSON

Or if thy wilder mood
Incline to solitude,
Eternal verdure girds the lonely hills,
Through the green gloom of ferns
Softly the sunset burns,
Cold from the granite flow the mountain rills;
And there are inner shrines
Made by the slumberous pines,
Where the rapt heart with contemplation fills,
And from wave-stricken shores
Deep wistful music pours
And floods the tempest-shaken forest corridors.

Oh, give the gift of gold
The human heart to hold
With liquid glamour of the Lesbian line;
With Pin 'ar's lava glow,
With Sophocles' calm flow,
Or Æschylean rapture airy fine;
Or with thy music's close
Thy last autumnal rose
Theocritus of Sicily, divine;
O Pythian Archer strong,
Time cannot do thee wrong,
With thee they live for ever, thy nightingales of song

We too are island-born;
Oh, leave us not in scorn—
A songless people never yet was great.
We, suppliants at thy feet,
Await thy muses sweet
Amid the laurels at thy temple gate,

JAMES L. CUTHBERTSON

Crownless and voiceless yet,
But on our brows is set
The dim unwritten prophecy of fate,
To mould from out of mud
An empire with our blood,
To wage eternal warfare with the fire and flood.

Lord of the minstrel choir,
Oh, grant our hearts' desire,
To sing of truth invincible in might,
Of love surpassing death
That fears no fiery breath, •
Of ancient inborn reverence for right,
Of that sea-woven spell
That from Trafalgar fell
And keeps the star of duty in our sight:
Oh, give the sacred fire,
And our weak lips inspire
With laurels of thy song and lightnings of thy lyre.

JOHN FARRELL

AUSTRALIA TO ENGLAND

June 22nd, 1897

WHAT of the years of Englishmen ?

What have they brought of growth and grace
Since mud-built London by its fen

Became the Briton's breeding-place ?

What of the Village, where our blood

Was brewed by sires, half man, half brute,
In vessels of wild womanhood,

From blood of Saxon, Celt and Jute ?

What are its gifts, this Harvest Home

Of English tilth and English cost,

Where fell the hamlet won by Rome

And rose the city that she lost ?

O! terrible and grand and strange

Beyond all phantasy that gleams

When Hope, asleep, sees radiant Change

Come to her through the halls of dreams !

A heaving sea of life, that beats

Like England's heart of pride to-day,

And up from roaring miles of streets

Flings on the roofs its human spray ;

JOHN FARRELL

And fluttering miles of flags aflow,
And cannon's voice, and boom of bell,
And seas of fire to-night, as though
A hundred cities flamed and fell;

While, under many a fair festoon
And flowering crescent, set ablaze
With all the dyes that English June
Can lend to deck a day of days,
And past where mart and palace rise,
And shrine and temple lift their spears,
Below five million misted eyes—
Goes a grey Queen of Sixty Years—

Go lords, and servants of the lords
Of earth, with homage on their lips,
And kinsmen carrying English swords,
And offering England battle-ships;
And tribute-payers, on whose hands
Their English fetters scarce appear;
And gathered round from utmost lands
Ambassadors of Love and Fear!

Dim signs of greeting waved afar,
Far trumpets blown and flags unfurled,
And England's name an Avatar
Of light and sound throughout the world—
Hailed Empress among nations, Queen
Enthroned in solemn majesty,
On splendid proofs of what has been,
And presages of what will be!

JOHN FARRELL

For this your sons, foreseeing not
Or heeding not, the aftermath,
Because their strenuous hearts were hot
Went first on many a cruel path,
And, trusting first and last to blows,
Fed death with such as would gainsay
Their instant passing, or oppose
With talk of Right strength's right of way!

For this their names are on the stone
Of mountain spires, and carven trees
That stand in flickering wastes unknown
Wait with their dying messages;
When fire blasts dance with desert drifts
The English bones show white below,
And, not so white, when summer lifts
The counterpane of Yukon's snow.

Condemned by blood to reach for grapes
That hang in sight, however high,
Beyond the smoke of Asian capes,
The nameless, dauntless, dead ones lie;
And where Sierran morning shines
On summits rolling out like waves,
By many a brow of royal pines
The noisiest find quiet graves.

By lust of flesh and lust of gold,
And depth of loins and hairy breadth
Of breast, and hands to take and hold,
And boastful scorn of pain and death,

JOHN FARRELL

And something more of manliness
Than tamer men, and growing shame
Of shameful things, and something less
Of final faith in sword and flame—

By many a battle fought for wrong,
And many a battle fought for right,
So have you grown august and strong,
Magnificent in all men's sight—
A voice for which the kings have ears,
A face the craftiest statesmen scan;
A mind to mould the after years,
And mint the destinies of man!

Red sins were yours : the avid greed
Of pirate fathers, smocked as Grace,
Sent Judas missionaries to read
Christ's Word to many a feeble race—
False priests of Truth who made their tryst
At Mammon's shrine, and reft or slew—
Some hands you taught to pray to Christ
Have prayed His curse to rest on you!

Your way has been to pluck the blade
Too readily, and train the guns.
We here, apart and unafraid
Of envious foes, are but your sons :
We stretched a heedless hand to smutch
Our spotless flag with Murder's blight—
For one less sacrilegious touch
God's vengeance blasted Uzza white!

JOHN FARRELL

You vaunted most of forts and fleets,
And courage proved in battle-feasts,
The courage of the beast that eats
His torn and quivering fellow-beasts;
Your pride of deadliest armament—
What is it but the self-same dint
Of joy with which the Caveman bent
To shape a bloodier axe of flint?

But praise to you, and more than praise
And thankfulness, for some things done;
And blessedness, and length of days
As long as earth shall last, or sun!
You first among the peoples spoke
Sharp words and angry questionings
Which burst the bonds and shed the yoke
That made your men the slaves of Kings!

You set and showed the whole world's school
The lesson it will surely read,
That each one ruled has right to rule—
The alphabet of Freedom's creed
Which slowly wins it proselytes
And makes uneasier many a throne;
You taught them all to prate of Rights
In language growing like your own!

And now your holiest and best
And wisest dream of such a tie
As, holding hearts from East to West,
Shall strengthen while the years go by:

JOHN FARRELL

And of a time when every man
For every fellow-man will do
His kindest, working by the plan
God set him. May the dream come true!

And greater dreams! O Englishmen,
Be sure the safest time of all
For even the mightiest State is when
Not even the least desires its fall!
Make England stand supreme for aye,
Because supreme for peace and good,
Warned well by wrecks of yesterday
That strongest feet may slip in blood!

ARTHUR PATCHETT MARTIN

BUSHLAND

Not sweeter to the storm-tossed mariner
Is glimpse of home, where wife and children wait
To welcome him with kisses at the gate,
Than to the town-worn man the breezy stir
Of mountain winds on rugged pathless heights :
His long-pent soul drinks in the deep delights
That Nature hath in store. The sun-kissed bay
Gleams thro' the grand old gnarled gum-tree
boughs
Like burnished brass; the strong-winged bird of
prey
Sweeps by, upon his lonely vengeful way—
While over all, like breath of holy vows,
The sweet airs blow, and the high-vaulted sky
Looks down in pity this fair Summer day
On all poor earth-born creatures doomed to die.

JAMES HEBBLETHWAITE

PERDITA

THE sea coast of Bohemia
Is pleasant to the view
When singing larks spring from the grass
To fade into the blue,
And all the hawthorn hedges break
In wreaths of purest snow,
And yellow daffodils are out,
And roses half in blow.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is sad as sad can be,
The prince has ta'en our flower of maids
Across the violet sea ;
Our Perdita has gone with him,
No more we dance the round
Upon the green in joyous play,
Or wake the tabor's sound.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Has many wonders seen,
The shepherd lass wed with a king,
The shepherd with a queen ;

JAMES HEBBLETHWAITE

But such a wonder as my love
Was never seen before,
It is my joy and sorrow now
To love her evermore.

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is haunted by a light
Of memory of lady's eyes,
And fame of gallant knight;
The princes seek its charmed strand,
But, ah, it was our knell
When o'er the sea our Perdita
Went with young Florizel!

The sea coast of Bohemia
Is not my resting place,
For with her waned from out the day
A beauty and a grace :
O had I kissed her on the lips
I would no longer weep,
But live by that until the day
I fall to shade and sleep.

WANDERERS

As I rode in the early dawn,
While stars were fading white,
I saw upon a grassy slope
A camp-fire burning bright;

JAMES HEBBLETHWAITE

With tent behind and blaze before,
Three loggers in a row
Sang all together joyously—
Pull up the stakes and go!

As I rode on by Eagle Hawk,
The wide blue deep of air,
The wind through the glittering leaves,
The flowers so sweet and fair,
The thunder of the rude salt waves,
The creek's soft overflow,
All joined in chorus to the words—
Pull up the stakes and go!

Now by the tent on forest skirt,
By odour of the earth,
By sight and scent of morning smoke,
By evening camp-fire's mirth,
By deep-sea call and foaming green,
By new stars' gleam and glow,
By summer trails in antique lands—
Pull up the stakes and go!

The world is wide, and we are young,
And sounding marches beat,
And passion pipes her sweetest call
In lane and field and street;
So rouse the chorus, brothers all,
We'll something have to show
When Death comes round and strikes our tent—
Pull up the stakes and go!

JAMES HEBBLETHWAITE

PROVENCE

IN old Provence I long to stray
All for the old love's sake,
For there in far-off times a lay
To minstrel harp at close of day,
I sang beside the lake.

Sad in the summer twilight air—
O dusk of summer eves!
Around sat knight and lady fair:
I saw them not, for you were there,
My love, beneath the leaves.

WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES

THE PASSING OF THE FOREST

ALL glory cannot vanish from the hills,
Their strength remains, their stature of command,
Their flush of colour when calm evening stills
Day's clamour, and the sea-breeze cools the land.
Refreshed when rain-clouds swell a thousand rills,
Ancient of days in green old age they stand
In grandeur that can never know decay,
Though from their flanks men strip the woods away.

But thin their vesture now—the restless grass,
Bending and dancing as the breeze goes by,
Catching quick gleams and cloudy shades that pass,
As shallow seas reflect a wind-stirred sky.
Ah! nobler far their forest raiment was
From crown to feet that clothed them royally,
Shielding their mysteries from the glare of day,
Ere the dark woods were reft and torn away.

Well may these plundered and insulted kings,
Stripped of their robes, despoiled, uncloaked, dis-
crowned,
Draw down the clouds with white enfolding wings,
And soft aërial fleece to wrap them round,

WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES

To hide the scars that every season brings,
The fire's black smirch, the landslip's gaping wound;
Well may they shroud their heads in mantle grey,
Since from their brows the leaves were plucked away.

Gone is the forest world, its wealth of life,
Its jostling, crowding, thrusting, struggling race,
Creeper with creeper, bush with bush at strife,
Warring and wrestling for a breathing space;
Below, a realm with tangled rankness rife,
Aloft, tree columns, shafts of stateliest grace.
Gone is the forest nation. None might stay;
Giant and dwarf alike have passed away.

Gone are the forest birds, arboreal things,
Eaters of honey, honey-sweet of song,
The tui, and the bell-bird—he who sings
That brief, rich music we would fain prolong.
Gone the wood-pigeon's sudden whirr of wings;
The daring robin, all unused to wrong.
Wild, harmless, hamadryad creatures, they
Lived with their trees, and died, and passed away.

And with the birds the flowers, too, are gone
That bloomed aloft, ethereal, stars of light,
The clematis, the kowhai like ripe corn,
Russet, though all the hills in green were dight;
The rata, draining from its tree forlorn
Rich life-blood for its crimson blossoms bright,
Red glory of the gorges—well-a-day!
Fled is that splendour, dead and passed away.

WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES

Lost is the scent of resinous, sharp pines ;
Of wood fresh cut, clean-smelling, for the hearth ;
Of smoke from burning logs, in wavering lines
Softening the air with blue ; of cool, damp earth
And dead trunks fallen among coiling vines,
Brown, mouldering, moss-coated. Round the girth
Of the green land the winds brought hill and bay
Fragrance far-borne, now faded all away.

Lost is the sense of noiseless, sweet escape
From dust of stony plains, from sun and gale,
When the feet tread where shade and silence drape
The stems with peace beneath the leafy veil,
Or where a pleasant rustling stirs each shape
Creeping with whisperings that rise and fail
Through labyrinths half-lit by chequered play
Of light on golden moss now burned away.

Gone are the forest tracks, where oft we rode
Under the silver fern-fronds climbing slow,
In cool, green tunnels, though fierce noontide glowed
And glittered on the tree-tops far below.
There, 'mid the stillness of the mountain road,
We just could hear the valley river flow,
Whose voice through many a windless summer day
Haunted the silent woods, now passed away.

Drinking fresh odours, spicy wafts that blew,
We watched the glassy, quivering air asleep,
Midway between tall cliffs that taller grew
Above the unseen torrent calling deep ;

WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES

Till, like a sword, cleaving the foliage through,
The waterfall flashed foaming down the steep,
White, living water, cooling with its spray
Dense plumes of fragile fern, now scorched away.

Keen is the axe, the rushing fire streams bright,
Clear, beautiful, and fierce it speeds for Man,
The Master, set to change and stern to smite,
Bronzed pioneer of nations. Ay, but scan
The ruined beauty wasted in a night,
The blackened wonder God alone could plan,
And builds not twice! A bitter price to pay
Is this for progress—beauty swept away.

HUBERT CHURCH

ROSALIND

ROSALIND has come to town !
All the street's a meadow,
Balconies are beeches brown
With a drowsy shadow,
And the long-drawn window panes
Are the foliage of her lanes.

Rosalind about me brings
Sunny brooks that quiver
Unto palpitating wings
Ere they kiss the river,
And her eyes are trusting birds
That do nestle without words.

Rosalind ! to me you bear
Memories of a meeting
When the love-star smote the air
With a pulse's beating :
Does your Spirit love to pace
In the temple of that place ?

Rosalind ! be thou the fane
For my soul's uprising,

HUBERT CHURCH

Where my heart may reach again
Thoughts of heaven's devising :
Be the solace self-bestowed
In the shrine of Love's abode !

" AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT "

Is daylight fading, Margaret?
Are those the bells of eventide?
Does Darkness gather in her net
The stars that in the sunbeams hide?

The children's voices, are they not
Hushed in the garden's dewy breath
To whisper in some far-off spot
The simple things of love and death?

Your hand is cold, my Margaret,
Your eyes are dim through stealthy tears,
Ah, all my soul with grief is wet
To know you not in all these years !

Sweet, now too late I see in vain
Your heart was poured to shallow mould
That could not hold it : once again
Kiss me, and let me lie a-cold.

HUBERT CHURCH

ODE

BREAK as all vows of love that unabides,
Roll on thy strand the slow, smooth arch that gleams
With fettered magic of the girdling tides
And the ungathered glories of youth's dreams;
Pierce thy green depths on rocks that are a-cold,
Touch with thy rainbow curve this lonely shore,
But even as thou diest, oh! unfold
The voices I have heard, and hear no more.

O Sanctuary! whose eternal foam
Drapes for thanksgiving pedestals profound
Sunk in the depths,—whose altar tops are home
For the white clouds,—shed on me what was wound
In the young years about my heart, and rolled
Through all my being, a celestial sense
Love that still lips and shuttered eyes have told,
Smiles that elude sad Memory's impotence!

Then thy too solemn dirge shall softly float
Upon the muted strings of Memory's pain,
As a tired wind that fades upon a moat
Too still to welcome its secluded rain;
And if one tremor shall recall a throb
Long buried in old graves, oh! Lord, how sweet
To feel thy benediction in a sob,
And see thee in the tears about my feet . . .

VICTOR JAMES DALEY

DREAMS

I HAVE been dreaming all a summer day
Of rare and dainty poems I would write;
Love-lyrics delicate as lilac-scent,
Soft idylls woven of wind, and flower, and stream,
And songs and sonnets carven in fine gold.

The day is fading and the dusk is cold;
Out of the skies has gone the opal gleam,
Out of my heart has passed the high intent
Into the shadow of the falling night—
Must all my dreams in darkness pass away?

I have been dreaming all a summer day :
Shall I go dreaming so until Life's light
Fades in Death's dusk, and all my days are spent?
Ah, what am I the dreamer but a dream!
The day is fading and the dusk is cold.

My songs and sonnets carven in fine gold
Have faded from me with the last day-beam
That purple lustre to the sea-line lent,
And flushed the clouds with rose and chrysolite;
So days and dreams in darkness pass away.

VICTOR J. DALEY

I have been dreaming all a summer day
Of songs and sonnets carven in fine gold;
But all my dreams in darkness pass away;
The day is fading, and the dusk is cold.

A SUNSET FANTASY

SPELLBOUND by a sweet fantasy
At evenglow I stand
Beside an opaline strange sea
That rings a sunset land.

The rich lights fade out one by one,
And like a peony
Drowning in wine, the crimson sun
Sinks down in that strange sea.

His wake across the ocean-floor
In a long glory lies,
Like a gold wave-way to the shore
Of some sea paradise.

My dream flies after him, and I
Am in another land;
The sun sets in another sky,
And we sit hand in hand.

Gray eyes look into mine; such eyes
I think the angels' are—
Soft as the soft light in the skies
When shines the morning star,

VICTOR J. DALEY

And tremulous as morn, when thin
Gold lights begin to glow,
Revealing the bright soul within
As dawn the sun below.

So, hand in hand, we watch the sun
Burn down the Western deeps,
Dreaming a charmed dream, as one
Who in enchantment sleeps;

A dream of how we twain some day,
Careless of map or chart,
Will both take ship and sail away
Into the sunset's heart.

Our ship shall be of sandal built,
Like ships in old-world tales,
Carven with cunning art, and gilt,
And winged with scented sails

Of silver silk, whereon the red
Great gladioli burn,
A rainbow-flag at her masthead,
A rose-flag at her stern;

And, perching on the point above
Wherefrom the pennon blows,
The figure of a flying dove,
And in her beak a rose.

And from the fading land the breeze
Shall bring us, blowing low,

VICTOR J. DALEY

Old odours and old memories,
And airs of long ago—

A melody that has no words
Of mortal speech a part,
Yet touching all the deepest chords
That tremble in the heart :

A scented song blown oversea,
As though from bowers of bloom
A wind-harp in a lilac-tree
Breathed music and perfume.

And we, no more with longings pale,
Will smile to hear it blow ;
I in the shadow of the sail,
You in the sunset glow.

.

THE OLD WIFE AND THE NEW

HE sat beneath the curling vines
That round the gay verandah twined,
His forehead seamed with sorrow's lines,
An old man with a weary mind.

His young wife, with a rosy face
And brown arms ambered by the sun,
Went flitting all about the place—
Master and mistress both in one.

VICTOR J. DALEY

What caused that old man's look of care?

Was she not blithe and fair to see?

What blacker than her raven hair,

What darker than her eyes might be?

The old man bent his weary head;

The sunlight on his gray hair shone;

His thoughts were with a woman dead

And buried, years and years ago :

The good old wife who took her stand

Beside him at the altar-side,

And walked with him, hand clasped in hand,

Through joy and sorrow till she died.

Ah, she was fair as heart's desire,

And gay, and supple-limbed, in truth,

And in his veins there leapt like fire

The hot red blood of lusty youth.

She stood by him in shine and shade,

And, when hard-beaten at his best,

She took him like a child and laid

His aching head upon her breast.

She helped him make a little home *

Where once were gum-trees gaunt and stark,

And bloodwoods waved green-feathered foam—

Working from dawn of day to dark,

Till that dark forest formed a frame

For vineyards that the gods might bless,

VICTOR J. DALEY

And what was savage once became
An Eden in the wilderness.

And how at their first vintage-time
She laughed and sang—you see such shapes
On vases of the Grecian prime—
And danced a reel upon the grapes!

And ever, as the years went on,
All things she kept with thrifty hand,
Till never shone the sun upon
A fairer homestead in the land.

Then children came—ah, me! ah, me!
Sad blessings that a mother craves!
That old man from his seat could see
The shadows playing o'er their graves.

And then she closed her eyes at last,
Her gentle, useful, peaceful life
Was over—garnered with the past;
God rest thee gently, Good Old Wife!

.

His young wife has a rosy face,
And laughs, with reddest lips apart,
But cannot fill the empty place
Within that old man's lonely heart.

His young wife has a rosy face,
And brown arms ambered by the sun,
Goes flitting all about the place,
Master and mistress both in one;

VICTOR J. DALEY

But though she sings, or though she sighs,
He sees her not—he sees instead
A gray-haired Shade with gentle eyes—
The good old wife, long dead, long dead.

He sits beneath the curling vines,
Through which the merry sunrays dart,
His forehead seamed with sorrow's lines—
An old man with a broken heart.

FRAGMENTS

I.—MIDSUMMER IN A HAWKESBURY VALLEY

FIERCE Nature, glaring with a face
Of savage scorn at my despair,
Withered my heart. From cone to base
The hills were full of hollow eyes
That rayed out darkness, dead and dull;
Gray rocks grinned under ridges bare,
Like dry teeth in a mouldered skull;
And ghastly gum-tree trunks did loom
Out of black clefts and rifts of gloom,
As sheeted spectres that arise
From yawning graves at dead of night
To fill the living with affright;
And, like to witches foul that bare
Their withered arms, and bend, and cast
Dread curses on the sleeping lands
In awful legends of the past,

VICTOR J. DALEY

Red gums, with outstretched bloody hands,
Shook maledictions in the air.

.

And I saw Sorrow everywhere :
In blackened trees and rust-red ferns,
Blasted by bush-fires and the sun ;
And by the salt-flood—salt as tears—
Where the wild apple-trees hung low,
And evermore stooped down to stare
At their drowned shadows in the wave,
Wringing their knotted hands of woe ;
And the dark swamp-oaks, row on row,
Lined either bank—a sombre train
Of mourners with down-streaming hair.

II.—SUNSET

THE day and its delights are done ;
So all delights and days expire :
Down in the dim, sad West the sun
Is dying like a dying fire.
The fiercest lances of his light
Are spent ; I watch him droop and die
Like a great king who falls in fight ;
None dared the duel of his eye
Living, but, now his eye is dim,
The eyes of all may stare at him.

How lovely in his strength at morn
He orbed along the burning blue !

VICTOR J. DALEY

The blown gold of his flying hair
Was tangled in green-tressèd trees,
And netted in the river sand
In gleaming links of amber clear;
But all his shining locks are shorn,
His brow of its bright crown is bare,
The golden sceptre leaves his hand,
And deeper, darker, grows the hue
Of the dim purple draperies
And cloudy banners round his bier.

O beautiful, rose-hearted dawn!—
O splendid noon of gold and blue!—
Is this wan glimmer all of you?
Where are the blush and bloom ye gave
To laughing land and smiling sea?—
The swift lights that did flash and shiver
In diamond rain upon the river,
And set a star in each blue wave?
Where are the merry lights and shadows
That danced through wood and over lawn,
And flew across the dewy meadows
Like white nymphs chased by satyr lovers?
Faded and perished utterly.
All delicate and all rich colour
In flower and cloud, on lawn and lea,
On butterfly, and bird, and bee,
A little space and all are gone—
And darkness, like a raven, hovers
Above the death-bed of the day.

VICTOR J. DALEY

BLANCHELYS

With little hands all filled with bloom,
The rose-tree wakes from her long trance :
And from my heart, as from a tomb,
Steals forth the ghost of dead Romance.

I know not whether wave, or clay,
Or living lips your sweet lips kiss ;
But you are mine alone to-day,
As in the old days, Blanchelys !

Yea, you are mine to elasp and hold,
In your young loveliness aglow,
As in the time of rose and gold
That faded, long and long ago.

Upon the moonlight balcony
We stand once more in silvered shade ;
The perfume of the red rose-tree
Floats upward like a serenade ;

A faëry music faint and fine,
A scented song, a tender tune ;
It is the melody divine
That lovers hear beneath the moon.

The air is full of incense spilled
From censers of the seraphim,
The Chalice of the Night is filled
With Wine of Magic to the brim.

VICTOR J. DALEY

Your heart is trembling, like a dove
New-caught, within your breast—as though,
With struggling pinions, rosy Love
Were prisoned in a drift of snow.

.

I walked with fair Philosophy,
Whose eyes are like two holy wells,
In gardens where the Attic bee
Makes honey from the asphodels.

Her speech was slow and silver-clear,
A river flowing full and deep,
She said that Love, divine and dear,
Was but a dream of fevered sleep.

But Memory, with tender sighs,
Breathed softly in the myrtle blooms;
And Passion with her glowing eyes
Stared at me from the pine-tree glooms.

All ballads of true lovers sung,
All stories of true lovers told,
Bring back the days when I was young—
The vanished days of rose-and-gold.

And, in the falling of the year,
Dead leaves beneath the poplar tree
Like old love-letters, worn and sere,
Their mournful stories tell to me.

VICTOR J. DALEY

I sat me down on many a night
When gilded lamps like moons did shine,
And cheeks were flushed, and eyes were bright,
To drown my thoughts in crimson wine.

In vain; there never grew the grape
On Greek or Lusitanian shore,
Whose juice can help us to escape
The thought of days that are no more.

In visions of the night I take
Your heart to my heart, lover-wise;
And, in the morning, I awake
With empty hands and burning eyes.

Life yet within me pulses strong,
And in my veins the blood runs red,
But, O dear God! the days are long,
And all the world to me is dead.

I had a dream of wringing hands,
And tear-wet eyes, and faces wan,
And heard a cry from all the lands—
“O where have our Beloved gone?”

Of all that once to me you were
In years of yore, I hold but this—
A silken tress of tawny hair :
Come back, come back, O Blanchelys!

VICTOR J. DALEY

ROMANCE

THEY say that fair Romance is dead, and in her cold
grave lying low,
The green grass waving o'er her head, the mould upon
her breasts of snow;
Her voice, they say, is dumb for aye, that once was
clarion-clear and high—
But in their hearts, their frozen hearts, they know that
bitterly they lie.

Her brow of white, that was with bright rose-garland
in the old days crowned,
Is now, they say, all shorn of light, and with a fatal
fillet bound.
Her eyes divine no more shall shine to lead the hardy
knight and good
Unto the Castle Perilous, beyond the dark Enchanted
Wood.

And do they deem, these fools supreme, whose iron
wheels unceasing whirr,
That, in this rushing Age of Steam, there is no longer
room for Her?—
That, as they hold the Key of Gold that shuts or opens
Mammon's Den,
Romance has vanished from the earth and left the
homes and hearts of men?

Yea, some there be who fain would see this consum-
mation sad and drear,
And set their god Machinery with iron rod to rule the
year.

VICTOR J. DALEY

They go their way, day after day, with forward-star-
ing, famished eyes,
Whose level glances never stray—fixed fast upon a
sordid prize!

The sun may rise in godlike guise, the stars like
burning seraphs shine,
But, ah, for those sad souls unwise, nor Earth nor
Heaven bears a sign.
All visions fair, in earth or air, they gaze upon with
sullen scorn.
God knows His own great business best; He only
knows why they were born.

They never saw, with sacred awe, the Vision of the
Starry Stream
That is the source of Love and Law; they never dreamt
the Wondrous Dream;
They never heard the Magic Bird, whose strains the
poet's soul entrance;
Their souls are in their moneybags—what should they
know of fair Romance?

She still is here, the fair and dear, and walks the Earth
with noiseless feet;
Her eyes are deep, and dark, and clear, her scarlet
mouth is honey-sweet;
A chaplet fair of roses rare and lordly laurel crowns
her head;
Her path is over land and sea. She is not dead; she
is not dead.

VICTOR J. DALEY

On roads of clay, 'neath skies of grey, though Fate
compel us to advance,
Beyond the turning of the way there sits and waits
for us Romance.
Around yon cape, of lion-shape, that meets the wave
with lion-brow,
A ship sails in from lands unknown; Romance stands
shining on her prow.

At dead of night, a fiery light from out the heart of
darkness glares;
The engine, rocking in its flight, once more into the
darkness flares;
The train flies fast, the bridge is past; white faces for
a moment gleam—
And at the window sits Romance and gazes down into
the stream.

When first the child, with wonder wild, looks on the
world with shining eyes,
Romance becomes his guardian mild, and tells to him
her stories wise.
And when the light fades into night, and ended is this
life's short span,
To other wonder-worlds she leads the spirit of the
Dying Man.

Right grim gods be Reality, and iron-handed Circum-
stance.
Cast off their fetters, friend! Break free!—and seek
the shrine of fair Romance.

VICTOR J. DALEY

And when dark days with cares would craze your
brain, then she will take your hand,
And lead you on by greenwood ways unto a green and
pleasant land.

There you will see brave company, all making gay and
gallant cheer—
Blanaid the Fair, and Deirdri rare, and Gold-Gudrun
and Guinevere;
And Merlin wise, with dreaming eyes, and Tristram
of the Harp and Bow;
While from the Wood of Broceliande the horns of
Elfland bravely blow.

TO MY SOUL

BE patient, O my Soul; the prison bars
That check thy flight
Will break beneath the sun, or silent stars,
Some day or night.

Be still and wait; the Body seems to reign
In pride serene;
But darkly in its pathway crouches Pain,
With poniard keen.

Grieve not when it is grieved, nor, when it errs—
'Tis naught to thee;
Its sins and sorrows are but ministers
To set thee free.

VICTOR J. DALEY

Behold, it is a bonds slave to the Earth
From which it springs;
Its laugh is loudest in the Masque of Mirth—
It loves all things,

That make the world seem beautiful and gay,
But live not long—
The joy of springtime and the dawn of day,
Wine, Women, Song.

Red-tongued it rushes, like a hound unchained,
To hunt Desire;
But thou remainest still a proud, unstained
Spirit of fire.

It has no part in thee; thou hast no mate
To share thy throne.
Thou art invincible, inviolate,
White and alone.

Dost thou not feel in rapt imaginings,
In dreams sublime,
The sovran sweep of thy immortal wings
Through Space and Time?

The stars and suns whose magnitudes appal
Shall seem to thee
Like twinkling lights of some small port of call
Seen far at Sea.

Be still and wait, O caged Immortal Bird!
Thou shalt be free;

VICTOR J. DALEY

Not all in vain hast thou the voices heard
Of lives to be.

Be still and wait! No Being that draws breath
Thy bounds can set;
Though God Himself forget thee, Faithful Death
Will not forget.

ALICE WERNER

BANNERMAN OF THE DANDENONG

I RODE through the Bush in the burning noon,
Over the hills to my bride,—
The track was rough and the way was long,
And Bannerman of the Dandenong,
He rode along by my side.

A day's march off my Beautiful dwelt,
By the Murray streams in the West;—
Lightly lilting a gay love-song
Rode Bannerman of the Dandenong,
With a blood-red rose on his breast.

“ Red, red rose of the Western streams ”
Was the song he sang that day—
Truest comrade in hour of need,—
Bay Mathinna his peerless steed—
I had my own good grey.

There fell a spark on the upland grass—
The dry Bush leapt into flame;—
And I felt my heart go cold as death,
And Bannerman smiled and caught his breath,—
But I heard him name Her name.

ALICE WERNER

Down the hill-side the fire-floods rushed,
On the roaring eastern wind;—
Neck and neck was the reckless race,—
Ever the bay mare kept her pace,
But the grey horse dropped behind.

He turned in the saddle—"Let's change, I say!"
And his bridle rein he drew.
He sprang to the ground,—"Look sharp!" he said
With a backward toss of his curly head—
"I ride lighter than you!"

Down and up—it was quickly done—
No words to waste that day!—
Swift as a swallow she sped along,
The good bay mare from Dandenong,—
And Bannerman rode the grey.

The hot air scorched like a furnace blast
From the very mouth of Hell:—
The blue gums caught and blazed on high
Like flaming pillars into the sky; . . .
The grey horse staggered and fell.

"Ride, ride, lad,—ride for her sake!" he cried;—
Into the gulf of flame
Were swept, in less than a breathing space
The laughing eyes, and the comely face,
And the lips that named *Her* name.

ALICE WERNER

She bore me bravely, the good bay mare;—
 Stunned, and dizzy and blind,
I heard the sound of a mingling roar—
'Twas the Lachlan River that rushed before,
 And the flames that rolled behind.

Safe—safe, at Nammoorra gate,
 I fell, and lay like a stone.
O love! thine arms were about me then,
Thy warm tears called me to life again,—
 But—O God! that I came alone!—

We dwell in peace, my beautiful one
 And I, by the streams in the West,—
But oft through the mist of my dreams along
Rides Bannerman of the Dandenong,
 With the blood-red rose on his breast.

FRANCIS W. L. ADAMS

GORDON'S GRAVE

ALL the heat and the glow and the hush
of the summer afternoon;
the scent of the sweet-briar bush
over bowing grass-blades and broom;

the birds that flit and pass;
singing the song he knows,
the grass-hopper in the grass;
the voice of the she-oak boughs.

Ah, and the shattered column
crowned with the poet's wreath.
Who, who keeps silent and solemn
his passing place beneath?

*This was a poet that loved God's breath;
his life was a passionate quest;
he looked down deep in the wells of death,
and now he is taking his rest.*

FRANCIS ADAMS

THE DECISION

FAR on the hills the morn-light is breaking,
 breaking in silver that soon shall be gold.
Here at my window, as one that is taking
his view of fate's victory, with hungry heart aching
 I wait and I watch it, now fearful, now bold.

For O in an hour, an hour that's a minute,
 an hour that's an age, I shall be by her side !
And then shall we ride a ride that has in it
a race for a soul ! Ah, God ! shall I win it ?
 Better it would be than fail to have died.

O queen, my queen, I could kneel here and pray for you,
 pray not for love, not for pity for me—
pray that God's glory for ever shall stay for you
as a crown of your joy and your beauty ; ah, pray
 for you,
till mine eyes' light in death and its darkness doth
 flee !

O queen, my queen, be it winning or losing
 that heaves in thy heart, that breathes in thy breath,
queen art thou ever and, queenly, thy choosing
is true as God's truth ; be it winning or losing,
 be it light, life, and love, be it darkness and death !

FRANCIS ADAMS

LOVE AND DEATH

DEATH? is it death you give? So be it! O Death,
thou hast been long my friend, and now thy pale
cool cheek shall have my kiss, while the faint breath
expires on thy still lips, O lovely Death!

Come then, loose hands, fair Life, without a wail!

We've had good hours together, and you were sweet
what time love whispered with the nightingale,
tho' ever your music by the lark's would fail.

Come then, loose hands! Our lover time is done.
Now is the marriage with the eternal sun.

The hours are few that rest, are few and fleet.
Good-bye! 'The game is lost: the game is won.

THOMAS W. HENEY

ABSENCE

AH, happy air that, rough or soft,
May kiss that face and stay;
And happy beams that from above
May choose to her their way;
And happy flowers that now and then
Touch lips more sweet than they!

But it were not so blest to be
Or light or air or rose;
Those dainty fingers tear and toss
The bloom that in them glows;
And come or go, both wind and ray
She heeds not, if she knows.

But if I come thy choice should be
Either to love or not—
For if I might I would not kiss
And then be all forgot;
And it were best thy love to lose
If love self-scorn begot.

THOMAS W. HENEY

A RIVERINA ROAD

Now while so many turn with love and longing
To wan lands lying in the grey North Sea,
To thee we turn, hearts, mem'ries, all belonging,
Dear land of ours, to thee.

West, ever west, with the strong sunshine marching
Beyond the mountains, far from this soft coast,
Until we almost see the great plains arching,
In endless mirage lost.

A land of camps where seldom is sojourning,
Where men like the dim fathers of our race,
Halt for a time, and next day, unreturning,
Fare ever on, apace.

Last night how many a leaping blaze affrighted
The wailing birds of passage in their file;
And dawn sees ashes dead and embers whited
Where men had dwelt awhile.

The sun may burn, the mirage shift and vanish
And fade and glare by turns along the sky;
The haze of heat may all the distance banish
To the uncaring eye.

By speech, or tongue of bird or brute, unbroken
Silence may brood upon the lifeless plain,
Nor any sign, far off or near, betoken
Man in this vast domain.

THOMAS W. HENEY

Though tender grace the landscape lacks, too spacious,
Impassive, silent, lonely, to be fair,
Their kindness swiftly comes more soft and gracious,
Who live or tarry there.

All that he has, in camp or homestead, proffers,
To stranger guest at once a stranger host,
Proudest to see accepted what he offers,
Given without a boast.

Pass, if you can, the drover's cattle stringing
Along the miles of the wide travelled road,
Without a challenge through the hot dust ringing,
Kind though abrupt the mode.

A cloud of dust where polish'd wheels are flashing
Passes along, and in it rolls the mail.
Comes from the box as on the coach goes dashing
The lonely driver's hail.

Or in the track a station youngster mounted
Sits in his saddle smoking for a "spell,"
Rides a while onward; then, his news recounted,
Parts with a brief farewell.

To-day these plains may seem a face defiant,
Turn'd to a mortal foe, yet scorning fear;
As when, with heaven at war, an Earth-born giant
Saw the Olympian near.

THOMAS W. HENEY

Come yet again! No child's fair face is sweeter
With young delight than this cool blooming land,
Silent no more, for songs than wings are fleeter,
No blaze, but sunshine bland.

Thus in her likeness that strange nature moulding
Makes man as moody, sad and savage too;
Yet in his heart, like her, a passion holding,
Unselfish, kind and true.

Therefore, while many turn with love and longing
To wan lands lying on the grey North Sea,
To-day possessed by other mem'ries thronging
We turn, wild West, to thee!

23rd December, 1891.

PATRICK EDWARD QUINN

A GIRL'S GRAVE

"Aged 17, *of a broken heart*, January 1st, 1841."

WHAT story is here of broken love,
What idyllic sad romance,
What arrow fretted the silken dove
That met with such grim mischance?

I picture you, sleeper of long ago,
When you trifled and danced and smiled
All golden laughter and beauty's glow
In a girl life sweet and wild.

Hair with the red gold's luring tinge,
Fine as the finest silk,
Violet eyes with a golden fringe
And cheeks of roses and milk.

Something of this you must have been,
Something gentle and sweet,
To have broken your heart at seventeen
And died in such sad defeat.

PATRICK EDWARD QUINN

Hardly one of your kinsfolk live,
It was all so long ago,
The tale of the cruel love to give
That laid you here so low.

Loving, trusting, and foully paid—
The story is easily guessed,
A blotted sun and skies that fade
And this grass-grown grave the rest.

Whatever the cynic may sourly say,
With a dash of truth, I ween,
Of the girls of the period, in your day
They had hearts at seventeen.

Dead of a fashion out of date,
Such folly has passed away
Like the hoop and patch and modish gait
That went out with an older day.

The stone is battered and all awry,
The words can be scarcely read,
The rank reeds clustering thick and high
Over your buried head.

I pluck one straight as a Paynim's lance
To keep your memory green,
For the lordly sake of old Romance
And your own, sad seventeen.

JOHN SANDES

“ WITH DEATH’S PROPHEPIC EAR ”

LAY my rifle here beside me, set my Bible on my
breast,

For a moment let the warning bugles cease;
As the century is closing I am going to my rest,

Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant go in peace.
But loud through all the bugles rings a cadence in
mine ear,

And on the winds my hopes of peace are stowed.
Those winds that waft the voices that already I can
hear

Of the rooi-baatjes singing on the road.

Yes, the red-coats are returning, I can hear the steady
tramp,

After twenty years of waiting, lulled to sleep,
Since rank and file at Potchefstroom we hemmed
them in their camp,

And cut them up at Bronkerspruit like sheep.
They shelled us at Ingogo, but we galloped into range,
And we shot the British gunners where they showed.
I guessed they would return to us, I knew the chance
must change—

Hark! the rooi-baatjes singing on the road!

JOHN SANDES

But now from snow-swept Canada, from India's torrid
plains,

From lone Australian outposts, hither led,
Obeying their commando, as they heard the bugle's
strains,

The men in brown have joined the men in red.
They come to find the colours at Majuba left and lost,
They come to pay us back the debt they owed;
And I hear new voices lifted, and I see strange colours
tossed,

'Mid the rooi-baatjes singing on the road.

The old, old faiths must falter, and the old, old
creeds must fail—

I hear it in that distant murmur low—
The old, old order changes, and 'tis vain for us to
rail,

The great world does not want us—we must go.
And veldt, and spruit, and kopje to the stranger will
belong,

No more to trek before him we shall load;
Too well, too well, I know it, for I hear it in the
song

Of the rooi-baatjes singing on the road.

INEZ K. HYLAND .

TO A WAVE

WHERE were you yesterday? In Gulistan,
With roses and the frenzied nightingales?
Rather would I believe you shining ran
With peaceful floods, where the soft voice prevails
Of building doves in lordly trees set high,
Trees which enclose a home where love abides—
His love and hers, a passioned ecstasy;
Your tone has caught its echo and derides
My joyless lot, as face down pressed I lie
Upon the shifting sand, and hear the reeds
Voicing a thin, dissonant threnody
Unto the cliff and wind-tormented weeds.
As with the faint half-lights of jade toward
The shore you come and show a violet hue,
I wonder if the face of my adored
Was ever held importraited by you.
Ah, no! if you had seen his face, still prest
Within your hold the picture dear would be,
Like that bright portrait which so moved the breast
Of fairest Gurd with soft unrest that she,
Born in ice halls, she who but raised her eyes
And scornful questioned, "What is love, indeed?"

INEZ K. HYLAND

None ever viewed it 'neath these northern skies,"—

Seeing the face soon learned love's gentle creed;
But you hold nothing to be counted dear—

Only a gift of weed and broken shells;
Yet I will gather one, so I can hear

The soft remembrance which still in it dwells:
For in the shell, though broken, ever lies

The murmur of the sea whence it was torn—
So in a woman's heart there never dies

The memory of love, though love be lorn.

GEORGE ESSEX EVANS

AN AUSTRALIAN SYMPHONY

NOR as the songs of other lands
Her song shall be
Where dim Her purple shore-line stands
Above the sea!
As erst she stood, she stands alone;
Her inspiration is her own.
From sunlit plains to mangrove strands
Not as the songs of other lands
Her song shall be.

O Southern Singers! Rich and sweet,
Like chimes of bells,
The cadence swings with rhythmic beat
The music swells;
But undertones, weird, mournful, strong,
Sweep like swift currents thro' the song.
In deepest chords, with passion fraught,
In softest notes of sweetest thought,
This sadness dwells.

GEORGE ESSEX EVANS

Is this her song, so weirdly strange,
 So mixed with pain,
That whereso'er her poets range
 Is heard the strain?
Broods there no spell upon the air
But desolation and despair?
No voice, save Sorrow's, to intrude
Upon her mountain solitude
 Or sun-kissed plain?

The silence and the sunshine creep
 With soft caress
O'er billowy plain and mountain steep
 And wilderness—
A velvet touch, a subtle breath,
As sweet as love, as calm as death,
On earth, on air, so soft, so fine,
Till all the soul a spell divine
 O'ershadoweth.

The gray gums by the lonely creek,
 The star-crowned height,
The wind-swept plain, the dim blue peak,
 The cold white light,
The solitude spread near and far
Around the camp-fire's tiny star,
The horse-bell's melody remote,
The curlew's melancholy note
 Across the night.

GEORGE ESSEX EVANS

These have their message; yet from these
Our songs have thrown
O'er all our Austral hills and leas
One sombre tone.
Whence doth the mournful keynote start?
From the pure depths of Nature's heart?
Or from the heart of him who sings
And deems his hand upon the strings
Is Nature's own?

Could tints be deeper, skies less dim,
More soft and fair,
Dappled with milk-white clouds that swim
In faintest air?
The soft moss sleeps upon the stone,
Green scrub-vine traceries enthrone
The dead gray trunks, and boulders red,
Roofed by the pine and carpeted
With maidenhair.

But far and near, o'er each, o'er all,
Above, below,
Hangs the great silence like a pall
Softer than snow.
Not sorrow is the spell it brings,
But thoughts of calmer, purer things,
Like the sweet touch of hands we love,
A woman's tenderness above
A fevered brow.

GEORGE ESSEX EVANS

These purple hills, these yellow leas,
 These forests lone,
These mangrove shores, these shimmering seas,
 This summer zone—
Shall they inspire no nobler strain
Than songs of bitterness and pain?
Strike her wild harp with firmer hand,
And send her music thro' the land,
 With loftier tone!

.
Her song is silence; unto her
 Its mystery clings.
Silence is the interpreter
 Of deeper things.
O for sonorous voice and strong
To change that silence into song,
To give that melody release
Which sleeps in the deep heart of peace
 With folded wings!

A PASTORAL

NATURE feels the touch of noon;
 Not a rustle stirs the grass;
Not a shadow flecks the sky,
Save the brown hawk hovering nigh;
 Not a ripple dims the glass
 Of the wide lagoon.

Darkly, like an armed host
 Seen afar against the blue,

GEORGE ESSEX EVANS

Rise the hills, and yellow-grey
Sleeps the plain in cove and bay,
Like a shining sea that dreams
Round a silent coast.

From the heart of these blue hills,
Like the joy that flows from peace,
Creeps the river far below
Fringed with willow, sinuous, slow.
Surely here there seems surcease
From the care that kills.

Surely here might radiant Love
Fill with happiness his cup,
Where the purple lucerne-bloom
Floods the air with sweet perfume,
Nature's incense floating up
To the Gods above.

'Neath the gnarled-boughed apple trees
Motionless the cattle stand;
Chequered cornfield, homestead white,
Sleeping in the streaming light,
For deep trance is o'er the land,
And the wings of peace.

Here, O Power that moves the heart,
Thou art in the quiet air;
Here, unvexed of code or creed,
Man may breathe his bitter need;
Nor with impious lips declare
What Thou wert and art.

GEORGE ESSEX EVANS

All the strong souls of the race
Thro' the æons that have run,
They have cried aloud to Thee—
“Thou art that which stirs in me!”
As the flame leaps towards the sun
They have sought Thy face.

But the faiths have flowered and flown,
And the truth is but in part;
Many a creed and many a grade
For Thy purpose Thou hast made.
None can know Thee what Thou art,
Fathomless! Unknown!

THE WOMEN OF THE WEST

THEY left the vine-wreathed cottage and the mansion
on the hill,
The houses in the busy streets where life is never
still,
The pleasures of the city, and the friends they
cherished best:
For love they faced the wilderness—the Women of
the West.

The roar, and rush, and fever of the city died away,
And the old-time joys and faces—they were gone for
many a day;
In their place the lurching coach-wheel, or the creak-
ing bullock chains,
O'er the everlasting sameness of the never-ending
plains.

GEORGE ESSEX EVANS

In the slab-built, zinc-roofed homestead of some lately
taken run,
In the tent beside the bankment of a railway just
begun,
In the huts on new selections, in the camps of man's
unrest,
On the frontiers of the Nation, live the Women of
the West.

The red sun robs their beauty, and, in weariness and
pain,
The slow years steal the nameless grace that never
comes again;
And there are hours men cannot soothe, and words
men cannot say—
The nearest woman's face may be a hundred miles
away.

The wide bush holds the secrets of their longing and
desires,
When the white stars in reverence light their holy
altar fires,
And silence, like the touch of God, sinks deep into
the breast—
Perchance He hears and understands the Women of
the West.

For them no trumpet sounds the call, no poet plies his
arts—
They only hear the beating of their gallant, loving
hearts.

GEORGE ESSEX EVANS

But they have sung with silent lives the song all songs
above—

The holiness of sacrifice, the dignity of love.

Well have we held our father's creed. No call has
passed us by.

We faced and fought the wilderness, we sent our sons
to die.

And we have hearts to do and dare, and yet, o'er all
the rest,

The hearts that made the Nation were the Women of
the West.

•

THE SECRET KEY

THERE is a magic kingdom of strange powers,
Thought-hidden, lit by other stars than ours;
And, when a wanderer through its mazes brings
Word of things seen, men say: "A poet sings."
Its gates are guarded in a sterile land—
Mountain and deep morass, and shifting sand;
Storm-barred are they, and may not opened be
Save by the hand that finds the secret key.
That key, some say, lies in the sunset glow,
Or the white arc of dawn, or where the flow
Of some lone river stems the shoreward wave
In shuddering silver on its ocean grave.
Some say that when the wind wars with the sea,
In that stern music, one may find the key;

GEORGE ESSEX EVANS

Or, in green glooms of forests, where the pine
Uplifts her spear amid great wreaths of vine;
Or, where the streaming mist's white rollers climb
The dark ravine and precipice sublime—
A filmy sea that twines and intertwines
Wreathes the low hills, and veils the mighty lines
Of sovran mountains, crimsoned and aglow
In crystal pomp, crested with jewelled snow;
But still, with souls afire, men seek that land,
And die in deep morass and shifting sand.
To those alone its iron gates are free,
Who find, within their hearts, the secret key;
For Earth, with all the colour of her day,
Is not their country—*that* lies far away.

MARY COLBORNE-VEEL

SATURDAY NIGHT

SATURDAY night in the crowded town;
Pleasure and pain going up and down,
Murmuring low on the ear there beat
Echoes unceasing of voice and feet.
Withered age, with its load of care,
Come in this tumult of life to share,
Childhood glad in its radiance brief,
Happiest-hearted or bowed with grief,
Meet alike, as the stars look down
Week by week on the crowded town.

*And in a kingdom of mystery,
Rapt from this weariful world to see
Magic sights in the yellow glare,
Breathing delight in the gas-lit air,
Careless of sorrow, of grief or pain,
Two by two, again and again,
Strephon and Chloe together move,
Walking in Arcady, land of love.*

What are the meanings that burden all
These murmuring voices that rise and fall?
Tragedies whispered of, secrets told,
Over the baskets of bought and sold;

MARY COLBORNE-VEEL

Joyous speech of the lately wed;
Broken lamentings that name the dead:
Endless runcs of the gossip's rede,
And gathered home with the weekly need,
Kindly greetings as neighbours meet
There in the stir of the busy street.

Then is the glare of the gaslight ray
Gifted with potency strange to-day,
Records of time-written history
Flash into sight as each face goes by.
There, as the hundreds slow moving go,
Each with his burden of joy or woe,
Souls, in the meeting of stranger's eyes,
Startled this kinship to recognise,—
Meet and part, as the stars look down,
Week by week on the crowded town.

*And still, in the midst of the busy hum,
Rapt in their dream of delight they come.
Heedless of sorrow, of grief or care,
Wandering on in enchanted air,
Far from the haunting shadow of pain:
Two by two, again and again,
Strephon and Chloe together move,
Walking in Arcady, land of love.*

MARY COLBORNE-VEEL

“ RESURGAM ”

(Autumn Song)

CHILL breezes moaning are
Where leaves hang yellow :
O'er the grey hills afar
Flies the last swallow ;
To come again, my love, to come again
Blithe with the summer.
But Ah! the long months ere we welcome then
That bright new comer.

Cold lie the flowers and dead
Where leaves are falling.
Meekly they bowed and sped
At Autumn's calling.
To come again, my love, to come again
Blithe with the swallow.
Ah! might I dreaming lie at rest till then,
Or rise and follow!

The summer blooms are gone,
And bright birds darting ;
Cold lies the earth forlorn ;
And we are parting.
To meet again, my love, to meet again
In deathless greeting,
But ah! what wintry bitterness of pain
Ere that far meeting!

MARY COLBORNE-VEEL

DISTANT AUTHORS

"Aquí està encerrada el alma licenciado Pedro Garcias."

DEAR books! and each the living soul,
Our hearts aver, of men unseen,
Whose power to strengthen, charm, control,
Surmounts all earth's green miles between.

For us at least the artists show
Apart from fret of work-day jars :
We know them but as friends may know,
Or they are known beyond the stars.

Their mirth, their grief, their soul's desire,
When twilight murmuring of streams,
Or skies far touched by sunset fire,
Exalt them to pure worlds of dreams;

Their love of good; their rage at wrong;
Their hours when struggling thought makes way;
Their hours when fancy drifts to song
Lightly and glad as bird-trills may;

All these are truths. And if as true
More graceless scrutiny that reads,
"These fruits amid strange husking grew;"
"These lilies blossomed amongst weeds;"

Here no despoiling doubts shall blow,
No fret of feud, of work-day jars.
We know them but as friends may know,
Or they are known beyond the stars.

JOHN BERNARD O'HARA

HAPPY CREEK

THE little creek goes winding
Thro' gums of white and blue,
A silver arm
Around the farm
It flings, a lover true;
And softly, where the rushes lean,
It sings (O sweet and low)
A lover's song,
And winds along,
How happy—lovers know!

The little creek goes singing
By maidenhair and moss,
Along its banks
In rosy ranks
The wild flowers wave and toss;
And ever where the ferns dip down
It sings (O sweet and low)
A lover's song,
And winds along,
How happy—lovers know!

JOHN BERNARD O'HARA

The little creek takes colour,
From summer skies above;
Now blue, now gold,
Its waters fold
The clouds in closest love;
But loudly when the thunders roll
It sings (nor sweet, nor low)
No lover's song,
But sweeps along,
How angry—lovers know!

The little creek for ever
Goes winding, winding down,
Away, away,
By night, by day,
Where dark the ranges frown;
But ever as it glides it sings,
It sings (O sweet and low)
A lover's song,
And winds along,
How happy—lovers know!

A COUNTRY VILLAGE

AMONG the folding hills
It lies, a quiet nook,
Where dreaming nature fills
Sweet pages of her book,
While through the meadow flowers
She sings in summer hours,

JOHN BERNARD O'HARA

Or weds the woodland rills
Low-laughing to the brook.

The graveyard whitely gleams
Across the soundless vale,
So sad, so sweet, yet seems
A watcher cold and pale
That waits through many springs
The tribute old Time brings,
And knows, though life be loud,
The reaper may not fail.

Here come not feet of change
From year to fading year;
Ringed by the rolling range
No world-wide notes men hear.
The wheels of time may stand
Here in a lonely land,
Age after age may pass
Untouched of change or cheer;

As still the farmer keeps
The same dull round of things;
He reaps and sows and reaps,
And clings, as ivy clings,
To old-time trust, nor cares
What science does or dares,
What lever moves the world,
What progress spreads its wings.

Yet here, of woman born,
Are lives that know not rest,

JOHN BERNARD O'HARA

With fierce desires that scorn
The quiet life as best;
That see in wider ways
Life's richer splendours blaze,
And feel ambition's fire
Burn in their ardent breast.

Yea, some that fain would know
Life's purpose strange and vast,
How wide is human woe,
What wailing of the past
Still strikes the present dumb,
What phantoms go and come
Of wrongs that cry aloud,
"At last, O God! at last!"

Here, too, are dreams that wing
Rich regions of Romance;
Love waking when the Spring
Begins its first wild dance,
Love redder than the rose,
Love paler than the snows,
Love frail as corn that tilts
With morning winds a lance.

For never land so lone
That love could find not wings
In every wind that's blown
By lips of jewelled springs,
For love is life's sweet pain,
And when sweet life is slain

JOHN BERNARD O'HARA

It finds a radiant rest
Beyond the change of things.

Beyond the shocks that jar,
The chance of changing fate,
Where fraud and violence are,
And heedless lust and hate;
Yet still where faith is clear,
And honour held most dear,
And hope that seeks the dawn
Looks up with heart elate.

FLINDERS

HE left his island home
For leagues of sleepless foam,
For stress of alien seas,
Where wild winds ever blow;
For England's sake he sought
Fresh fields of fame, and fought
A stormy world for these
A hundred years ago.

And where the Austral shore
Heard southward far the roar
Of rising tides that came
From lands of ice and snow,
Beneath a gracious sky
To fadeless memory
He left a deathless name
A hundred years ago.

JOHN BERNARD O'HARA

Yea, left a name sublime
From that wild dawn of Time,
Whose light he haply saw
In supreme sunrise flow,
And from the shadows vast,
That filled the dim dead past,
A brighter glory draw,
A hundred years ago.

Perchance, he saw in dreams
Beside our sunlit streams
In some majestic hour
Old England's banners blow;
Mayhap, the radiant morn
Of this great nation born,
August with perfect power,
A hundred years ago.

We know not,—yet for thee
Far may the season be,
Whose harp in shameful sleep
Is soundless lying low!
Far be the noteless hour
That holds of fame no flower
For those who dared our deep
A hundred years ago.

CHARLES HENRY SOUTER

A CAPSTAN CHANTY

ALL you jollies as are Homeward-bound,
 (With a Hai-ya ! we're shovin' 'er along !)
And all you Pollies as 'll spend a pound,
 (Halley-eh ! come pull 'er over !)
We've signed our articles for London Town,
And the tide will serve before the sun goes down,
And I'll shout for Polly with my last 'arf-crown !
 (With a Hai-ya ! Johnnie is a rover !)

Then up with the anchor ! (Tweedle-eedle-eedle !)
Round with the capstan ! (Dolly is a daisy !)
Out with the spanker ! (Tweedle-eedle-eedle !)
Hey ! for the jollies that are Homeward-bound !

Eh ! W'at-cheer, Polly, with the eye so blue !
 (An' a Hai-ya ! we're shovin' 'er along !)
Here's Jack a-swearin' 'e'll be always true !
 (Halley-eh ! come pull 'er over !)

CHARLES H. SOUTER

Just kiss him cheerily, and say "Good-bye"—
He's a wife an' family in Peckham Rye,
But he'll soon be back again, so don't you cry!
(With his Hai-ya! Johnnie is a rover!)

We've girls in Melbourne an' in Sydney too,
(With a Hai-ya! we're shovin' 'er along!)
An' at Nagasaki an' at Timbuctoo,
(Halley-eh! come pull 'er over!)
At Santiago an' at Wei-hai-wei,
At San Francisco an' at Table Bay;
An' we're true to all until we gets away!
(With our Hai-ya! Johnnie is a rover!)

So good-bye 'Lizabeth, an' good-bye Moll!
(With a Hai-ya! we're shovin' 'er along!)
An' farewell, Emily, an' farewell Poll!
(Halley-eh! come pull 'er over!)
The drink's all swallowed an' the coin's all done,
We've paid our footin' an' we've 'ad our fun,
An' we'll be hull-down before the mornin's sun!
(With a Hai-ya! Johnnie is a rover!)

So up with the anchor! (Tweedle-ee-dle-ee-dle!)
Round with the capstan! (Dolly is a daisy!)
Out with the spanker! (Tweedle-ee-dle-ee-dle!)
Hey! for the jollies that are Homeward-bound!

CHARLES H. SOUTER

SMITH'S EMILY

As I was gallopin' into town
From Simpson's place, out back o' the hill,
I met Smith's Emily drivin' down
For bran and pollard from Thompson's mill.
"Good'ay!" says Emily; "Day!" says I,
An' pulls my nag up into a walk.
"An' 'ow's the folks at the Errenbri?"
(She ain't a gel as is give to talk).

Oh! Emily! Emily Smith!
A lot I care for your kin and kith,
But drivin' yer cart
You've got 'olt of me 'eart,
An' I long to kiss yer, Emily Smith!

She looks me up, an' she looks me down,
An' "Middlin', thanks!" she says, with a
smile.
Her eyes are tender and dark and brown,
An' keep a-mockin' yer all the while.
She plucks a spray from a passing bush,
An' starts to chew the tip of a twig,
An' says "I reckon I'll make a push"—
Her mouth screwed up an' her eys all big.

Ah! Emily! Emily Smith!
I don't quite know what yer *does* it with;
But right or wrong,
You can pull *me* along,
An' I think yer knows it, Emily Smith.

CHARLES H. SOUTER

I says, "Oh! wat's yer 'urry?" says I.

Then—"Don't yer know as I loves yer so!"

Yes! Just like that, an' I don't know why;

But she only laughs, and says "Yes! I know!"

"Then will yer marry me, Em'?" I says.

The cart was stopped; I 'eld 'er 'and.

"I'll love yer true to my dyin' days!"—

She only says, "*Ain't* the sunset grand!"

My Emily! Emily Smith!

If life's a muddle and love's a myth

It's nothin' to me what the answer may be,

For you're all I care about, Emily Smith!

IRISH LORDS

The clover-burr was two feet high, and the
billabongs were full,

The broilgas danced a minuet, and the world seemed
made of wool!

The nights were never wearisome, and the days
were never slow,

When first we came to Irish Lords, on the road to
Ivanhoe.

The rime was on the barley-grass as we passed the
homestead rails,

A Darling jackass piped us in, with his trills and
turns and scales,

CHARLES H. SOUTER

And youth and health and carelessness sat on the
saddle-bow,
—And Mary lived at Irish Lords, on the road to
Ivanhoe.

On every hand was loveliness, and the Fates were
fair and kind;
We drank the very wine of life, and we never
looked behind;
And Mary! Mary everywhere went flitting to and
fro
When first we came to Irish Lords, on the road to
Ivanhoe.

.

The window of her dainty bower where the golden
banksia grew
Stared like a dead man's glazing eye, and the roof
had fallen through.
No violets in her garden-bed, and her voice—!
Hushed, long ago!
When last we camped at Irish Lords, on the road
to Ivanhoe.

SYDNEY JEPHCOTT

WHITE PAPER

SMOOTH white paper 'neath the pen ;
 Richest field that iron ploughs,
Germinating thoughts of men,
 Though no heaven its rain allows ;

Till they ripen, thousand fold,
 And our spirits reap the corn,
In a day-long dream of gold ;
 Food for all the souls unborn.

Like the murmur of the earth,
 When we listen stooping low ;
Like the sap that sings in mirth,
 Hastening up the trees that grow ;

Evermore a tiny song
 Sings the pen unto it, while
Thought's elixir flows along,
 Diviner than the holy Nile.

SYDNEY JEPHCOTT

Greater than the sphering sea,
For it holds the sea and land;
Seed of all ideas to be
Down its current borne like sand.

How our fathers in the dark
Pored on it the plans obscure,
By star-light or stake-fires stark
Tracing there the path secure.

The poor paper drawn askance
With the spell of Truth half-known,
Holds back Hell of ignorance,
Roaring round us, thronged, alone.

O white list of champions,
Spirit born, and schooled for fight,
Mailed in armour of the sun's
Who shall win our utmost right!

Think of paper lightly sold,
Which few pence had made too dear
On its blank to have enscrolled
Beatrice, Lucifer, or Lear!

Think of paper Milton took,
Written, in his hands to feel,
Musing of what things a look
Down its pages would reveal.

O the glorious Heaven wrought
By Cadmean souls of yore,
From pure element of thought!
And thy leaves they are its door!

SYDNEY JEPHCOTT

Light they open, and we stand
Past the sovereignty of Fate,
Glad amongst them, calm and grand,
The Creators and Create!

.

A BALLAD OF THE LAST KING OF THULE

THERE was a King of Thule
Whom a Witch-wife stole at birth;
In a country known but newly,
All under the dumb, huge Earth.

That King's in a Forest toiling;
And he never the green sward delves
But he sees all his green waves boiling
Over his sands and shelves;

In these sunsets vast and fiery,
In these dawns divine he sees
Hy-Brásil, Mannán and Eiré,
And the Isle of Appletrees;

He watches, heart-still and breathless,
The clouds through the deep day trailing,

SYDNEY JEPHCOTT

As the white-winged vessels gathered,
Into his harbours sailing;

Ranked Ibis and lazy Eagles
In the great blue flame may rise,
But ne'er Sea-mew or Solan beating
Up through their grey low skies;

When the storm-led fires are breaking,
Great waves of the molten night,
Deep in his eyes comes aching
The icy Boreal Light.

.

O, lost King, and O, people perished,
Your Thule has grown one grave!
Unvisited as uncherished,
Save by the wandering wave!

The billows burst in his doorways,
The spray swoops over his walls!—
O, his banners that throb dishonoured
O'er arms that hide in his halls—

Deserved is your desolation!—
Why could you not stir and save
The last-born heir of your nation?—
Sold into the South, a slave

Till he dies, and is buried duly
In the hot Australian earth—
The lorn, lost King of Thule,
Whom a Witch-wife stole at birth

SYDNEY JEPHCOTT

A FRAGMENT

BUT, under all, my heart believes the day
Was not diviner over Athens, nor
The West wind sweeter thro' the Cyclades
Than here and now; and from the altar of To-day
The eloquent, quick tongues of flame uprise
As fervid, if not unfaltering as of old,
And life atones with speed and plenitude
For coarser texture. Our poor present will,
Far in the brooding future, make a past
Full of the morning's music still, and starred
With great tears shining on the eyelids' eaves
Of our immortal faces yearning t'wards the sun.

A SONG OF THE TENT

TURN out once more the weary cattle,
And shake the canvas fold from fold,
Before the stars again embattle
Around the darkness huge and old.

It rises in a roof, enclosing
Out of the wilderness the home;
The home eternal, where reposing
Our limbs grow glad again to roam.

Like snowy peaks along the dawning
The tents along Time's verges rise;

SYDNEY JEPHCOTT

The Heroes rest beneath each awning ;
How near those yet unconquered skies !

Before our elder brothers builded
Thebes' prisons, or Persepolis,
This ancient light of evening gilded
Our fathers' tent with freedom's bliss.

When palace, church and fort are rotten,
All, all the haunts of slavery,
We'll roof with bonny web of cotton
The dear bride-bed of Liberty !

The fireshine fluctuant, the lightning
That flicker through the tissue thin,
Call to the kinned emotions bright'ning
Our shadowy souls awake within.

The waters of the darkness deepen,
Deep in their sleep our souls float proud—
Proud as our Earth, beside us sleeping
Beneath her big bell-tent of cloud.

The famished night-winds, blind and homeless
Are fended from our slumbering souls ;
The canvas in soft ripples foamless
A safe sea-surface o'er us rolls.

Night-long it throbs and sobs, receiving
Each suspiration of the skies ;
Tremours of fear, or joy or grieving,
Or unimagined mysteries.

SYDNEY JEPHCOTT

And Oh! far in the night to waken,
Far from realities of day;
And watch the Wells of Darkness shaken
By the star-strivings far away;

Or great dismantled moon arising
Turn all the mists to white witch-fire;
Or else my morning star surprising
The heart of darkness with desire.

ANDREW BARTON PATERSON

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER

THERE was movement at the station, for the word
had passed around

That the colt from old Regret had got away,
And had joined the wild bush horses—he was worth
a thousand pound,

So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.
All the tried and noted riders from the stations near
and far

Had mustered at the homestead overnight,
For the bushmen love hard riding where the wild
bush horses are,

And the stock-horse snuffs the battle with delight.

There was Harrison, who made his pile when
Pardon won the cup,

The old man with his hair as white as snow ;
But few could ride beside him when his blood was
fairly up—

He would go wherever horse and man could go.
And Clancy of the Overflow came down to lend a
hand,

No better horseman ever held the reins ;
For never horse could throw him while the saddle
girths would stand,

He learnt to ride while droving on the plains.

A. B. PATERSON

And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy beast,

He was something like a racehorse undersized,
With a touch of Timor pony—three parts thoroughbred at least—

And such as are by mountain horsemen prized.
He was hard and tough and wiry—just the sort that won't say die—

There was courage in his quick impatient tread ;
And he bore the badge of gameness in his bright and fiery eye,

And the proud and lofty carriage of his head.

But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay ;

And the old man said, " That horse will never do
" For a long and tiring gallop—lad, you'd better stop away,

" Those hills are far too rough for such as you."

So he waited sad and wistful—only Clancy stood his friend,

" I think we ought to let him come," he said ;

" I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,

" For both his horse and he are mountain bred.

" He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's side,

" Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough,

" Where a horse's hoofs strike firelight from the flint stones every stride,

" The man that holds his own is good enough.

A. B. PATERSON

"And the Snowy River riders on the mountains make
their home,

"Where the river runs those giant hills between ;
"I have seen full many horsemen since I first commenced to roam,

"But nowhere yet such horsemen have I seen."

So he went—They found the horses by the big mimosa
clump—

They raced away towards the mountain's brow,
And the old man gave his orders, "Boys, go at them
from the jump—

"No use to try for fancy riding now.

"And, Clancy, you must wheel them, try and wheel
them to the right ;

"Ride boldly, lad, and never fear the spills,

"For never yet was rider that could keep the mob in
sight,

"If once they gain the shelter of those hills."

So Clancy rode to wheel them—he was racing on the
wing

Where the best and boldest riders take their place,
And he raced his stock-horse past them, and he made
the ranges ring

With the stockwhip, as he met them face to face.
Then they halted for a moment, while he swung the
dreaded lash,

But they saw their well-loved mountain full in view,
And they charged beneath the stockwhip with a sharp
and sudden dash,

And off into the mountain scrub they flew.

A. B. PATERSON

Then fast the horsemen followed, where the gorges
deep and black

Resounded to the thunder of their tread,
And the stockwhips woke the echoes, and they
fiercely answered back

From cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.
And upward, ever upward, the wild horses held
their way,

Where mountain-ash and kurrajong grew wide;
And the old man muttered fiercely, "We may bid the
mob good-day,

"No man can hold them down the other side."

When they reached the mountain's summit, even
Clancy took a pull,

It well might make the boldest hold their breath:
The wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the hidden
ground was full

Of wombat holes, and any slip was death.
But the man from Snowy River let the pony have
his head,

And he swung his stockwhip round and gave a cheer,
And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent
down its bed,

While the others stood and watched in very fear.

He sent the flint stones flying, but the pony kept his
feet,

He cleared the fallen timber in his stride,
And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his
seat—

It was grand to see that mountain horseman ride.

A. B. PATERSON

Through the stringy barks and saplings, on the rough
and broken ground,
Down the hillside at a racing pace he went ;
And he never drew the bridle till he landed safe and
sound
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

He was right among the horses as they climbed the
further hill,
And the watchers on the mountain standing mute,
Saw him ply the stockwhip fiercely, he was right
among them still,
As he raced across the clearing in pursuit.
Then they lost him for a moment, where two moun-
tain gullies met
In the ranges, but a final glimpse reveals
On a dim and distant hillside the wild horses racing
yet,
With the man from Snowy River at their heels.

And he ran them single-handed till their sides were
white with foam ;
He followed like a bloodhound on their track,
Till they halted cowed and beaten, then he turned
their heads for home,
And alone and unassisted brought them back.
But his hardy mountain pony he could scarcely raise
a trot,
He was blood from hip to shoulder from the spur ;
But his pluck was still undaunted, and his courage
fiery hot,
For never yet was mountain horse a cur.

A. B. PATERSON

And down by Kosciusko, where the pine-clad ridges
raise

Their torn and rugged battlements on high,
Where the air is clear as crystal, and the white stars
fairly blaze

At midnight in the cold and frosty sky,
And where around the Overflow the reedbeds sweep
and sway

To the breezes, and the rolling plains are wide,
The man from Snowy River is a household word
to-day,

And the stockmen tell the story of his ride.

CLANCY OF THE OVERFLOW

I HAD written him a letter which I had, for want of
better
Knowledge, sent to where I met him down the
Lachlan, years ago,
He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent the
letter to him,
Just "on spec," addressed as follows, "Clancy, of
The Overflow."

And an answer came directed in a writing unexpected,
(And I think the same was written with a thumb-
nail dipped in tar)
'Twas his shearing mate who wrote it, and *verbatim*
I will quote it:
"Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and we
don't know where he are."

.

In my wild erratic fancy visions come to me of Clancy
Gone a-droving "down the Cooper" where the
Western drovers go;
As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind
them singing,
For the drover's life has pleasures that the towns-
folk never know.

A. B. PATERSON

And the bush hath friends to meet him, and their
 kindly voices greet him
 In the murmur of the breezes and the river on its
 bars,
And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains
 extended,
And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting
 stars.

.

I am sitting in my dingy little office, where a stingy
 Ray of sunlight struggles feebly down between the
 houses tall,
And the foetid air and gritty of the dusty, dirty city,
 Through the open window floating, spreads its foul-
 ness over all.

And in place of lowing cattle, I can hear the fiendish
 rattle
 Of the tramways and the 'buses making hurry down
 the street,
And the language uninviting of the gutter children
 fighting,
 Comes fitfully and faintly through the ceaseless
 tramp of feet.

And the hurrying people daunt me, and their pallid
 faces haunt me
 As they shoulder one another in their rush and
 nervous haste,

A. B. PATERSON

With their eager eyes and greedy, and their stunted
forms and weedy,

For townsfolk have no time to grow, they have no
time to waste.

And I somehow rather fancy that I'd like to change
with Clancy,

Like to take a turn at droving where the seasons
come and go,

While he faced the round eternal of the cash-book
and the journal—

But I doubt he'd suit the office, Clancy, of "The
Overflow."

BLACK SWANS

As I lie at rest on a patch of clover
In the Western Park when the day is done,
I watch as the wild black swans fly over
With their phalanx turned to the sinking sun;
And I hear the clang of their leader crying
To a lagging mate in the rearward flying,
And they fade away in the darkness dying,
Where the stars are mustering one by one.

Oh! ye wild black swans, 'twere a world of wonder
For a while to join in your westward flight,
With the stars above and the dim earth under,
Through the cooling air of the glorious night.

A. B. PATERSON

As we swept along on our pinions winging,
We should catch the chime of a church-bell ringing,
Or the distant note of a torrent singing,
Or the far-off flash of a station light.

From the northern lakes with the reeds and rushes,
Where the hills are clothed with a purple haze,
Where the bell-birds chime and the songs of thrushes
Make music sweet in the jungle maze,
They will hold their course to the westward ever,
Till they reach the banks of the old grey river,
Where the waters wash, and the reed-beds quiver
In the burning heat of the summer days.

Oh! ye strange wild birds, will ye bear a greeting
To the folk that live in that western land?
Then for every sweep of your pinions beating,
Ye shall bear a wish to the sunburnt band,
To the stalwart men who are stoutly fighting
With the heat and drought and the dust-storm
 smiting,
Yet whose life somehow has a strange inviting,
When once to the work they have put their hand.

Facing it yet! Oh, my friend stout-hearted,
What does it matter for rain or shine,
For the hopes deferred and the gain departed?
Nothing could conquer that heart of thine.
And thy health and strength are beyond confessing
As the only joys that are worth possessing.
May the days to come be as rich in blessing
As the days we spent in the auld lang syne.

A. B. PATERSON

I would fain go back to the old grey river,
To the old bush days when our hearts were light,
But, alas! those days they have fled for ever,
They are like the swans that have swept from sight.
And I know full well that the strangers' faces
Would meet us now in our dearest places;
For our day is dead and has left no traces
But the thoughts that live in my mind to-night.

There are folk long dead, and our hearts would
sicken—

We would grieve for them with a bitter pain,
If the past could live and the dead could quicken,
We then might turn to that life again.
But on lonely nights we would hear them calling,
We should hear their steps on the pathways falling,
We should loathe the life with a hate appalling
In our lonely rides by the ridge and plain.

.

In the silent park is a scent of clover,
And the distant roar of the town is dead,
And I hear once more as the swans fly over
Their far-off clamour from overhead.
They are flying west, by their instinct guided,
And for man likewise is his fate decided,
And griefs apportioned and joys divided
By a mighty power with a purpose dread.

A. B. PATERSON

THE TRAVELLING POST OFFICE

THE roving breezes come and go, the reed beds sweep
and sway,
The sleepy river murmurs low, and loiters on its way,
It is the land of lots o' time along the Castlereagh.

.

The old man's son had left the farm, he found it dull
and slow,
He drifted to the great North-west where all the
rovers go.
"He's gone so long," the old man said, "he's
dropped right out of mind,
"But if you'd write a line to him I'd take it very
kind;
"He's shearing here and fencing there, a kind of waif
and stray,
"He's droving now with Conroy's sheep along the
Castlereagh.
"The sheep are travelling for the grass, and travelling
very slow;
"They may be at Mundooran now, or past the Over-
flow,
"Or tramping down the black soil flats across by
Waddiwong,
"But all those little country towns would send the
letter wrong,

A. B. PATERSON

"The mailman, if he's extra tired, would pass them
in his sleep,
"It's safest to address the note to 'Care of Conroy's
sheep,'
"For five and twenty thousand head can scarcely go
astray,
"You write to 'Care of Conroy's sheep along the
Castlereagh.'"

.

By rock and ridge and riverside the western mail has
gone,
Across the great Blue Mountain Range to take that
letter on.
A moment on the topmost grade while open fire doors
glare,
She pauses like a living thing to breathe the mountain
air,
Then launches down the other side across the plains
away
To bear that note to "Conroy's sheep along the Castle-
reagh."

And now by coach and mailman's bag it goes from
town to town,
And Conroy's Gap and Conroy's Creek have marked
it "further down."
Beneath a sky of deepest blue where never cloud
abides,
A speck upon the waste of plain the lonely mailman
rides.

A. B. PATERSON

Where fierce hot winds have set the pine and myall
boughs asweep
He hails the shearers passing by for news of Conroy's
sheep.
By big lagoons where wildfowl play and crested
pigeons flock,
By camp fires where the drovers ride around their
restless stock,
And past the teamster toiling down to fetch the wool
away
My letter chases Conroy's sheep along the Castle-
reagh.

THE OLD AUSTRALIAN WAYS

THE London lights are far abeam
Behind a bank of cloud,
Along the shore the gaslights gleam,
The gale is piping loud;
And down the Channel, groping blind,
We drive her through the haze
Towards the land we left behind—
The good old land of "never mind,"
And old Australian ways.

The narrow ways of English folk
Are not for such as we;
They bear the long-accustomed yoke
Of staid conservancy:
But all our roads are new and strange,
And through our blood there runs

A. B. PATERSON

The vagabonding love of change
That drove us westward of the range
And westward of the suns.

The city folk go to and fro
Behind a prison's bars,
They never feel the breezes blow
And never see the stars;
They never hear in blossomed trees
The music low and sweet
Of wild birds making melodies,
Nor catch the little laughing breeze
That whispers in the wheat.

Our fathers came of roving stock
That could not fixed abide :
And we have followed field and flock
Since e'er we learnt to ride ;
By miner's camp and shearing shed,
In land of heat and drought,
We followed where our fortunes led,
With fortune always on ahead
And always further out.

The wind is in the barley-grass,
The wattles are' in bloom ;
The breezes greet us as they pass
With honey-sweet perfume ;
The parrakeets go screaming by
With flash of golden wing,
And from the swamp the wild-ducks cry
Their long-drawn note of revelry,
Rejoicing at the Spring.

A. B. PATERSON

So throw the weary pen aside
And let the papers rest,
For we must saddle up and ride
Towards the blue hill's breast;
And we must travel far and fast
Across their rugged maze,
To find the Spring of Youth at last,
And call back from the buried past
The old Australian ways.

When Clancy took the drover's track
In years of long ago,
He drifted to the outer back
Beyond the Overflow;
By rolling plain and rocky shelf,
With stockwhip in his hand,
He reached at last, oh lucky elf!
The Town of Come-and-help-yourself
In Rough-and-ready Land.

And if it be that you would know
The tracks he used to ride,
Then you must saddle up and go
Beyond the Queensland side—
Beyond the reach of rule or law,
To ride the long day through,
In Nature's homestead—filled with awe:
You then might see what Clancy saw
And know what Clancy knew.

A. B. PATERSON

BY THE GREY GULF-WATER

FAR to the Northward there lies a land,
A wonderful land that the winds blow over,
And none may fathom nor understand
The charm it holds for the restless rover;
A great grey chaos—a land half made,
Where endless space is and no life stirreth;
And the soul of a man will recoil afraid
From the sphinx-like visage that Nature weareth.
But old Dame Nature, though scornful, craves
Her dole of death and her share of slaughter;
Many indeed are the nameless graves
Where her victims sleep by the Grey Gulf-water.

Slowly and slowly those grey streams glide,
Drifting along with a languid motion,
Lapping the reed-beds on either side,
Wending their way to the Northern Ocean.
Grey are the plains where the emus pass
Silent and slow, with their staid demeanour;
Over the dead men's graves the grass
Maybe is waving a trifle greener.
Down in the world where men toil and spin
Dame Nature smiles as man's hand has taught her;
Only the dead men her smiles can win
In the great lone land by the Grey Gulf-water.

For the strength of man is an insect's strength,
In the face of that mighty plain and river,

A. B. PATERSON

And the life of a man is a moment's length
To the life of the stream that will run for ever
And so it cometh they take no part
In small-world worries; each hardy rover
Rideth abroad and is light of heart,
With the plains around and the blue sky over.
And up in the heavens the brown lark sings
The songs that the strange wild land has taught
her; .
Full of thanksgiving her sweet song rings—
And I wish I were back by the Grey Gulf-water.

JESSIE MACKAY

THE GREY COMPANY

O THE grey, grey company
Of the pallid dawn!
O the ghostly faces,
Ashen-like and drawn!
The Lord's lone sentinels
Dotted down the years,
The little grey company
Before the pioneers.

Dreaming of Utopias
Ere the time was ripe,
They awoke to scorning,
The jeering and the strife.
Dreaming of millenniums
In a world of wars,
They awoke to shudder
At a flaming Mars.

Never was a Luther
But a Huss was first—
A fountain unregarded
In the primal thirst.

JESSIE MACKAY

Never was a Newton
Crowned and honoured well,
But first, alone, Galileo
Wasted in a cell.

In each other's faces
Looked the pioneers;
Drank the wine of courage
All their battle years.
For their weary sowing
Through the world wide,
Green they saw the harvest
Ere the day they died.

But the grey, grey company
Stood every man alone
In the chilly dawnlight,
Scarcely had they known
Ere the day they perished,
That their beacon-star
Was not glint of marsh-light
In the shadows far.

The brave white witnesses
To the truth within
Took the dart of folly,
Took the jeer of sin;
Crying "Follow, follow,
Back to Eden gate!"
They trod the Polar desert,
Met a desert fate.

JESSIE MACKAY

Be laurel to the victor,
And roses to the fair,
And asphodel Elysian
Let the hero wear;
But lay the maiden lilies
Upon their narrow biers—
The lone grey company
Before the pioneers.

A FOLK SONG

I CAME to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said "She is with the Queen's maidens;
They tarry long at their play.
They are stringing her words like pearls
To throw to the dukes and earls."

But O, the pity!
I had but a morn of windy red
To come to the town where you were bred,
And you were away, away!

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said, "She is with the mountain elves
And misty and fair as they.
They are spinning a diamond net
To cover her curls of jet."

But O, the pity!
I had but a noon of searing heat
To come to your town, my love, my sweet,
And you were away, away!

JESSIE MACKAY

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said, "She is with the pale white saints,
And they tarry long to pray.
They give her a white lily-crown,
And I fear she will never come down."

But O, the pity!
I had but an even grey and wan
To come to your town and plead as man,
And you were away, away!

DUNEDIN IN THE GLOAMING

LIKE a black, enamoured King whispered low the
thunder

To the lights of Roslyn, terraced far asunder:
Hovered low the sister cloud in wild, warm wonder.

"O my love, Dunedin town, the only, the abiding!
Who can look undazzled up where the Norn is
riding,—
Watch the sword of destiny from the scabbard
gliding!

"Dark and rich and ringing true—word and look for
ever;
Taking to her woman heart all forlorn endeavour;
Heaven's sea about her feet, not the bounded river!"

"Sister of the mountain mist, and never to be
holden

JESSIE MACKAY

With the weary sophistries that dimmer eyes embolden,—
O the dark Dunedin town, shot with green and golden ! ”

Then a silver pioneer netted in the rift,
Leaning over Maori Hill, dreaming in the lift,
Dropped her starry memories through the passioned drift :—

“ Once—I do remember them, the glory and the garden,
Ere the elder stars had learnt God’s mystery of pardon,
Ere the youngest, I myself, had seen the flaming warden—

“ Once even after even I stole ever shy and early
To mirror me within a glade of Eden cool and pearly,
Where shy and cold and holy ran a torrent sought but rarely.

“ And fondly could I swear that this my glade had risen newly,—
Burst the burning desert tomb wherein she lieth truly,
To keep an Easter with the birds and me who loved her duly.”

Wailing, laughing, loving, hoar, spake the lordly ocean :

JESSIE MACKAY

"You are sheen and steadfastness: I am sheen and motion,

Gulfing argosies for whim, navies for a notion.

"Sleep you well, Dunedin Town, though loud the lulling lyre is;

Lady of the stars terrene, where quick the human fire is,

Lady of the Maori pines, the turrets, and the eyries!"

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MACKENZIE

(1901)

THEY played him home to the House of Stones

All the way, all the way.

To his grave in the sound of the winter sea:

The sky was dour, the sky was gray.

They played him home with the chieftain's dirge,

Till the wail was wed to the rolling surge,

They played him home with a sorrowful will

To his grave at the foot of the Holy Hill

And the pipes went mourning all the way.

Strong hands that had struck for right

All the day, all the day,

Folded now in the dark of earth,

Veiled dawn of the upper way!

Strong hands that struck with his

From days that were to the day that is

JESSIE MACKAY

Carry him now from the house of woe
To ride the way the Chief must go :
And his peers went mourning all the way.

Son and brother at his right hand
All the way, all the way !
And O for them and O for her
Who stayed within, the dowie day !
Son and brother and near of kin
Go out with the chief who never comes in !
And of all who loved him far and near
'Twas the nearest most who held him dear—
And his kin went mourning all the way !

The clan went on with the pipes before
All the way, all the way ;
A wider clan than ever he knew
Followed him home that dowie day.
And who were they of the wider clan ?
The landless man and the no man's man,
The man that lacked and the man unlearned,
The man that lived but as he earned—
And the clan went mourning all the way.

The heart of New Zealand went beside
All the way, all the way,
To the resting place of her Highland Chief ;
Much she thought she could not say ;
He found her a land of many domains,
Maiden forest and fallow plains—
He left her a land of many homes,
The pearl of the world where the sea-wind roams,
And New Zealand went mourning all the way.

HENRY LAWSON

ANDY'S GONE WITH CATTLE

OUR Andy's gone to battle now
 'Gainst Drought, the red marauder :
Our Andy's gone with cattle now
 Across the Queensland border.

He's left us in dejection now ;
 Our hearts with him are roving.
It's dull on this selection now,
 Since Andy went a-droving.

Who now shall wear the cheerful face
 In times when things are slackest ?
And who shall whistle round the place
 When Fortune frowns her blackest ?

Oh, who shall cheek the squatter now
 When he comes round us snarling ?
His tongue is growing hotter now
 Since Andy cross'd the Darling.

The gates are out of order now,
 In storms the "riders" rattle ;
For far across the border now
 Our Andy's gone with cattle.

HENRY LAWSON

Oh, may the showers in torrents fall,
And all the tanks run over;
And may the grass grow green and tall
In pathways of the drover;

And may good angels send the rain
On desert stretches sandy;
And when the summer comes again
God grant 'twill bring us Andy.

OUT BACK

THE old year went, and the new returned, in the
withering weeks of drought,
The cheque was spent that the shearer earned, and
the sheds were all cut out;
The publican's words were short and few, and the
publican's looks were black—
And the time had come, as the shearer knew, to carry
his swag Out Back.

*For time means tucker, and tramp you must, where
the scrubs and plains are wide,
With seldom a track that a man can trust, or a moun-
tain peak to guide;
All day long in the dust and heat—when summer is
on the track—
With stinted stomachs and blistered feet, they carry
their swags Out Back.*

HENRY LAWSON

He tramped away from the shanty there, when the
days were long and hot,
With never a soul to know or care if he died on the
track or not.
The poor of the city have friends in woe, no matter
how much they lack,
But only God and the swagmen know how a poor
man fares Out Back.

He begged his way on the parched Paroo and the
Warrego tracks once more,
And lived like a dog, as the swagmen do, till the
Western stations shore ;
But men were many, and sheds were full, for work
in the town was slack—
The traveller never got hands in wool, though he
tramped for a year Out Back.

In stifling noons when his back was wrung by its
load, and the air seemed dead,
And the water warmed in the bag that hung to his
aching arm like lead,
Or in times of flood, when plains were seas, and the
scrubs were cold and black,
He ploughed in mud to his trembling knees, and paid
for his sins Out Back.

He blamed himself in the year "Too Late"—in the
heaviest hours of life—
'Twas little he dreamed that a shearing-mate had
care of his home and wife ;

HENRY LAWSON

There are times when wrongs from your kindred
come, and treacherous tongues attack—
When a man is better away from home, and dead to
the world Out Back.

And dirty and careless and old he wore, as his lamp
of hope grew dim;
He tramped for years till the swag he bore seemed
part of himself to him.
As a bullock drags in the sandy ruts, he followed the
dreary track,
With never a thought but to reach the huts when
the sun went down Out Back.

It chanced one day, when the north wind blew in his
face like a furnace-breath,
He left the track for a tank he knew—'twas a short-
cut to his death;
For the bed of the tank was hard and dry, and
crossed with many a crack,
And, oh! it's a terrible thing to die of thirst in the
scrub Out Back.

A drover came, but the fringe of law was eastward
many a mile;
He never reported the thing he saw, for it was not
worth his while.
The tanks are full and the grass is high in the mulga
off the track,
Where the bleaching bones of a white man lie by his
mouldering swag Out Back.

HENRY LAWSON

*For time means tucker, and tramp they must, where
the plains and scrubs are wide,
With seldom a track that a man can trust, or a moun-
tain peak to guide ;
All day long in the flies and heat the men of the
outside track .
With stinted stomachs and blistered feet must carry
their swags Out Back.*

THE STAR OF AUSTRALASIA

WE boast no more of our bloodless flag, that rose
from a nation's slime ;
Better a shred of a deep-dyed rag from the storms of
the olden time.
From grander clouds in our "peaceful skies " than
ever were there before
I tell you the Star of the South shall rise—in the
lurid clouds of war.
It ever must be while blood is warm and the sons of
men increase ;
For ever the nations rose in storm, to rot in a deadly
peace.
There comes a point that we will not yield, no matter
if right or wrong,
And man will fight on the battle-field while passion
and pride are strong—
So long as he will not kiss the rod, and his stubborn
spirit sours,
And the scorn of Nature and curse of God are heavy
on peace like ours.

.

HENRY LAWSON

There are boys out there by the western creeks, who
hurry away from school
To climb the sides of the breezy peaks or dive in the
shaded pool,
Who'll stick to their guns when the mountains quake
to the tread of a mighty war,
And fight for Right or a Grand Mistake as men
never fought before;
When the peaks are scarred and the sea-walls crack
till the furthest hills vibrate,
And the world for a while goes rolling back in a
storm of love and hate.

.

There are boys to-day in the city slum and the home
of wealth and pride
Who'll have one home when the storm is come, and
fight for it side by side,
Who'll hold the cliffs 'gainst the armoured hells that
batter a coastal town,
Or grimly die in a hail of shells when the walls
come crashing down.
And many a pink-white baby girl, the queen of her
home to-day,
Shall see the wings of the tempest whirl the mist of
our dawn away—
Shall live to shudder and stop her ears to the thud
of the distant gun,
And know the sorrow that has no tears when a battle
is lost and won,—

HENRY LAWSON

As a mother or wife in the years to come, will kneel,
wild-eyed and white,
And pray to God in her darkened home for the "men
in the fort to-night."

.
All creeds and trades will have soldiers there—give
every class its due—
And there'll be many a clerk to spare for the pride of
the jackeroo,
They'll fight for honour and fight for love, and a few
will fight for gold,
For the devil below and for God above, as our fathers
fought of old ;
And some half-blind with exultant tears, and some
stiff-lipped, stern-eyed,
For the pride of a thousand after-years and the old
eternal pride ;
The soul of the world they will feel and see in the
chase and the grim retreat—
They'll know the glory of victory—and the grandeur
of defeat.

The South will wake to a mighty change ere a
hundred years are done
With arsenals west of the mountain range and every
spur its gun.
And many a rickety "son of a gun," on the tides of
the future tossed,
Will tell how battles were really won that History says
were lost,

HENRY LAWSON ·

Will trace the field with his pipe, and shirk the facts
that are hard to explain,
As grey old mates of the diggings work the old ground
over again—
How "this was our centre, and this a redoubt, and
that was a scrub in the rear,
"And this was the point where the guards held out,
and the enemy's lines were here."

.

And fools, when the fiends of war are out and the
city skies aflame,
Will have something better to talk about than an
absent woman's shame,
Will have something nobler to do by far than jest at
a friend's expense,
Or blacken a name in a public bar or over a back-
yard fence.
And this you learn from the libelled past, though its
methods were somewhat rude—
A nation's born where the shells fall fast, or its lease
of life renewed.
We in part atone for the ghoulish strife, and the crimes
of the peace we boast,
And the better part of a people's life in the storm
comes uppermost.

The self-same spirit that drives the man to the depths
of drink and crime
Will do the deeds in the heroes' van that live till the
end of time.

· HENRY LAWSON

The living death in the lonely bush, the greed of the
selfish town,
And even the creed of the outlawed push is chivalry
—upside down.
'Twill be while ever our blood is hot, while ever the
world goes wrong,
The nations rise in a war, to rot in a peace that lasts
too long.
And southern nation and southern state, aroused
from their dream of ease,
Must sign in the Book of Eternal Fate their stormy
histories.

THE VAGABOND

WHITE handkerchiefs wave from the short black
pier
As we glide to the grand old sea—
But the song of my heart is for none to hear
If one of them waves for me.
A roving, roaming life is mine,
Ever by field or flood—
For not far back in my father's line
Was a dash of the Gipsy blood.

Flax and tussock and fern,
Gum and mulga and sand,
Reef and palm—but my fancies turn
Ever away from land;

HENRY LAWSON

Strange wild cities in ancient state,
Range and river and tree,
Snow and ice. But my star of fate
Is ever across the sea.

A god-like ride on a thundering sea,
When all but the stars are blind—
A desperate race from Eternity
With a gale-and-a-half behind.
A jovial spree in the cabin at night,
A song on the rolling deck,
A lark ashore with the ships in sight,
Till—a wreck goes down with a wreck.

A smoke and a yarn on the deck by day,
When life is a waking dream,
And care and trouble so far away
That out of your life they seem.
A roving spirit in sympathy,
Who has travelled the whole world o'er—
My heart forgets, in a week at sea,
The trouble of years on shore.

A rolling stone!—'tis a saw for slaves—
Philosophy false as old—
Wear out or break 'neath the feet of knaves,
Or rot in your bed of mould!
But I'd rather trust to the darkest skies
And the wildest seas that roar,
Or die, where the stars of Nations rise,
In the stormy clouds of war.

HENRY LAWSON

Cleave to your country, home, and friends,
Die in a sordid strife—
You can count your friends on your finger ends
In the critical hours of life.
Sacrifice all for the family's sake,
Bow to their selfish rule !
Slave till your big soft heart they break—
The heart of the family fool.

Domestic quarrels, and family spite,
And your Native Land may be
Controlled by custom, but, come what might,
The rest of the world for me.
I'd sail with money, or sail without!—
If your love be forced from home,
And you dare enough, and your heart be stout,
The world is your own to roam.

I've never a love that can sting my pride,
Nor a friend to prove untrue ;
For I leave my love ere the turning tide,
And my friends are all too new.
The curse of the Powers on a peace like ours,
With its greed and its treachery—
A stranger's hand, and a stranger land,
And the rest of the world for me !

But why be bitter ? The world is cold
To one with a frozen heart ;
New friends are often so like the old,
They seem of the past a part—

HENRY LAWSON

As a better part of the past appears,
When enemies, parted long,
Are come together in kinder years,
With their better nature strong.

I had a friend, ere my first ship sailed,
A friend that I never deserved—
For the selfish strain in my blood prevailed
As soon as my turn was served.
And the memory haunts my heart with shame—
Or, rather, the pride that's there ;
In different guises, but soul the same,
I meet him everywhere.

I had a chum. When the times were tight
We starved in Australian scrubs ;
We froze together in parks at night,
And laughed together in pubs.
And I often hear a laugh like his
From a sense of humour keen,
And catch a glimpse in a passing phiz
Of his broad, good-humoured grin.

And I had a love—'twas a love to prize—
But I never went back again . . .
I have seen the light of her kind brown eyes
In many a face since then.

.

The sailors say 'twill be rough to-night,
As they fasten the hatches down,
The south is black, and the bar is white,
And the drifting smoke is brown.

HENRY LAWSON

The gold has gone from the western haze,
The sea-birds circle and swarm—
But we shall have plenty of sunny days,
And little enough of storm.

The hill is hiding the short black pier,
As the last white signal's seen;
The points run in, and the houses veer,
And the great bluff stands between.
So darkness swallows each far white speck
On many a wharf and quay.
The night comes down on a restless deck,—
Grim cliffs—and—The Open Sea!

THE SLIPRAILS AND THE SPUR

THE colours of the setting sun
Withdrew across the Western land—
He raised the sliprails, one by one,
And shot them home with trembling hand;
Her brown hands clung—her face grew pale—
Ah! quivering chin and eyes that brim!—
One quick, fierce kiss across the rail,
And, "Good-bye, Mary!" "Good-bye, Jim!"
Oh, he rides hard to race the pain
Who rides from love, who rides from home;
But he rides slowly home again,
Whose heart has learnt to love and roam.

HENRY LAWSON

A hand upon the horse's mane,
And one foot in the stirrup set,
And, stooping back to kiss again,
With "Good-bye, Mary! don't you fret!
"When I come back"—he laughed for her--
"We do not know how soon 'twill be;
"I'll whistle as I round the spur—
"You let the sliprails down for me."

She gasped for sudden loss of hope,
As, with a backward wave to her,
He cantered down the grassy slope
And swiftly round the dark'ning spur.
Black-pencilled panels standing high,
And darkness fading into stars,
And blurring fast against the sky,
A faint white form beside the bars.

And often at the set of sun,
In winter bleak and summer brown,
She'd steal across the little run,
And shyly let the sliprails down.
And listen there when darkness shut
The nearer spur in silence deep;
And when they called her from the hut
Steal home and cry herself to sleep.

.
*And he rides hard to dull the pain
Who rides from one that loves him best;
And he rides slowly back again,
Whose restless heart must rove for rest.*

JOHN STEELE ROBERTSON

THE PATHWAY OF THE SUN

Do you hear the West a-calling, brother mine ?
Do you hear the West a-calling, sweet and low ?
'Tis the voice that ever calls in shade or shine,
In madness or in gladness or in woe.
'Tis the voice that through eternity and time
On the strong soul of a man lays its behest,
And the burden of its ever-beating rhyme
Is "Ever to the Westward lies man's quest !"
In the West the prize is waiting for the bold ;
In the East the days are dead and life is done ;
And the banners of the sky are red and gold,
That beckon to the Pathway of the Sun.

Do you hear the West a-calling, brother mine ?
It is calling as it called in olden days.
Voices float across the rolling plains of brine,
And rise from out the mighty water-ways :
"Come, ye rovers ! Come from lands all stark and cold,
Whither lands of promise open to the view ;
For the Eastward is the grave of all things old,
But the Westward is the cradle of the new !"

J. STEELE ROBERTSON

Lo, the hearts of men are filled with fierce unrest ;
Behind, above, the skies are dark and dun ;
Their life seems but the shadow of a jest ;
And they turn them to the pathway of the sun.

In the dim and mist-hid centuries ago,
Where the Pamir greets the wide, blue Asian sky,
And the snowy Himalayas look upon
The broad Five Rivers ever rolling by,
The Aryan tiller through the summer days
Heard wind-borne voices from the Caspian plain ;
His soul was filled with wonder and amaze,
And a longing that might ne'er be stilled again.
The shining share became a flaming sword,
The blazing banner of red war was spun ;
And waiting Europe knew him for her lord
As he marched upon the pathway of the sun.

The purple sails of Tyre and Sidon flecked
The levels of the Midmost Sea, and pressed
Beyond the frowning Pillars, for they recked
Of the wonders in the Islands of the Blest.
O'er the sea and o'er the land the legions went
From where on Rome look down the Apennines,
And their crimson steps of conquest westward bent
To the sunlit valleys of Iberian vines,
And the steppes that meet the fertile Euxine shore
Felt the onward tread of Ottoman and Hun ;
They had heard the voice that summons evermore
The rover to the pathway of the sun.

J. STEELE ROBERTSON

When Isabel was queen in fair Castile,
Came the voices on the billow and the breeze,
And the gray Atlantic clove before the keel
That bore the lion-hearted Genoese.
From the Douro's valley Colon's doing led
Twin lords of war and rapine in his wake:
Weak Montezuma's empery was sped,
When Cortes saw the City of the Lake;
The gentle Inca kissed Pizarro's sword,
And before him rich Peru was all undone;
And Spain became the tyrant and the lord
Upon the glowing pathway of the sun.

Weird wonder-tales and ocean-legends tell
Red records of the cruel Spanish years;
How Panama, a pearl of cities, fell
To Morgan and the reiving buccaneers;
How sea-dogs of Queen Bess their sails unfurled,
Strong men who ever fought and never feared;
How, captained by the Treasure of the World,
Down in the Main they singed the Spaniard's beard.
Ye know them, England's bravest and her best;
Ye tell their names with pride, one after one—
Drake, Gilbert, Raleigh, Hawkins and the rest,
Who sailed upon the pathway of the sun.

But half a hundred years have joined the dead
Old years, since, where the white Sierras loom,
The Californian foot-hills knew the tread
Of them that sink the shaft and build the flume.

J. STEELE ROBERTSON

Our hearts, like theirs, are dry with drouth of gold,
As Yilgarn and Pilbarra yield their store;
And Coolgardie still is calling to the bold,
And they answer as their fathers did of yore.
Lo, Gabo signs to Borda, as they go;
Their white sails gleam as past the Bight they run;
Their path the Lioness and Rottnest know;
They are marching on the pathway of the sun.

The knell of all things dead again is knolled
To-day, as it was knolled in days that were,
And the dole that ever was to seekers doled
Is the dole again of them that do and dare.
We are born of dust that unto dust returned;
We are seed of ashes that to ashes went;
As the embers old, so embers now are burned;
As the dust of old, so dust is ever spent.
For aye and ever man his way shall wend
Where gold and glory wait him to be won,
Shall follow still the voice that has no end,
That calls him to the Pathway of the Sun.

ARTHUR A. D. BAYLDON

SUNSET

THE weary wind is slumbering on the wing :
Leaping from out meek twilight's purpling blue
Burns the proud star of eve as though it knew
Itself the big king jewel quivering
On the black turban of advancing night.
In the dim west the soldiers of the sun
Strike all their royal colours one by one,
Reluctantly surrender every height.

THE SEA

ERE Greece soared, showering sovranities of light,
Ere Rome shook earth with her tremendous tread,
Ere yon blue-feasting sun-god burst blood-red,
Beneath thee slept thy prodigy, O Night !
Æons have ta'en like dreams their strange, slow
flight,
And vastest, tiniest, creatures paved her bed,
E'en cities sapped by the usurping spread
Of her imperious waves have sunk from sight
Since she first chanted her colossal psalms
That swell and sink beneath the listening stars ;

ARTHUR A. D. BAYLDON

Oft, as with myriad drums beating to arms,
She thunders out the grandeur of her wars;
Then shifts through moaning moods her wizard charms
Of slow flutes and caressing, gay guitars.

MARLOWE

With Eastern banners flaunting in the breeze
Royal processions, sounding fife and gong
And showering jewels on the jostling throng,
March to the tramp of Marlowe's harmonies.
He drained life's brimming goblet to the lees.
He recked not that a peer superb and strong
Would tune great notes to his impassioned song
And top his cannonading lines with ease.
To the wild clash of cymbals we behold
The tragic ending of his youthful life;
The revelry of kisses bought with gold;
The jest and jealous rival and the strife;
A harlot weeping o'er a corpse scarce cold;
A scullion fleeing with a bloody knife.

JENNINGS CARMICHAEL

A WOMAN'S MOOD

I THINK to-night I could bear it all,
Even the arrow that cleft the core,—
Could I wait again for your swift footfall,
And your sunny face coming in at the door.
With the old frank look and the gay young smile,
And the ring of the words you used to say ;
I could almost deem the pain worth while,
To greet you again in the olden way !

But you stand without in the dark and cold,
And I may not open the long closed door,
Nor call thro' the night, with the love of old,—
“Come into the warmth, as in nights of yore !”
I kneel alone in the red fire-glow,
And hear the wings of the wind sweep by ;
You are out afar in the night, I know,
And the sigh of the wind is like a cry.

You are out afar—and I wait within,
A grave-eyed woman whose pulse is slow ;
The flames round the red coals softly spin,
And the lonely room's in a rosy glow.

JENNINGS CARMICHAEL

The firelight falls on your vacant chair,
And the soft brown rug where you used to stand;
Dear, never again shall I see you there,
Nor lift my head for your seeking hand.

Yet sometimes still, and in spite of all,
I wistful look at the fastened door,
And wait again for the swift footfall,
And the gay young voice as in hours of yore.
It still seems strange to be here alone,
With the rising sob of the wind without;
The sound takes a deep, insisting tone,
Where the trees are swinging their arms about.

Its mnaning reaches the sheltered room,
And thrills my heart with a sense of pain;
I walk to the window and pierce the gloom,
With a yearning look that is all in vain.
You are out in a night of depths that hold
No promise of dawning for you and me,
And only a ghost from the life of old
Has come from the world of memory!

You are out evermore! God wills it so!
But ah! my spirit is yearning yet!
As I kneel alone by the red fire-glow,
My eyes grow dim with the old regret.
O when shall the aching throb grow still,
The warm love-life turn cold at the core!
Must I be watching, against my will,
For your banished face in the opening door?

JENNINGS CARMICHAEL

It may be, dear, when the sequel's told
Of the story, read to its bitter close ;
When the inner meanings of life unfold,
And the under-side of our being shows—
It may be then, in that truer light,
When all our knowledge has larger grown,
I may understand why you stray to-night,
And I am left, with the past, alone.

AGNES L. STORRIE

TWENTY GALLONS OF SLEEP

MEASURE me out from the fathomless tun,
That somewhere or other you keep
In your vasty cellars, O wealthy one,
Twenty gallons of sleep.

Twenty gallons of balmy sleep,
Dreamless, and deep, and mild,
Of the excellent brand you used to keep
When I was a little child.

I've tasted of all your vaunted stock,
Your clarets and ports of Spain,
The liquid gold of your famous hock,
And your matchless dry champagne.

Of your rich muscats and your sherries fine,
I've drunk both well and deep,
Then measure me out, O merchant mine,
Twenty gallons of sleep.

Twenty gallons of slumber soft
Of the innocent, baby kind,
When the angels flutter their wings aloft
And the pillow with down is lined;

• AGNES L. STORRIE

I have drawn the corks, and drained the lees
Of every vintage pressed,
If I've felt the sting of my honey bees
I've taken it with the rest.

I have lived my life, and I'll not repine,
As I sowed I was bound to reap;
Then, measure me out, O merchant mine,
Twenty gallons of sleep.

A CONFESSION

You did not know,—how could you, dear,—
How much you stood for? Life in you
Retained its touch of Eden dew,
And ever through the droughtiest year
My soul could bring her flagon here
And fill it to the brim with clear

Deep draughts of purity:

And time could never quench the flame
Of youth that lit me through your eyes,
And cozened winter from my skies
Through all the years that went and came.
You did not know I used your name
To conjure by, and still the same

I found its potency.

You did not know that, as a phial
May garner close through dust and gloom
The essence of a rich perfume,
Romance was garnered in your smile.

AGNES L. STORRIE

And touched my thoughts with beauty, while
The poor world, wise with bitter guile,
 Outlived its chivalry.
You did not know—our lives were laid
So far apart—that thus I drew
The sunshine of my days from you,
That by your joy my own was weighed
That thus my debts your sweetness paid,
And of my heart's deep silence made
 A lovely melody.

MARTHA M. SIMPSON

TO AN OLD GRAMMAR

OH, mighty conjuror, you raise
The ghost of my lost youth—
The happy, golden-tinted days
When earth her treasure-trove displays,
And everything is truth.

Your compeers may be sage and dry,
But in your page appears
A very fairyland, where I
Played 'neath a changeful Irish sky—
A sky of smiles and tears.

Dear native land! this little book
Brings back the varied charm
Of emerald hill and flashing brook,
Deep mountain glen and woodland nook,
And homely sheltered farm.

I see the hayrick where I sat
In golden autumn days,
And conned thy page, and wondered what
Could be the use, excepting that
It gained the master's praise.

MARTHA M. SIMPSON

I conjugate thy verbs again
Beside the winter's fire,
And, as the solemn clock strikes ten,
I lay thee on the shelf, and then
To dreams of thee retire.

Thy Saxon roots reveal to me
A silent, empty school,
And one poor prisoner who could see,
As if to increase her misery,
Her mates released from rule,

Rushing to catch the rounder ball,
Or circling in the ring.
Those merry groups! I see them all,
And even now I can recall
The songs they used to sing.

Thy syntax conjures forth a morn
Of spring, when blossoms rare
Conspired the solemn earth to adorn,
And spread themselves on bank and thorn,
And perfumed all the air.

The dewdrops lent their aid and threw
Their gems with lavish hand
On every flower of brilliant hue,
On every blade of grass that grew
In that enchanted land.

The lark her warbling music lent,
To give an added charm,

MARTHA M. SIMPSON

And sleek-haired kine, in deep content
Forth from their milking slowly went
Towards the homestead farm.

And here thy page on logic shows
A troop of merry girls,
A meadow smooth where clover grows,
And lanes where scented hawthorn blows,
And woodbine twines and curls.

And, turning o'er thy leaves, I find
Of many a friend the trace;
Forgotten scenes rush to my mind,
And some whom memory left behind
Now stare me in the face.

.

Ah, happy days! when hope was high,
And faith was calm and deep!
When all was real and God was nigh,
And heaven was "just beyond the sky,"
And angels watched my sleep.

Your dreams are gone, and here instead
Fair science reigns alone,
And, when I come to her for bread,
She smiles and bows her stately head
And offers me—a stone.

WILLIAM GAY

TO M.

(With some Verses)

If in the summer of thy bright regard
For one brief season these poor Rhymes shall live
I ask no more, nor think my fate too hard
If other eyes but wintry looks should give;
Nor will I grieve though what I here have writ
O'erburdened Time should drop among the ways,
And to the unremembering dust commit
Beyond the praise and blame of other days:
The song doth pass, but I who sing, remain,
I pluck from Death's own heart a life more deep,
And as the Spring, that dies not, in her train
Doth scatter blossoms for the winds to reap,
So I, immortal, as I fare along,
Will strew my path with mortal flowers of song.

VESTIGIA NULLA RETRORSUM

O STEEP and rugged Life, whose harsh ascent
Slopes blindly upward through the bitter night!
They say that on thy summit, high in light,
Sweet rest awaits the climber, travel-spent;

WILLIAM GAY

But I, alas, with dusty garments rent,
With fainting heart and failing limbs and sight,
Can see no glimmer of the shining height,
And vainly list, with body forward bent,
To catch athwart the gloom one wandering note
Of those glad anthems which (they say) are sung
When one emerges from the mists below :
But though, O Life, thy summit be remote
And all thy stony path with darkness hung,
Yet ever upward through the night I go.

PRIMROSES

THEY shine upon my table there,
A constellation mimic sweet,
No stars in Heaven could shine more fair,
Nor Earth has beauty more complete ;
And on my table there they shine,
And speak to me of things Divine.

In Heaven at first they grew, and when
God could no fairer make them, He
Did plant them by the ways of men
For all the pure in heart to see,
That each might shine upon its stem
And be a light from Him to them.

WILLIAM GAY

They speak of things above my verse,
Of thoughts no earthly language knows,
That loftiest Bard could ne'er rehearse,
Nor holiest prophet e'er disclose,
Which God Himself no other way
Than by a Primrose could convey.

EDWARD DYSON

THE OLD WHIM HORSE

HE's an old grey horse, with his head bowed sadly,
And with dim old eyes and a queer roll aft,
With the off-fore sprung and the hind screwed badly,
And he bears all over the brands of graft;
And he lifts his head from the grass to wonder
Why by night and day the whim is still,
Why the silence is, and the stampers' thunder
Sounds forth no more from the shattered mill.

In that whim he worked when the night winds
bellowed

On the riven summit of Giant's Hand,
And by day when prodigal Spring had yellowed
All the wide, long sweep of enchanted land;
And he knew his shift, and the whistle's warning,
And he knew the calls of the boys below;
Through the years, unbidden, at night or morning,
He had taken his stand by the old whim bow.

But the whim stands still, and the wheeling swallow
In the silent shaft hangs her home of clay,
And the lizards flirt and the swift snakes follow
O'er the grass-grown brace in the summer day;

EDWARD DYSON

And the corn springs high in the cracks and corners
Of the forge, and down where the timber lies;
And the crows are perched like a band of mourners
On the broken hut on the Hermit's Rise.

All the hands have gone, for the rich reef paid out,
And the company waits till the calls come in;
But the old grey horse, like the claim, is played out,
And no market's near for his bones and skin.
So they let him live, and they left him grazing
By the creek, and oft in the evening dim
I have seen him stand on the rises, gazing
At the ruined brace and the rotting whim.

The floods rush high in the gully under,
And the lightnings lash at the shrinking trees,
Or the cattle down from the ranges blunder
As the fires drive by on the summer breeze.
Still the feeble horse at the right hour wanders
To the lonely ring, though the whistle's dumb,
And with hanging head by the bow he ponders
Where the whim boy's gone—why the shifts don't
come.

But there comes a night when he sees lights glowing
In the roofless huts and the ravaged mill,
When he hears again all the stampers going—
Though the huts are dark and the stampers still:
When he sees the steam to the black roof clinging
As its shadows roll on the silver sands,
And he knows the voice of his driver singing,
And the knocker's clang where the braceman stands.

EDWARD DYSON

See the old horse take, like a creature dreaming,
On the ring once more his accustomed place;
But the moonbeams full on the ruins streaming
Show the scattered timbers and grass-grown brace.
Yet *he* hears the sled in the smithy falling,
And the empty truck as it rattles back,
And the boy who stands by the anvil, calling;
And he turns and backs, and he "takes up slack."

While the old drum creaks, and the shadows shiver
As the wind sweeps by, and the hut doors close,
And the bats dip down in the shaft or quiver
In the ghostly light, round the grey horse goes;
And he feels the strain on his untouched shoulder,
Hears again the voice that was dear to him,
Sees the form he knew—and his heart grows bolder
As he works his shift by the broken whim.

He hears in the sluices the water rushing
As the buckets drain and the doors fall back;
When the early dawn in the east is blushing,
He is limping still round the old, old track.
Now he pricks his ears, with a neigh replying
To a call unspoken, with eyes aglow,
And he sways and sinks in the circle, dying;
From the ring no more will the grey horse go.

In a gully green, where a dam lies gleaming,
And the bush creeps back on a worked-out claim,
And the sleepy crows in the sun sit dreaming
On the timbers grey and a charred hut frame,

EDWARD DYSON

Where the legs slant down, and the hare is squatting
In the high rank grass by the dried-up course,
Nigh a shattered drum and a king-post rotting
Are the bleaching bones of the old grey horse.

DOWELL O'REILLY

THE SEA-MAIDEN

LIKE summer waves on sands of snow,
Soft ringlets clasp her neck and brow,
And wandering breezes kiss away
A threaded light of glimmering spray,
That drifts and floats and softly flies
In a golden mist about her eyes.
Her laugh is fresh as foam that springs
Through tumbling shells and shining things,
And where the gleaming margin dries
Is heard the music of her sighs.
Her gentle bosom ebbs and swells
With the tide of life that deeply wells
From a throbbing heart that loves to break
In the tempest of love for love's sweet sake.
O, the fragrance of earth, and the song of the sea,
And the light of the heavens, are only three
Of the thousand glories that Love can trace,
In her life, and her soul, and her beautiful face.

.

This tangled weed of poesy,
Torn from the heart of a stormy sea,
I fling upon the love divine
Of her, who fills this heart of mine.

DOWELL O'REILLY

SEA-GRIEF

ALONG the serried coast the south-wind raves,
Grey birds scream landward through the distance hoar,
And, swinging from the dim confounded shore,
The everlasting boom of broken waves
Like muffled thunder rolls about the graves
Of all the wonder-lands and lives of yore,
Whose bones asunder bleach for evermore
In sobbing chasms and under choking caves.

O breaking heart—whose only rest is rage,
White tossing arms, and lips that kiss and part
In lonely dreams of Love's wild liberty—
Not the mean earth thy suffering can assuage,
Nor highest heaven fulfil that hungry heart,
O fair, full-bosomed, passionate, weeping Sea!

DAVID MACDONALD ROSS

LOVE'S TREASURE HOUSE

I WENT to Love's old Treasure-house last night
And saw the miser Memory grown gray
With years of jealous counting of his gems,
At his old task within the solitude.
By a lone taper the deep-furrowed face,
Heavy with pow'r, lay shadowed on the wall,
Shadow and shadowy face communing there,
While the lean flame, a living lance-point, leaped
With menace at the night's dark countenance.
The master, not the slave of Time he seemed
With his keen eye, and quick unerring hand,
Firm as when first his hoarding he began
Of precious things of Love long years ago.
And "this," he said, "is gold from out her hair,"
The shadow bowed in mute acknowledgement,
"And this the moonlight that she wandered in,
With here a rose enamelled by her breath,
That bloomed, a joy, between her breasts, and here
The brimming sun-cup that she quaffed at noon,
And here the star that cheered her in the night;
In this great chest so curiously wrought
Are purest of Love-gems." A ruby key
Enclasped upon a golden ring, he took
With care from out some secret hiding place
And delicately touched the lock, whereat

DAVID M. ROSS

I staggered, blinded by a myriad lights
More luminous than stars, and questioned thus,
"What are these treasures, miser Memory?"
And with bent head he slowly answered me—
"These are the multitude of kisses sweet
Love gave so gladly and I treasure here."

THE SILENT TIDE

I HEARD Old Ocean raise her voice and cry,
In that still hour between the night and day;
I saw the answering tides, green robed and gray,
Turn to her with a low contented sigh;
Marching with silent feet they passed me by,
For the white moon had taught them to obey,
And scarce a wavelet broke in fretful spray,
As they went forth to kiss the stooping sky.

So, to my heart, when the last sunray sleeps,
And the wan night, impatient for the noon,
Throws her gray mantle over land and sea,
There comes a call from out Life's nether deeps,
And tides, like some old ocean in a swoon,
Flow out, in soundless majesty, to thee.

THE WATCH ON DECK

BECALMED upon the equatorial seas,
A ship of gold lay on a sea of fire;
Each sail and rope and spar, as in desire,

DAVID M. ROSS

Mutely besought the kisses of a breeze;
Low laughter told the mariners at ease;
Sweet sea-songs hymned the red sun's fun'ral
pyre :

Yet One, with eyes that never seemed to tire,
Watched for the storm, nursed on the thunder's
knees.

Thou watcher of the spirit's inner keep,
Scanning Death's lone, illimitable deep,
Spread outward to the far immortal shore!
While the vault sleeps, from the upheaving deck,
Thou see'st the adamantine reefs that wreck,
And Life's low shoals, where lusting billows roar.

AUTUMN

WHEN, with low moanings on the distant shore,
Like vain regrets, the ocean-tide is rolled :
When, thro' bare boughs, the tale of death is told
By breezes sighing, " Summer days are o'er " ;
When all the days we loved—the days of yore—
Lie in their vaults, dead Kings who ruled of old—
Unrobed and sceptreless, uncrowned with gold,
Conquered, and to be crowned, ah! never more.

If o'er the bare fields, cold and whitening
With the first snow-flakes, I should see thy form,
And meet and kiss thee, that were enough of Spring;
Enough of sunshine, could I feel the warm
Glad beating of thy heart 'neath Winter's wing,
Tho' Earth were full of whirlwind and of storm.

MARY GILMORE

A LITTLE GHOST

THE moonlight flutters from the sky
To meet her at the door,
A little ghost, whose steps have passed
Across the creaking floor.

And rustling vines that lightly tap
Against the window-pane,
Throw shadows on the white-washed walls
To blot them out again.

The moonlight leads her as she goes
Across a narrow plain,
By all the old, familiar ways
That know her steps again.

And through the scrub it leads her on
And brings her to the creek,
But by the broken dam she stops
And seems as she would speak.

She moves her lips, but not a sound
Ripples the silent air;
She wrings her little hands, ah, me!
The sadness of despair!

MARY GILMORE

While overhead the black-duck's wing
Cuts like a flash upon
The startled air, that scarcely shrinks
Ere he afar is gone.

And curlews wake, and wailing cry
Cur-lew! cur-lew! cur-lew!
Till all the Bush, with nameless dread
Is pulsing through and through.

The moonlight leads her back again
And leaves her at the door,
A little ghost whose steps have passed
Across the creaking floor.

GOOD-NIGHT

GOOD-NIGHT! . . . my darling sleeps so sound
She cannot hear me where she lies;
White lilies watch the closed eyes,
Red roses guard the folded hands.

Good-night! O woman who once lay
Upon my breast, so still, so sweet
That all my pulses, throbbing, beat
And flamed—I cannot touch you now.

Good-night, my own! God knows we loved
So well, that all things else seemed slight—
We part forever in the night,
We two poor souls who loved so well.

MARY GILMORE

MARRI'D

It's singin' in an' out
An' roun' about the place,
'N' here an' there, 'n' up an' down
'N' feelin' full o' grace.

It's rollin' up your sleeves,
An' whitenin' up the hearth,
An' scrubbin' out the floor,
An' sweepin' down the path.

An' bakin' cakes an' tarts
An' shinin' up the knives,
An' feelin' that *some* days
Is worth a thousand lives.

It's watchin' out the door,
An' watchin' by the gate,
An' watchin' down the road
Because it's gettin' late.

An' feelin' anxious like
For fear there's somethin' wrong,
An' wond'rin if he's kep',
An' why he takes so long.

It's comin' back, inside,
An' sittin' down a spell,
To sorter make-believe
You're thinkin' things is well.

MARY GILMORE.

An' gettin' up again,
An' wand'rin' in an' out
An' feelin' wistful like,
Not thinkin' what about.

An' flushin' all at once
An' smilin' just so sweet,
An' bein' real proud,
The house is lookin' neat.

An' feelin' awful glad
Like them that watched Silo'm
An' all o' this because
My man is comin' home.

BARCROFT HENRY BOAKE

WHERE THE DEAD MEN LIE

Out on the wastes of the Never Never—
That's where the dead men lie!
There where the heat waves dance for ever—
That's where the dead men lie!
That's where the Earth's loved sons are keeping
Endless tryst: not the west wind sweeping
Feverish pinions can wake their sleeping—
Out where the dead men lie!

Where brown Summer and Death have mated—
That's where the dead men lie!
Loving with fiery lust unsated—
That's where the dead men lie!
Out where the grinning skulls bleach whitely
Under the saltbush sparkling brightly;
Out where the wild dogs chorus nightly—
That's where the dead men lie!

Deep in the yellow, flowing river—
That's where the dead men lie!
Under the banks where the shadows quiver—
That's where the dead men lie!
Where the platypus twists and doubles,
Leaving a train of tiny bubbles;

BARCROFT H. BOAKE

Rid at last of their earthly troubles—
That's where the dead men lie!

.

Only the hand of Night can free them—
That's when the dead men fly!
Only the frightened cattle see them—
See the dead men go by!
Cloven hoofs beating out one measure,
Bidding the stockman know no leisure—
That's when the dead men take their pleasure!
That's when the dead men fly!

Ask, too, the never-sleeping drover:
He sees the dead pass by;
Hearing them call to their friends—the plover,
Hearing the dead men cry;
Seeing their faces stealing, stealing,
Hearing their laughter pealing, pealing,
Watching their grey forms wheeling, wheeling
Round where the cattle lie!

East and backward pale faces turning—
That's how the dead men lie!
Gaunt arms stretched with a voiceless yearning—
That's how the dead men lie!
Oft in the fragrant hush of nooning
Hearing again their mothers' crooning,
Wrapt for aye in a dreadful swooning—
That's how the dead men lie!

.

BERNARD O'DOWD

AUSTRALIA

LAST sea-thing dredged by sailor Time from Space,
Are you a drift Sargasso, where the West
In halcyon calm rebuilds her fatal nest?
Or Delos of a coming Sun-God's race?
Are you for Light, and trimmed, with oil in place,
Or but a Will o' Wisp on marshy quest?
A new demesne for Mammon to infest?
Or lurks millennial Eden 'neath your face?

The cenotaphs of species dead elsewhere
That in your limits leap and swim and fly,
Or trail uncanny harp-strings from your trees,
Mix omens with the auguries that dare
To plant the Cross upon your forehead sky,
A virgin helpmate Ocean at your knees.

PROSPERITY

ENLACED with gardened jewelry
My basking villas nest
Where sifted sunshine soothes the eye
And cosy hillocks rest.

BERNARD O'DOWD

Conventions fronds here screen from view
Immodest Nature's haunt,
And wizard Distance veils in blue
The haggard peaks of Want.

The millions fast that I may feast,
And drudge that I may play;
But Average, complacent priest,
Condones the wrong away :

Finesse, my statesman, calculates
Subjection's breaking strain,
And Comfort crooning mitigates
The drifting moan of pain.

My sages God's commandments frame
From maxims of the desk :
My Art, from poverty and shame,
Evolves the Picturesque.

.

Who reaches me a stream must ford
Whose poppied waters dim
Old dreams of wielding Freedom's sword
And chanting Freedom's hymn :

Must hold the claims of Discontent
Mere envies of the mass;
That Life's repose was only meant
To dower the ruling class :

BERNARD O'DOWD

Must learn that Nature weakness scorns,
That God the serfs ignores,
That Toil deserves its crown of thorns,
And Poverty its sores ;

That tho' 'tis wise with Charity
Torrential Need to dam,
The Hope of Progress is a lie
And Brotherhood a sham.

BACCHUS

I AM the gift of tongues that flame
Inspired resolve above :
I wither the weeds of paltry aim
That choke the growth of love.

Though sometimes thro' forbidden gates,
The drugged and drunken may
Intrude among initiates
And misconceive the play,

No self-indulgence walks my stage ;
My frenzies make divine :
My banqueter is saint and sage,
A eucharist my wine :

No desecrated home shall be,
No vice-predestined birth,
No stews of maudlin gluttony,
When Bacchus rules the earth.

BERNARD O'DOWD

My rage that lit the cold Greek brow
And burned from Orphic lyre,
Flames down the years to Tolstoi now
And back to Celtic fire.

I glowed in Hermit Peter's words,
Savonarola's grim,
St. Francis understood the birds
Because I cherished him.

I am the surging Energy
No wintry Law can tame :
Nay, the god that overpowers me
Is Bacchus save in name.

.

'Tis not enough that you avow
Allegiance at my gates ;
Many who bear the wattle-bough
Are not initiates :

Nor all the revellers, though dear,
Who beat my doors with prayers,
But sing so sweet they cannot hear
The poor who knock at theirs :

For " Truth for Truth " and " Art for Art "
And Song for the sake of Song,
Must wait the turn of the breaking heart,
Till Bacchus purges Wrong.

.

BERNARD O'DOWD

O come, Australians, maid and youth,
Enlist in our crusade!
From wan Gomorrahs of untruth
Flock to the Bacchic glade!

Away, away from antique wraiths
And clammy deities!
On! on! to transcendental faiths
And Young Democracies!

We shall climb o'er Mount Impossible
For Bacchus leads the way:
Shall quench with Love the fires of hell,
And flood its night with day:

Shall raze the walls of Babylon,
And build, yea, in a night,
Man's New Jerusalems upon
Love, Liberty and Light!

Away with Mammon and his woe,
Nor his Holy Places spare:
Bacchantes, Mænads, at them! lo,
His bale-eyed stranglers, there!

Come, leave his city for the wood,
His marble halls for hut,
And bring into our brotherhood
The outcast and the "butt"!

Come, spirit from the human sky
Those cloudy elves of pain,
And sing into the leaden eye
The human light again!

BERNARD O'DOWD

Extirpate from your virgin soil
Exotic hate and wrong :
And thrill the torpid nerves of toil
With vision and with song :

And fling far all that stunt or blast,
And with Bacchantic brawn
Grapple and wrestle the arrogant Past,
All night, until the Dawn !

.

AN ORDER FOR A SONG

You know not, lady, what you will,
Nor what an eerie throng
I have to summon to fulfil
Your order for a song.

They heard you in the outer waste,
And, throbbing with desire
To press their claims on me, they haste
In coracles of fire.

You do not know their ardent pleas,
These strange poetic norms,
To leave their filmy destinies
And incarnate in forms.

We judge our human realm so small
We cannot dream how they
Compete like tigers for the call
That mingles them with clay—

BERNARD O'DOWD

Their ichor with our clay—but thus
Secures their right to plod
The human thoroughfare with us
Across the range to God.

They've waited through the ages, some,
They've knocked at every door
The bards have shown, but deaf or dumb
Have all men seemed before.

And some have been half-heard, but yearn
In riper ears to say
What seers were then too young to learn,
Or too alarmed to weigh.

For primal things were often born
For primal men in vain,
Through youthful Wisdom's easy scorn
Of oracles too plain.

And some, our lavish looms of mind
Create and lose to-day,
Are thronging round our stage to find
Admission to the play.

.

They clamour favour as I think,
They walk the fields with me,
They loiter where I eat and drink,
They lurk in flower and tree.

BERNARD O'DOWD

They bribe the wayside grassy blades
Their wishes to suggest;
I note their tiny ambuscades
In smile, in heaving breast.

Yea, some employ such subtle wiles
To prove to me their worth,
They launch my boat on eerie Niles
And row me from the earth:

Till larger continents we find,
And stars that woo me burn
Above their land of "Absent Mind,"
By the world of "No-Return":

Till we alone are real, and all
The stormy facts of day
Into Illusion's chasm fall,
A rainbow o'er its spray:

Till so my magic boatmen purge
The cloudy eyes of Thought,
('Tis here, they say, with God we merge)
That Earth becomes as nought;

But then, with instantaneous skill,
Down earth-ward currents strong
They row me, lady, to fulfil
Your order for a song.

EDWIN JAMES BRADY

McFEE OF ABERDEEN

THEY'VE scraped her sides, and tarred her ropes, and
patched her suit o' sails;
They've filled her full o' varied stock for firms in New
South Wales;
She's left her berth in London Docks, she's left the
Lizard light,
And in the rough Atlantic now her bowsprit stabs the
night.
But, rough or smooth, or foul or fair, whate'er the
waters be,
He'll take her out and bring her home, or sink her,
will McFee.

They've seen the sun go down, go down, and turn her
canvas red,
And as she rides the darkened seas they'll watch the
stars o'erhead;
They'll watch the stars that splash the skies with
sparkling silver spray,
Out in the Great Unfathomed Deep, away, and still
away!
But when the Trades have stretched her sheets and
sing among her shrouds,
Like some glad, buoyant spirit-thing, she'll leap to-
wards the clouds;

EDWIN J. BRADY

From morn to noon, from noon to night, she'll pitch
and roll and toss,
And as the Bear goes out of sight they'll see the
Southern Cross;

Across the Line and off the land, hull-down this side
the Cape,

By chart and compass and the sun her outward course
he'll shape;

And be the ocean deep and blue, or be the ocean green,
'Twill not affect his wonted calm—McFee of Aberdeen!

The Glasgie skipper, towing down, will pass him on
the way,

And as she dips her colours aft his crew will hip-
hooray,

For in the ports where sailors meet and out across the
sea

Hath passed the name and gone the fame of sturdy
Jock McFee.

Though print has spread and wars have raged and
rebels have been hung,

Though o'er and o'er the world has changed since
Jock McFee was young,

The ways of steam he will not learn; but Lord! to
hear him speak

Of racing trips and rousing deeds when ships were
built of teak,

Ere paddle-wheels or double-screws had altered all the
years,

And "sailor-men *were* sailor-men, not sea-sick
engineers!"

EDWIN J. BRADY

So build your steamboats big as towns, electric lights
and all,
By wood and canvas to the end, McFee will stand or
fall;
For wood and canvas, wind and tide, the books of sky
and sea,
With strange salt oaths and curses make the know-
ledge of McFee.

The wars may come, the wars may end, and crowns
be lost or won,
He rolls around the rolling world that rolls around
the sun;
And men may write most wondrous books, and men
may count the stars,
His aim in life is still to get all sail upon his spars;
Nor does he care how kings may fare or empires may
decline,
When underneath his vessel's keel deep lies the cable-
line;
But skies of lead and seas of ink, when winds like
devils roar,
Will find her reefed or taut and snug, bare poles and
well off shore.

.

Aye, round the world, and round the world, where'er
his owners will,
His cargo aft to land and leave, his for'ard hold to fill;

EDWIN J. BRADY

Across the seas and o'er the seas, and o'er the seas
again,
Through night and morning, clear and cloud, through
calm and wind and rain,
She'll roll along, she'll pitch along, she'll tack, and
turn, and drive,
And while her spars still in her stand she'll come to
port alive.
But if her sticks and she should part, and jury-masts
should fail,
'Tis said McFee would doff his shirt, and still contrive
to sail.

The port is not on charts laid down, nor put on maps,
I ween,
Where, in his youth, or in his prime, some time he
hath not been.
He'll talk and tell of Plymouth town, of far Alaskan bays,
Of New Orleans and Puget Sound, Colombo and its
ways,
Of arrack drunks, and sam-shu spree, of Old Kain-
tucky rye;
But when he comes to talk of girls, be sure that none
are by:
For sailormen *are* sailormen—the same right all the
way
From Glasgow to the Golden Gate, from Rio to Bom-
bay;
And Neptune rules the rolling deep, but Venus reigns
ashore,
So rest assured that Venus is—as Venus was of yore!

EDWIN J. BRADY

A lusty glass of smoky Scotch, and pass the cabin jar ;
Here, fill yer pipe with " duty free " and smell the
smell o' tar.

Oh, hear 'em tramp the planks above—" Ey-hey !"
they strain and creak—

The music of the blocks, my lads, 'tis good to hear
them speak ;

But, oh, the sough of swirling seas that from her glide
and go.

The song of lone mid-ocean winds, and all the songs
ye know !

So roll along, so race along, so tack and turn and drive,
You'll get a taste o' sand and weed, or else—come
back alive ;

You'll take a swim some stormy night, but not for
pleasure's sake,

Or else, in ninety days from now, a deep long-beer
you'll take !

So pull away and haul away, and let the chanty rise—
'Tis watch and watch for ninety days and nights, and
" damn yer eyes !"

'Tis watch and watch when on the poop your skipper
takes his stand ;

When far behind and low behind and out o' sight the land !
" Sou'-East by East " her course is set, and " Nor'
by East " again,

With every inch o' canvas on, she cuts the seas amain ;
Across the world and round the world and bits o' port
between,

He lives the life that sailors live, McFee of Aberdeen !

WILL. H. OGILVIE

HABET!

Down! And the world's war-squadron splashes
Past, loose-reined, in the blood and the mire;
Brown arms sweep and the bared steel flashes
On to the goal of the World's desire.
Down! By the war-steed's hot hoofs cowering,
Broken the sword arm, bent the sword,
And away to the front leap the sabres showering
Blows for the Hell-hearth, blows for the Lord!
Did he clutch at the moon for jewel
To build on his bosom and wear?
Did he fight with a Fate too cruel
Or follow a face too fair?
What does it matter the reason why!
He is down; and it's little the world will care
As it sweeps in a foam-fret by.
Down! Weeps the moon, and he never wore it.
Down! And the stars mourn into the mist.
Fate's red weal is across his forehead;
Somebody's face has never been kissed!
Flushes the dawn, and one vulture-speck
Spires and spins in a reeling sky;—
Down! And it's little the World will reck
As it rides red-rowelled by.

WILL. H. OGILVIE

ABANDONED SELECTIONS

ON the crimson breast of the sunset
The Gray Selections lie,
And their lonely, grief-stained faces
Are turned to a pitiless sky;
They are wrinkled and seamed with drought-fire
And wound at the throat with weeds,
They sob in the aching loneliness
But never a passer heeds.

I pity you, Gray Selections,
As I pass you by in the light,
And I turn again with the shadows
To take your hand in the night;
In homesteads and yards deserted
'Tis little the world can see,
But the wail of your endless sorrow
Throbs under the moon to me.

I come to you, Gray Selections,
When the crickets gather and croon,
An hour at the back of the sunset,
An hour in advance of the moon;
How eager they are to whisper
Their tale as they hear me pass!
Twenty at once in the oak trees,
Ten at a time in the grass.

The night-winds are chanting above you
A dirge in the cedar trees
Whose green boughs groan at your shoulder,
Whose dead leaves drift to your knees;

WILL. H. OGILVIE

You cry, and the curlews answer;
You call, and the wild dogs hear;
Through gaps in the old log-fences
They creep when the night is near.

I stand by your fenceless gardens
And weep for the splintered staves;
I watch by your empty ingles
And mourn by your white-railed graves;
I see from your crumbling doorways
The whispering white forms pass,
And shiver to hear dead horses
Crop-cropping the long gray grass.

Where paddocks are dumb and fallow
And wild weeds waste to the stars
I can hear the voice of the driver,
The thresh of the swingle-bars;
I can hear the hum of the stripper
That follows the golden lanes,
The snort of the tiring horses,
The clink of the bucking chains.

It is night; but I see the smoke-wreaths
Float over the dancing haze;
I can hear the jackass laughing
When South winds rustle the maize;
I can catch the axes' ringing,
And out on the range's crown
I can hear the red fires roaring
And the great trees thundering down.

WILL. H. OGILVIE

I pity you, Gray Selections,
Your hearths as cold as a stone,
The days you must pass unaided,
The nights you must brave alone;
But most when the wailing curlews
Call over the drear lagoon,
And out of the ring-barked timber
Comes blazing the red, red moon.

They fought for you, Gray Selections,
The battle of long dry years,
Through seedtimes of sweat and sorrow
To harvests of hunger and tears;
You turned from the lips that wooed you
And Justice, awake on her throne,
For sake of those brave hearts broken,
Is watching you break your own!

FROM THE GULF

STORE cattle from Nelanjie! The mob goes feeding
past,
With half-a-mile of sandhill 'twixt the leaders and
the last;
The nags that move behind them are the good old
Queensland stamp—
Short backs and perfect shoulders that are priceless
on a camp;

WILL. H. OGILVIE

And these are *Men* that ride them, broad-chested,
tanned, and tall,
The bravest hearts amongst us and the lightest
hands of all:
Oh, let them wade in Wonga grass and taste the
Wonga dew,
And let them spread, those thousand head—for
we've been droving too!

Store cattle from Nelanjie! By half-a-hundred towns,
By Northern ranges rough and red, by rolling open
downs,
By stock-routes brown and burnt and bare, by flood-
wrapped river-bends,
They've hunted them from gate to gate—the drover
has no friends;
But idly they may ride to-day beneath the scorching
sun
And let the hungry bullocks try the grass on Wonga
run;
No overseer will dog them here to "see the cattle
through,"
But they may spread their thousand head—for we've
been droving too!

Store cattle from Nelanjie! They've a naked track to
steer;
The stockyards at Wodonga are a long way down
from here;
The creeks won't run till God knows when, and half
the holes are dry;
The tanks are few and far between and water's dear
to buy:

WILL. H. OGILVIE

There's plenty at the Brolga bore for all his stock
and mine—
We'll pass him with a brave God-speed across the
Border line ;
And if he goes a five-mile stage and loiters slowly
through,
We'll only think the more of him—for we've been
droving too !

Store cattle from Nelanjie ! They're mute as milkers
now ;
But yonder grizzled drover, with the care-lines on his
brow,
Could tell of merry musters on the big Nelanjie
plains,
With blood upon the chestnut's flanks and foam upon
the reins ;
Could tell of nights upon the road when those same
mild-eyed steers
Went ringing round the river bend and through the
scrub like spears ;
And if his words are rude and rough, we know
his words are true,
We know what wild Nelanjies are—and we've been
droving too !

Store cattle from Nelanjie ! Around the fire at night
They've watched the pine-tree shadows lift before
the dancing light ;
They've lain awake to listen when the weird bush-
voices speak,
And heard the lilting bells go by along the empty
creek ;

WILL. H. OGILVIE

They've spun the yarns of hut and camp, the tales
of play and work,
The wond'rous tales that gild the road from
Normanton to Bourke;
They've told of fortunes foul and fair, of women
false and true,
And well we know the songs they've sung—for
we've been droving too!

Store cattle from Nelanjie! Their breath is on the
breeze;
You hear them tread, a thousand head, in blue-grass
to the knees;
The lead is on the netting-fence, the wings are
spreading wide,
The lame and laggard scarcely move—so slow the
drovers ride.
But let them stay and feed to-day for sake of Auld
Lang Syne;
They'll never get a chance like this below the Border
Line;
And if they tread our frontage down, what's that to
me or you?
*What's ours to fare, by God they'll share! for we've been
droving too!*

THE BUSH, MY LOVER

THE camp-fire gleams resistance
To every twinkling star;
The horse-bells in the distance
Are jangling faint and far;

WILL. H. OGILVIE

Through gum-boughs lorn and lonely
The passing breezes sigh;
In all the world are only
My star-crowned Love and I.

The still night wraps Macquarie;
The white moon, drifting slow,
Takes back her silver glory
From watching waves below;
To dalliance I give over
Though half the world may chide,
And clasp my one true Lover
Here on Macquarie side.

The loves of earth grow olden
Or kneel at some new shrine;
Her locks are always golden—
This brave Bush-Love of mine;
And for her star-lit beauty,
And for her dawns dew-pearled,
Her name in love and duty
I guard against the world.

They curse her desert places!
How can they understand
Who know not what her face is
And never held her hand?—
Who may have heard the meeting
Of boughs the wind has stirred,
Yet missed the whispered greeting
Our listening hearts have heard.

WILL. H. OGILVIE

For some have travelled over
The long miles at her side,
Yet claimed her not as Lover
Nor thought of her as Bride:
And some have followed after
Through sun and mist for years,
Nor held the sunshine laughter,
Nor guessed the raindrops tears.

If we some white arms' folding,
Some warm, red mouth should miss—
Her hand is ours for holding,
Her lips are ours to kiss;
And closer than a lover
She shares our lightest breath,
And droops her great wings over
To shield us to the death.

And if her drougths are bitter,
Her dancing mirage vain—
Are all things gold that glitter!
What pleasure but hath pain?
And since among Love's blisses
Love's penalties must live,
Shall we not take her kisses
And, taking them, forgive?

The winds of Dawn are roving
The river-oaks astir . . .
What heart were lorn of loving
That had no Love but her?

WILL. H. OGILVIE

Till last red stars are lighted
And last winds wander West,
Her troth and mine are plighted—
The lover I love best!

“SOME TAKE NO HEED . . .”

SOME take no heed of any future day
But kiss Time's hand while wearing yet his bonds,
Dreaming their young full-blooded life away
Among Life's lotus-ponds.

And some there are who gird them shield and sword,
War dawn and noon, fight the red sunset down
To fall when night falls, with the same reward—
Death's dark-hued cypress crown.

Ah! when Death's hand our own warm hand hath
ta'en

Down the dark aisles his sceptre rules supreme,
God grant the fighters leave to fight again
And let the dreamers dream!

RODERIC QUINN

THE CAMP WITHIN THE WEST

O DID you see a troop go by
Way-weary and oppressed,
Dead kisses on the drooping lip
And a dead heart in the breast?

*Yea, I have seen them one by one
Way-weary and oppressed,
And when I asked them, "Whither speed?"
They answered, "To the West!"*

And were they pale as pale could be—
Death pale with haunted eyes,
And did you see the hot white dust
Range round their feet and rise?

*O, they were pale as pale could be,
And pale as an embered leaf;
The hot white dust had risen, but
They laid it with their grief.*

Did no one say the way is long,
And crave a little rest?
O no, they said, "The night is nigh,
Our camp is in the West!"

RODERIC QUINN

And did pain pierce their feet, as though
The way with thorns were set,
And were they visited by strange
Dark angels of regret?

*O yea, and some were mute as death,
Though shot by many a dart,
With them the salt of inward tears
Went stinging through the heart.*

And how are these wayfarers called,
And whither do they wend?
*The Weary-Hearted—and their road
At sunset hath an end.*

Shed tears for them . . . *Nay, nay, no tears!*
They yearn for endless rest;
Perhaps large stars will burn above
Their camp within the West.

A GREY DAY

THE long still day is ending
In hollow and on height,
The lighthouse seaward sending
White rays of steady light :

A little cloud is leading
A great cloud west by north ;
Woe waits on ships unheeding
That blindly venture forth . . .

RODERIC QUINN

All day the sea, dull-heaving,
Moaned low like one who ails,
While spectre hands were weaving
A veil o'er distant sails.

All day with drooping feather
And wings devoid of gleam,
The sea-birds grouped together
Forbore to wheel and scream.

Salt-arms and river-reaches
Were glazed and leaden-hued,
And haunting sodden beaches
Went grey-haired Solitude.

The dead leaves in the forest
Sank earthward all aswoon,
The green marsh-frogs that chorused
Had ta'en a sadder tune.

Lost loves and sins long hidden,
Through some unguarded gate,
Entered the soul unbidden
And made men desolate.

And fears beset the fearless,
And laughs were stayed to sigh,
And eyes long dry and tearless
Grew moist, and none knew why.

Gleamed red the covered ember
Beneath its ashen grey,
And some said, "I remember,"
And some, "'Twas such a day!"

RODERIC QUINN

And all were lonely-hearted,
Sight inward-set and blurred,
At touch or tone they started
And groped for fitting word.

Down-cast in weeds went Nature,
Stilling man's mirth and song;
And mourning through every creature
A grave and ancient wrong . . .

Light fades on hill and hollow;
Night falls, and close behind
Storm-rage and Sea-wrath follow
With wild cries on the wind.

THE LOTUS-FLOWER

ALL the heights of the high shores gleam
Red and gold at the sunset hour :
There comes the spell of a magic dream,
And the Harbour seems a lotus-flower ;

A blue flower tinted at dawn with gold,
A broad flower blazing with light at noon,
A flower forever with charms to hold
His heart, who sees it by sun or moon.

RODERIC QUINN

Its beauty burns like a ceaseless fire,
And tower looks over the top of tower;
For all mute things it would seem, aspire
To catch a glimpse of the lotus-flower.

Men meet its beauty with furrowed face,
And straight the furrows are smoothed away;
They buy and sell in the market-place,
And languor leadens their blood all day.

At night they look on the flower, and lo!
The City passes with all its cares:
They dream no more in its azure glow,
Of gold and silver and stocks and shares.

The Lotus dreams 'neath the dreaming skies,
Its beauty touching with spell divine
The grey old town, till the 'old town lies
Like one half-drunk with a magic wine.

Star-loved, it breathes at the midnight hour
A sense of peace from its velvet mouth.
Though flowers be fair—is there any flower
Like this blue flower of the radiant South?

Sun-loved and lit by the moon it yields
A challenge-glory or glow serene,
And men bethink them of jewelled shields,
A turquoise lighting a ground of green.

RODERIC QUINN

Fond lovers pacing beside it see
Not death and darkness, but life and light,
And dream no dream of the witchery
The Lotus sheds on the silent night.

Pale watchers weary of watching stars
That fall, and fall, and forever fall,
Tear-worn and troubled with many scars,
They seek the Lotus and end life's thrall.

The spirit spelled by the Lotus swoons,
Its beauty summons the artist mood;
And thus, perchance, in a thousand moons
Its spell shall work in our waiting blood.

Then souls shall shine with an old-time grace,
And sense be wrapped in a golden trance,
And art be crowned in the market-place
With Love and Beauty and fair Romance.

THE SEEKER

Good People, by your fires to-night
Sit close and praise the red, red wood!
The wind is cold, the moon is white;
With me who wander 'tis not well. it is not well, but
God is good.

RODERIC QUINN

'Fore birth I was foredoomed to roam,
To keep my soul and self apart,
An alien without hearth and home—
With me who wander 'tis not well: there is no
warmth of fire or heart.

I mate with all the wandering winds
That roam across the wintry earth;
What time behind your close-drawn blinds
Your firelit faces smile and smile, I would that I
might share their mirth.

But if I entered I should sit
A wordless dreamer at your fire,
With heart unwarmed and eyes unlit,
I should be like a spectre there, shut off from you
and your desire.

And yet, I would that I might warm
My heart and hands at your fire-glow,
But headlong seas and shouting storm
They thrill my blood, they fill my eyes, they call me
forth, and I must go.

Good People, maids and dames and sires,
Ye have your little woe and mirth,
Ye dream no dream; but there are spires
That point to stars, and still point on in spite of this
dark, drawing earth.

RODERIC QUINN

It is not well with me to-night,
And I by that strange shore would be,
Where, 'twixt day's last grey gleam and night,
A Wonder wanes that I alone of all the world must
seek and see.

What cliffs they be, what sea rolls there,
I do not know, but, spirit-chained,
Fled visions fill me with despair,
And all the washed grey foreland speaks of some
strange Wonder that hath waned.

Good People, bread and wine are good,
And all your visions goodly be,
But some may crave for other food,
And some are seekers from their birth, and dream
of lights they shall not see.

And there is he who fain would find
A Wonder by an alien shore :
Athwart the seas he speeds his mind,
But on the instant fades a light, and lo, the Wonder
is no more.

DAVID McKEE WRIGHT

AN OLD COLONIST'S REVERIE

DUSTILY over the highway pipes the loud nor'-wester
at morn,
Wind and the rising sun, and waving tussock and
corn ;
It brings to me days gone by when first in my ears
it rang,
The wind is the voice of my home, and I think of the
songs it sang
When, fresh from the desk and ledger, I crossed the
long leagues of sea—
“The old worn world is gone and the new bright
world is free.”

The wide, wild pastures of old are fading and passing
away,
All over the plain are the homes of the men who have
come to stay—
I sigh for the good old days in the station wharè
again ;
But the good new days are better—I would not be
heard to complain ;

DAVID M. WRIGHT

It is only the wind that cries with tears in its voice to
me
Of the dead men low in the mould who came with me
over the sea.

Some of them down in the city under the marble are
laid,
Some on the bare hillside in the mound by the lone
tree shade,
And some in the forest deeps of the west in their
silence lie,
With the dark pine curtain above shutting out the
blue of the sky.

And many have passed from my sight, whither I
never shall know,
Swept away in the rushing river or caught in the
mountain snow;
All the old hands are gone who came with me over
the sea,
But the land that we made our own is the same bright
land to me.

There are dreams in the gold of the kowhai, and
when rats are breaking in bloom
I can hear the rich murmur of voices in the deeps of
the fern-shadowed gloom.
Old memory may bring me her treasures from the
land of the blossoms of May,
But to me the hill daisies are dearer and the gorse on
the river bed grey;

DAVID M. WRIGHT

While the mists on the high hilltops curling, the dawn-
haunted haze of the sea,
To my fancy are bridal veils lifting from the face of
the land of the free.

The speargrass and cabbage trees yonder, the honey-
belled flax in its bloom,
The dark of the bush on the sidlings, the snow-crested
mountains that loom
Golden and grey in the sunlight, far up in the cloud-
fringed blue,
Are the threads with old memory weaving and the
line of my life running through;
And the wind of the morning calling has ever a song
for me
Of hope for the land of the dawning in the golden
years to be.

CHRISTOPHER J. BRENNAN

ROMANCE

OF old, on her terrace at evening
...not here...in some long-gone kingdom
O, folded close to her breast !...

—our gaze dwelt wide on the blackness
(was it trees? or a shadowy passion
the pain of an old-world longing
that it sobb'd, that it swell'd, that it shrank?)
—the gloom of the forest
blurr'd soft on the skirt of the night-skies
that shut in our lonely world.

...not here...in some long-gone world...

close-lock'd in that passionate arm-clasp
no word did we utter, we stirr'd not :
the silence of Death, or of Love...
only, round and over us
that tearless infinite yearning
and the Night with her spread wings rustling
folding us with the stars.

...not here...in some long-gone kingdom
of old, on her terrace at evening
O, folded close to her heart !...

CHRIS. BRENNAN

CITIES

THE yellow gas is fired from street to street
past rows of heartless homes and hearths unlit
dead churches, and the unending pavement beat
by crowds—say rather haggard shades that flit

round nightly haunts of their delusive dream
where'er our paradisa! instinct starves—
till on the utmost post, its sinuous gleam
crawls in the oily water of the wharves,

where Homer's sea loses his keen breath, hemm'd
what place rebellious piles were driven down—
the priestlike waters to this task condemn'd
to wash the roots of the inhuman town!—

where fat and strange-eyed fish that never saw
the outer deep, broad halls of sapphire light,
glut in the city's draught each nameless maw
—and there, wide-eyed unto the soulless night

methinks a drown'd maid's face might fitly show
what we have slain, a life that had been free,
clean, large, nor thus tormented—even so
as are the skies, the great winds and the sea.

Ay, we had saved our days and kept them whole
to whom no part in our old joy remains,
had felt those bright winds sweeping thro' our soul
and all the keen sea tumbling in our veins,

CHRIS. BRENNAN

had thrill'd to harps of sunrise, when the height
whitens and dawn dissolves in virgin tears,
or caught across the hush'd ambrosial night
the choral music of the swinging spheres

or drunk the silence if nought else—But no !
and from each rotting soul distil in dreams
a poison o'er the old earth creeping slow
that kills the flowers and curdles the live streams,

that taints the fresh breath of re-risen day
and reeks across the pale bewilder'd moon
—shall we be cleans'd and how? I only pray
red flame or deluge, may that end be soon !

“ I AM SHUT OUT OF MINE OWN HEART ”

I AM shut out of mine own heart
because my Love is far from me
nor in the wonder have I part
that fills its hidden empery ;

the wildwood of adventurous thought
and lands of dawn my dream had won,
the riches out of Faerie brought
are buried with our bridal sun ;

and I am in a narrow place
and all its little streets are cold
because the absence of her face
hath reft the sullen air of gold.

CHRIS. BRENNAN

My home is in a broader day
—sometimes I catch it glistening
thro' the dull gate, a flower'd play
and odour of undying Spring ;

the long days that I lived alone,
sweet madness of the Springs I miss'd
are shed beyond and thro' them blown
clear laughter and my lips are kiss'd

—and here from mine own joy apart
I wait the turning of the key :
I am shut out of mine own heart
because my Love is far from me.

JOHN LE GAY BRERETON

THE SEA MAID

IN what pearl-paven mossy cave
By what green sea
Art thou reclining, virgin of the wave,
In realms more full of splendid mystery
Than that strong northern flood whence came
The rise and fall of music in thy name—
Thy waiting name, Oithona !

The magic of the sea's own change
In depth and height,
From where the eternal order'd billows range
To unknown regions of sleep-weary night,
Fills, like a wonder-waking spell
Whispered by lips of some lone-murmuring shell,
Thy dreaming soul, Oithona.

In gladness of thy reverie
What gracious form
Will fly the errand of our love to thee,
By ways with winged messengers aswarm
Through dawn of opalescent skies,
To say the time is come and bid thee rise
And be our child, Oithona ?

J. LE GAY BRERETON

WILFRED

WHAT of these tender feet
That have never toddled yet?
What dances shall they beat,
With what red vintage wet?
In what wild way will they march or stray, by what
sly paynims met?

The toil of it none may share;
By yourself must the way be won
Through fervid or frozen air
Till the overland journey's done;
And I would not take, for your own dear sake, one
thorn from your track, my son.

Go forth to your hill and dale,
Yet take in your hand from me
A staff when your footsteps fail,
A weapon if need there be;
'Twill hum in your ear when the foeman's near,
athirst for the victory.

In the desert of dusty death
It will point to the hidden spring;
Should you weary and fail for breath,
It will burgeon and branch and swing
Till you sink to sleep in its shadow deep to the sound
of its murmuring.

.

J. LE GAY BRERETON

You must face the general foe—
A phantom pale and grim.
If you flinch at his glare, he'll grow
And gather your strength to him;
But your power will rise if you laugh in his eyes and
away in a mist he'll swim,

To your freeborn soul be true—
Fling parchment in the fire;
Men's laws are null for you,
For a word of Love is higher,
And can you do aught, when He rules your thought,
but follow your own desire?

You will dread no pinching dearth
In the home where you love to lie,
For your floor will be good brown earth
And your roof the open sky.
There'll be room for all at your festival when the
heart-red wine runs high.

.

Joy to you, joy and strife,
And a golden East before,
And the sound of the sea of life
In your ears when you reach the snore,
And a hope that still with as good a will you may
fight as you fought of yore.

J. LE GAY BRÉRETON

OPEN SPEECH

GOOD friend of mine, you feel with me—
Your blood grows hot by sympathy
With something that I say or do;
Then speak--I want a word from you.

Let not the silence wrap you round
While you are living over-ground.
They say that earthly years are few;
Then speak—I want a word from you.

Perhaps I pass you in the street,
And when our eyes a moment meet,
I wonder are you wishing too;
Then speak—I want a word from you.

Are you, too, longing for a sign,
Yet fear to stretch a hand for mine?
What other am I writing to?
Then speak—I want a word from you.

Some way our thoughts together run,
Since both lift brow toward the sun
Beneath the self-same vault of blue;
Then speak—I want a word from you.

SHAW NEILSON

SHEEDY WAS DYING

GREY as a rising ghost,
Helpless and dumb;
This he had feared the most—
Now it had come;
Through the tent door,
Mocking, defying,
The Thirsty Land lay,
And Sheedy was dying!

Why should he ever
Keep turning, keep turning
All his thoughts over
To quicken their burning?
Why should the North wind speak,
Creeping and crying?
—Who else could mourn for him?
Sheedy was dying!

Ay! he had travelled far—
Homeless, a rover;
Drunk his good share, and more
Half the world over;

SHAW NEILSON

So now had ended
All toiling and trying;
Out in his tent alone
Sheedy was dying!

Never a priest to say
Where he is going;
Ah! he shall take the road,
As he is knowing.
So!—to his rest—
And the North wind is crying:
Who else should mourn for him?
—Sheedy was dying!

Kind, in a surly way,
Somewhat rough-spoken;
Truth to his fellow men
Keeping unbroken;
With a strong man's contempt
For the world and its lying—
Now on his bunk alone,
Sheedy was dying!

Birds of the Thirsty Land
In the dull grey
Mist of the even-time
Floating away . . .
Still did the North wind speak,
Creeping and crying:
White, with his mouth agape,
Sheedy was dying!

ARTHUR H. ADAMS

THE DWELLINGS OF OUR DEAD

THEY lie unwatched, in waste and vacant places,
In sombre bush or wind-swept tussock spaces,
Where seldom human tread
And never human trace is—
The dwellings of our dead !

No insolence of stone is o'er them builded ;
By mockery of monuments unshielded,
Far on the unfenced plain
Forgotten graves have yielded
Earth to free earth again.

Above their crypts no air with incense reeling,
No chant of choir or sob of organ pealing ;
But ever over them
The evening breezes kneeling
Whisper a requiem.

For some the margeless plain where no one passes,
Save when at morning far in misty masses
The drifting flock appears.
Lo, here the greener grasses
Glint like a stain of tears !

ARTHUR H. ADAMS

For some the quiet bush, shade-strewn and saddened,
Whereso'er the herald tui, morning-gladdened,
Lone on his chosen tree,
With his new rapture maddened,
Shouts incoherently.

For some the gully where, in whispers tender,
The flax-blades mourn and murmur, and the slender
White ranks of toi go,
With drooping plumes of splendour,
In pageantry of woe.

For some the common trench where, not all fameless,
They fighting fell who thought to tame the tameless,
And won their barren crown;
Where one grave holds them nameless—
Brave white and braver brown.

But in their sleep, like troubled children turning,
A dream of mother-country in them burning,
They whisper their despair,
And one vague, voiceless yearning
Burdens the pausing air . . .

*“ Unchanging here the drab year onwards presses :
No Spring comes trysting here with new-loosed tresses,
And never may the years
Win Autumn's sweet caresses—
Her leaves that fall like tears.*

ARTHUR H. ADAMS

*And we would lie 'neath old-remembered beeches,
Where we could hear the voice of him who preaches
And the deep organ's call,
While close about us reaches
The cool, grey, lichen'd wall."*

But they are ours, and jealously we hold them ;
Within our children's ranks we have enrolled them,
And till all Time shall cease
Our brooding bush shall fold them
In her broad-bosomed peace.

They came as lovers come, all else forsaking,
The bonds of home and kindred proudly breaking ;
They lie in splendour lone—
The nation of their making
Their everlasting throne !

THE AUSTRALIAN

ONCE more this Autumn-earth is ripe,
Parturient of another type.

While with the Past old nations merge
His foot is on the Future's verge ;

They watch him, as they huddle pent,
Striding a spacious continent,

ARTHUR H. ADAMS

Above the level desert's marge
Looming in his aloofness large.

No flower with fragile sweetness graced—
A lank weed wrestling with the waste.

Pallid of face and gaunt of limb,
The sweetness withered out of him.

Sombre, indomitable, wan,
The juices dried, the glad youth gone.

A little weary from his birth;
His laugh the spectre of a mirth.

Bitter beneath a bitter sky,
To Nature he has no reply.

Wanton, perhaps, and cruel. Yes,
Is not his sun more merciless?

Joy has such niggard dole to give,
He laughs, a child, just glad to live.

So drab and neutral is his day
He gleans a splendour in the grey,

And from his life's monotony
He lifts a subtle melody.

When earth so poor a banquet makes
His pleasures at a gulp he takes.

ARTHUR H. ADAMS

The feast is his to the last crumb;
Drink while he can . . . the drought will come

His heart a sudden tropic flower,
He loves and loathes within an hour.

Yet you who by the pools abide,
Judge not the man who swerves aside.

He sees beyond your hazy fears;
He roads the desert of the years.

Rearing his cities in the sand,
He builds where even God has banned.

With green a continent he crowns,
And stars a wilderness with towns.

His gyves of steel the great plain wears :
With paths the distances he snares.

A child who takes a world for toy,
To build a nation, or destroy.

His childish features frozen stern,
A nation's task he has to learn,

From feeble tribes to federate
One splendid peace-encompassed State.

But if there be no goal to reach?
The way lies open, dawns beseech !

ARTHUR H. ADAMS

Enough that he lay down his load
A little further on the road

So, toward undreamt-of destinies
He slouches down the centuries.

BAYSWATER, W.

ABOUT me leagues of houses lie,
Above me, grim and straight and high,
They climb; the terraces lean up
Like long grey reefs against the sky.

Packed tier on tier the people dwell;
Each narrow, hollow wall is full;
And in that hive of honeycomb,
Remote and high, I have one cell.

And when I turn into my street
I hear in murmurous retreat
A tide of noises flowing out—
The city ebbing from my feet!

And lo! two long straight walls between,
There dwells a little park serene,
Where blackened trees and railings hem
A little handkerchief of green!

Yet I can see across the roof
The sun, the stars and . . . God! For proof—
Between the twisting chimney-pots
A pointing finger, old, aloof!

ARTHUR H. ADAMS

The traffic that the city rends
Within my quiet haven ends
In a deep murmur, or across
My pool a gentle ripple sends.

A chime upon the silence drab
Paints music; hooting motors stab
The pleasant peace; and, far and faint,
The jangling lyric of the cab!

And when I wander, proud and free,
Through my domain, unceasingly
The endless pageant of the shops
Marches along the street with me.

About me ever blossoming
Like rich parterres the hoardings fling
An opulence of hue, and make
Within my garden endless Spring.

The droning tram-cars spitting light :
And like great bees in drunken flight
Burly and laden deep with bloom,
The 'busses lumbering home at night !

Sometimes an afternoon will fling
New meaning on each sombre thing,
And low upon the level roofs
The sultry sun lies smouldering.

Sometimes the fog—that faery girl—
Her veil of wonder will unfurl,
And crescent gaunt and looming flat
Are sudden mysteries of pearl !

ARTHUR H. ADAMS

New miracles the wet streets show ;
On stems of flame the gas-lamps glow.
I walk upon the wave and see
Another London drowned below !

And when night comes strange jewels strew
The winding streets I wander through :
Like pearls upon a woman's throat
The street-lamps' swerving avenue !

In every face that passes mine
Unfathomed epics I divine :
Each figure on the pavement is
A vial of untasted wine !

Through lands enchanted wandering,
To all a splendour seems to cling.
Lo ! from a window-beacon high
Hope still the Night is questioning !

And so, ere sleep, I lie and mark
Romance's stealthy footsteps. Hark !
The rhythm of the horse's hoof
Bears some new drama through the dark !

So in this tall and narrow street
I lie as in Death's lone retreat
And hear, loud in the pulse of Life,
Eternity upon me beat !

BLANCHE EDITH BAUGHAN

THE HILL

FINE fresh mornin' ; a real Spring day ; Alps a smother
of snow,

Sea like a jolly good laugh spread out mile upon mile
below,

'Kowhai all yellow wi' blossom . . .

Nor'-east? Nor'-west it'll be, from here . . .

Ay!—Sharp and sudden, and bitter as ever, yonder the
Hill stands clear.

. . . Nothin' to see! Nor there couldn't be anythin'
now—only tongueless dust,

Snug, an' deep down under the tussock,—Keep guard
all the same I must!

Never had nerve to revisit the place ; nor I'll never get
nerve to quit

Here, where I can have it before me, an' see, an' make
sure of it.

Snow's the safest ; in storms I'm easy ; days o' the
runnin' fire,

I bother a bit—but it licks the crag, an' never creeps
up no higher.

BLANCHE EDITH BAUGHAN

Musterin' days—that's the terrible time!—Sickish I
turn, an' cold, . . .
Men—an' dogs!—nosin' over an' over . . . *an' what*
if you up an' told?

Well, you ain't gone back on me yet, old Hill! No-
body's ever knew,
Only me, an' the Stars an' Sea, in the twenty year—
an' You.
Twenty year! an', only in rains (which I reckon'd 'ud
help him rot),
Bet you there ain't been more than ten minutes together
when I've forgot.

. . Winter's evenin', an' wet : an' we'd swagg'd it
twenty-five mile an' more,
An' there was the lights at last, but far ; an' he grizzled
an' growl'd an' swore.
An' *I* was cold, an' *I* was starvin', an' there, on top o'
the Hill,
He anger'd me so as I struck—By God! but I never
meant to kill!

—Here I came, for, wherever one turns, here's the
view of It, up an' down,
An' one's near enough for the papers to tell if anythin's
told in Town.
Here I've lived, 'way back in the Bush—dunno what
the others think.
They come, an' they go ; my wharé's away by itself,
an' I don't dare drink.

BLANCHE EDITH BAUGHAN

Men as I've known 'ud ha' carried it off—married, an'
started sheep.
Couldn't,—just think o' the woman. . . . Besides,
what if I talk asleep?
Back in the wharé there's none to hear, an' the wind
it bellows an' blows—
Lord! it's lonesome and eerie enough—but it's safe,
though. *Nobody knows!*

In the dead o' night, at the very hour, often I wake,
an'—Hark! . . .
Nothin'! only the dreadful Sea, tellin' the dreadful
Dark;
An' they terrible Stars a-pointin' at me, witnessin'
layin' bare—
An' yet, that's a kind o' a little relief, that they know,
like the Hill: they share.

But I couldn't ha' done wi' lambs, nór I couldn't ha'
stood the face of a child—
There's little kiddies live hereabouts that pretty well
drives me wild.
When I have to pass by the schoolhouse door, my eyes
get sneakin' away;
Turn, o' themselves, to their own place, *there!*—waitin'
across the Bay.

It's a rummy thing, how the Spring can start an' the
Sun keep shinin' still,
Year after year,—an' all the time, *That* laid up in the
Hill?

BLANCHE EDITH BAUGHAN

An' the Stars go on, an' the Sea goes on, an' the lambs
can be born an' be.

You ha' thought 'twould ha' changed the world?—It
has : but only for him, an' me.

Ay! him in the Hill, an' me outside,—we ain't very
far apart;

For the shade o' you shadows my eyes, old Hill, and
the weight o' you wears my heart.

I struck but the once; for twenty year you've held my
neck to the knife.

Whether you tell in the end or not,—ain't he had his
“ life for a life ”?

. . . Was that a shake? . . . Thank God, it wasn't!
Shakes turn me silly wi' fright,

For then's your chance, if you've got a grudge, to spit
him up into the light.

Well, what if you did, eh? Whiles I fancy hangin'
could be no worse . . .

Dunno if you been my best o' friends all the while, or
my bitterest curse.

Here's the way-out, now—over the Point, where the
sea-birds swing an' dive;

The Hill 'ud be hidden . . . an' what do I get, any-
way, by bein' alive?

Jump over, and finish it! . . .

Can't! I can't! I've never had pluck to tell;
I haven't the pluck to hurry that smallest o' steps—
from here to Hell.

BLANCHE EDITH BAUGHAN

Well, some day it'll finish itself. I've written it all, so
then

Everybody on earth 'll know; but I shall ha' done wi'
men.

Poor old Jack, an' his Maker to face . . . but—one bit
o' the torment past :

No Hill!—all, everythin', known, an' open, an' public,
thank God, at last !

ETHEL TURNER

A TREMBLING STAR

"THERE is my little trembling star," she said.
I looked; once more
The tender sea had put the sun to bed,
And heaven's floor
Was grey.

And nowhere yet in all that young night sky
Was any star,
But one that hung above the sea. Not high,
Nor very far
Away.

"I watch it every night," she said, and crept
Within my arm.
"Soft little star, I wish the angels kept
It safe from harm
Always.

"I know it is afraid," she said; her eyes
Held a sweet tear.
"They send it all alone into the skies,
No big stars near,
To stay.

ETHEL TURNER

' They push it out before the sweet, kind moon
Lights up the sea.
They laugh because it fears the dark. ' Soon, soon,
You'll braver be,'
They say.

" One night I climbed far up that high white tree
Beside the beach,
And tried to stretch my hand across the sea
And tried to reach
The grey.

" For something made me feel my heart would break
Unless that night
I in my hand my trembling star could take
And kiss its fright
Away.

" There only blew a strange wind chillily,
And clouds were swept.
The angels would not let my own star see
That someone wept.
I pray

" To Christ, who hears my little prayers each night,
That He will seek
Through all His skies for that sweet, frightened
light,
And stoop His cheek
And say

ETHEL TURNER

“ ‘ My angels must not send so frail a thing
To light the West.
Lift up the little trembling star to cling
About my breast
Alway.’ ”

ORPHANED BY THE SEA

“ It seems to me,” she said,
“ It seems to me,
The sea should all be red
As red can be.

How can it laugh and play,
Be blue, with blown, sweet spray,
Sing songs to wake the day,
Lull it to sleep,

While on this sea-swept strand,
With face turned from the land,
All red and rainbow spanned,
I stand and weep?

Somewhere in that wide space
Of blue and filmy lace,
With dead sweet eyes and face,
My mother lies.

Somewhere there is a wave
Sweeps o'er my father's grave,
Then comes this beach to lave
And laughing, dies.

ETHEL TURNER

And when I see the blue
Dimpling and leaping too,
Like baby used to do,
My eyes grow blind.

Such little hands and sweet,
Such slender, rosy feet,
For waves to toss and beat
With every wind.

That's why always to me
Blue seems too soft to be
The colour for the sea,
The cruel sea.

It seems to me," she said,
" It seems to me,
The sea should all be red
As red can be."

MARIE LOUISE MACK

"I TAKE MY LIFE INTO MY HANDS . . ."

I TAKE my life into my hands :
You shall not touch, you shall not see,
I hold it there away from you,
The fitful shining soul in me.

Ah, but you do not know 'tis hid,
Because you did not know 'twas there :
You look along the curving lip,
Search the deep eyes and touch the hair,

And cry, " Oh, love me, Woman, love !
Your eyes are stars, your mouth a flower."
And all the while a low voice says,
" This is a fool without the power

To look beneath, and find a free
Unfettered spirit, serving none ;
A heart that loves and does not love,
A space untrod by anyone."

You do not look for these. Yet I,
So loved and loving, wonder too
If underneath that clamour dwells
Just such a hidden world in you.

LOUISE MACK

For you, perhaps, have turned your soul,
And held it there away from me,
Saying, "She would not recognise;
She would not know, she could not see."

So let us keep our silences!
I'll honour yours, or mine will break.
And you, guard well the sacredness
Of mine, for your own soul's shrine's sake.

"I DREAMED OF ITALY . . ."

I DREAMED of Italy,
And you were there . . .
Oh, Italy, dream Italy!
Are you so fair?

A golden gondola
For ever fled
Up silver waterways :
An old moon led.

Beneath a midnight bridge
We slower swept,
And kissed and whispered where
The black shades crept.

And Dante passed and smiled,
And Beatrice :
Their little gondola
Was gold as this.

LOUISE MACK

Old angel Italy
Was everywhere—
Poets and painters dead,
They were all there.

When I see Italy . . .
Oh, broken dream!
For you are sleeping by
An Austral stream;

And golden gondola,
And nightingale,
And ah, the shadowy bridge,
Are all a tale!

TO SYDNEY

CITY, I never told you yet—
Oh, little City, let me tell—
A secret woven of your wiles,
Dear City with the angel face,
And you will hear with frowning grace,
Or will you break in summer smiles?

This is the secret, little town,
Lying so lightly towards the sea.
City, my secret has no art,
Dear City with the golden door;
But oh, the whispers I would pour
Into your ears—into your heart!

LOUISE MACK

You are my lover, little place,
Lying so sweetly all alone.
And yet I cannot, cannot tell
My secret, for the voice will break
That tries to tell of all the ache
Of this poor heart beneath your spell.

Dreaming, I tell you all my tale;
Tell how that the tides that wash your feet
Sink through my heart and cut its cords,
Dreaming, I hold my arms, and drag
All, all into my heart—the flag
On the low hill turned harbourwards,

And all the curving little bays,
The hot, dust-ridden, narrow streets,
The languid turquoise of the sky,
The gardens flowing to the wave,
I drag them in. O City, save
The grave for me where I must lie!

Yet humbly I would try to build
Stone upon stone for this town's sake;
Humbly would try for you to aid
Those whose wise love for you will rear
White monuments far off and near,
White, but unsoiled, undesecrate.

JOHANNES CARL ANDERSEN

SOFT, LOW AND SWEET

SOFT, low and sweet, the blackbird wakes the day,
And clearer pipes, as rosier grows the gray
Of the wide sky, far, far into whose deep
The rath lark soars, and scatters down the steep
His runnel song, that skyey roundelay.

Earth with a sigh awakes; and tremors play,
Coy in her leafy trees, and falt'ring creep
Across the daisy lawn and whisper, "Well-a-day,"
Soft, low and sweet.

From violet-banks the scent-clouds float away
And spread around their fragrance, as of sleep :
From ev'ry mossy nook the blossoms peep ;
From ev'ry blossom comes one little ray
That makes the world-wealth one with Spring,
alway
Soft, low and sweet.

MAUI VICTOR

UNHEWN in quarry lay the Parian stone,
Ere hands, god-guided, of Praxiteles

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN

Might shape the Cnidian Venus. Long ungrown
The ivory was which, chiselled, robbed of ease
Pygmalion, sculptor-lover. Now are these,
The stone and ivory, immortal made.

The golden apples of Hesperides
Shall never, scattered, in blown dust be laid,
Till Time, the dragon-guard, has lived his last
decade.

The Cnidian Venus, Galatea's shape,
A wondering world beheld, as we behold,—
Here, in blest isles beyond the stormy Cape,
Where man the new land dowers with the old,
Are neither marble shapes nor fruits of gold,
Nor white-limbed maidens, queened enchantress-wise;
Here, Nature's beauties no vast ruins enfold,
No glamour fills her such as 'wildering lies
Where Mediterranean waters laugh to Grecian skies.

Acropolis with figure group and frieze,
Parthenon, Temple, concepts born divine,
Where in these Isles are wonders great as these?
Unquarried lies the stone in teeming mine,
Bare is the land of sanctuary and shrine;
But though frail hands no god-like record set
Great Nature's powers are lavish, and combine
In mountain dome, ice-glancing minaret,
Deep fiord, fiery fountain and lake with tree-wove
carcanet.

And though the dusky race that to and fro,
Like their own shades, pass by and leave no trace,

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN

No age-contemning works from quick brain throw,
They still have left what Time shall not efface,—
The legends of an isolated race.

Not vainly Maui strove; no, not in vain

He dared the old Mother of Death and her embrace :
That mankind might go free, he suffered pain—
And death he boldly dared, eternal life to gain.

Not death but dormancy the old womb has known,

New love shall quicken it, new life attain : —

These legends old in ivory and stone

Shall live their recreated life again,—

Shall wake, like Galatea, to joy and pain.

Legends and myths and wonders; what are these

But glittering mines that long unworked have lain ?

A Homer shall unlock with magic keys

Treasure for some antipodean Praxiteles !

DORA WILCOX

IN LONDON

WHEN I look out on London's teeming streets,
On grim grey houses, and on leaden skies,
My courage fails me, and my heart grows sick,
And I remember that fair heritage
Barter'd by me for what your London gives.
This is not Nature's city : I am kin
To whatsoever is of free and wild,
And here I pine between these narrow walls,
And London's smoke hides all the stars from me,
Light from mine eyes, and Heaven from my heart.

For in an island of those Southern seas
That lie behind me, guarded by the Cross
That looks all night from out our splendid skies,
I know a valley opening to the East.
There, hour by hour, the lazy tide creeps in
Upon the sands I shall not pace again—
Save in a dream,—and, hour by hour, the tide
Creeps lazily out, and I behold it not,
Nor the young moon slow sinking to her rest
Behind the hills; nor yet the dead white trees
Glimmering in the starlight : they are ghosts
Of what has been, and shall be never more.
No, never more !

DORA WILCOX

Nor shall I hear again
The wind that rises at the dead of night
Suddenly, and sweeps inward from the sea,
Rustling the tussock, nor the wekas' wail
Echoing at evening from the tawny hills.
In that deserted garden that I lov'd
Day after day, my flowers drop unseen;
And as your Summer slips away in tears,
Spring wakes our lovely Lady of the Bush,
The Kowhai, and she hastes to wrap herself
All in a mantle wrought of living gold;
Then come the birds, who are her worshippers,
To hover round her; tuís swift of wing,
And bell-birds flashing sudden in the sun,
Carolling: Ah! what English nightingale,
Heard in the stillness of a summer eve,
From out the shadow of historic elms,
Sings sweeter than our Bell-bird of the Bush?
And Spring is here: now the Veronica,
Our Koromiko, whitens on the cliff,
The honey-sweet Manuka buds, and bursts
In bloom, and the divine Convolvulus,
Most fair and frail of all our forest flowers,
Stars every covert, running riotous.
O quiet valley, opening to the East,
How far from this thy peacefulness am I!
Ah me, how far! and far this stream of Life
From thy clear creek fast falling to the sea!

Yet let me not lament that these things are
In that lov'd country I shall see no more;

DORA WILCOX

All that has been is mine inviolate,
Lock'd in the secret book of memory.
And though I change, my valley knows no change.
And when I look on London's teeming streets,
On grim grey houses, and on leaden skies,
When speech seems but the babble of a crowd,
And music fails me, and my lamp of life
Burns low, and Art, my mistress, turns from me,—
Then do I pass beyond the Gate of Dreams
Into my kingdom, walking unconstrained
By ways familiar under Southern skies;
Nor unaccompanied; the dear dumb things
I lov'd once, have their immortality.
There too is all fulfilment of desire:
In this the valley of my Paradise
I find again lost ideals, dreams too fair
For lasting; there I meet once more mine own
Whom Death has stolen, or Life estranged from
me,—
And thither, with the coming of the dark,
Thou comest, and the night is full of stars.

HUGH McCRAE

METAMORPHOSIS

ADOWN, into the pool, she stepp'd
As deep as her white thigh;
No lotus-lily ever slept,
No swan-drawn cloud on high
(Sailing between the coasts of Heaven
Upon a painted sea)
But held her chiefest of the seven
Bright stars of faëry.

And, where she walked, a rippling wreath
Of bubbles swept the stream,
Like garlands, flung by Triton 'neath
A sculptor's marble dream;
And on her shadow water-wings
Of golden fish were sewn
That flamed and flutter'd thro' the rings
Of sun-kissed pumice-stone.

The powdery blossoms of a vine
Dropped honey in her hair,
And chequered leaves spread out, to twine
Green awnings, pricked with rare

HUGH McCRAE

Pale patterns; while, between her breasts,
Grown sleepy at his play,
A panting Jack-o'-lanthorn rests
In sensual delay.

There was no sound (such reverie
Possessed that thoughtful nook) . . .
The music of a moving tree
Which rose beside the brook
And drank its water . . . That alone—
Like some great sonnet read,
Hush'd to a whisper—made a tone
Of gold on silver thread.

But lo, beyond a row of hives
Twelve heart-beats from the place,
A rain-black statue cursed the gyves
That chain'd him to his base,
Till Jove, thro' pity for such plight,
Sent Mercury to give
Fire to his soul . . . Empyrean light . . .
To make the statue live.

Down from his pedestal he sprang
Between the young sweet rods .
His twisted anklets clashed and rang
Up to the startled gods!
Thro' musk-rose and thro' marjoram
He sped upon the breeze
To where the banner'd lilies swam
About her lovely knees.

HUGH McCRAE

His breath, caught quickly, drew her eyes'
 Slow petals open till
It seemed the air drank sacrifice
 Of some rich-flowered hill;
And, through the leafage, like a dove,
 Her frighten'd heart took wing
To Venus, on a cloud above,
 The Queen of Evening.

No prayer was ever answered yet
 More swift or freely free;
No demi-devil, black as jet,
 More baulked of villainy . . .
For, tho' he hold, he may not win—
 O see What potent charms!
A lifeless statue clasped within
 A living statue's arms.

NEVER AGAIN

SHE looked on me with sadder eyes than Death,
And moving thro' the large autumnal trees,
Failed like a phantom on the bitter breath
Of midnight; and the unillumined seas
Roared in the darkness out of centuries.

Never on earth, or in the holy sky
Beyond the limits of the secret ring
God walls about His Kingdom jealously,
Has ever been a fairer, sweeter thing
Than she: more fair than all imagining .

HUGH McCRAE

Never again! though I should waste the hours
To search the galleries of angels thro',
Or, in the exhalation of the flowers,
Gaze for her spirit, tremulous as dew,
To re-ascend th' unfathomable blue . . .

I seek her in the labyrinthine maze
Of stars unravelling their golden chain,
And, from my cavern, mark the lightning blaze
A pathway for her down the singing rain . . .
In vain, in vain: She cannot come again.

ARCHIBALD T. STRONG

BALLADE OF LONDON TOWN

I LOVE the gloves : I love the foils :
I love Dunbar : I love Verlaine.
I love the scent of Eastern soils,
I love the glow of Western grain :
I love the wine that pricks the brain,
I love the weed that lays the frown :
I love the sea, the ever-sane—
I love the lights of London Town !

Where thin and slow, Campaspé coils
Athwart the burnt Australian plain,
The white flame leaps, the billy boils,
And tongues are free and hearts are fain—
But o'er the mopoke's dread refrain
As sheer the Southern night slips down
The City's call swells clear again—
I love the lights of London Town !

Our London hath us in her toils.
What recks the eye of fairy Spain?
What recks the heart of Asia's spoils?
The joys are drear, and dross the gain.

ARCHIBALD T. STRONG

Give me my dank and dear domain :
I love the Courts, the Templar's gown—
I love the rush, the roar, the rain,
I love the lights of London Town !

L'ENVOI

With alien loves I strive in vain
My utter love of thee to drown.
Dear City mine ! for peace or pain
I love the lights of London Town !

BAUDELAIRE

IN Baudelaire the stern white ray
Beats sheer upon the graven way,
Metallic glints affront the eye,
The shades are ink ; the tense hot sky
Holds earth in cruel rapier-play.

Nor dappled dusk of frond and spray,
Nor veiling grace of cloudlet gray,
Can stem the naked noonday high,
In Baudelaire.

Yet here doth Beauty often stray,
And, though mid mists of waning day
There flits no shadowy Naiad shy,
Yet fierce Delight is ever nigh,
And Passion's self hath endless sway
In Baudelaire.

WILL. LAWSON

THE MAILS

*The tail-rods leap in their bearings—
They rise with a rush and ring ;
They sink to the sound of laughter,
And hurried and short they sing—
We carry the Mails—
His Majesty's Mails—
Make way for the Mails of the King!*

We've swung her head for the open bay,
And, spun by the prisoned steam,
The screws are drumming the miles away
Where the bright star-shadows dream.
She lifts and sways to the ocean swell—
The light-house glares on high,
And the fisher-lads in their boats will tell
How they saw the Mail go by ;
A-thrill from keel to her quiv'ring spars—
With the screw-foam boiling white,
And black smoke dimming the watching stars
As she soared through the soundless night.
“ Full speed a-head ! ” shout the racing rods—
“ Full speed ! ” and spray on the rail !

WILL. LAWSON

We'll heed no order to stop save God's,
For we are the Ocean Mail.

The big fish shudder to hear the thud
And stamp of our engine-room,
As we thunder on, with our decks a-flood,
Through the blind, bewildering gloom. . .
A faint, hoarse hail, and a waving light—
The whirr of our steering gear—
And we are staggering in our flight
With a fishing-boat just clear—
We carry the wealth of the world I trow,
And the power and fame of men—
The angry word, and the lover's vow,
All held in the turn of a pen.
And stars swing out in the skies a-thrill.
And the weary stars grow pale;
But night and day we are driving still,
For we are the Ocean Mail.

The sailing-craft and the clumsy tramps
Loom up and are lost astern,
And the stars of their bridge and mast-head lamps
Are the only stars that burn.
To the clash and ring of the whirling steel,
And the crash and swing of the seas,
We carry the grief that the mothers feel
As they sob and pray on their knees.
The cares and joys of the throbbing world
Are measured in piston-strokes,

WILL. LAWSON

When the bright prow-smother is split and hurled,
And the hot wake steams and smokes,
To the swinging blows of the heavy throws,
And the slide-valves' moaning wail,
We'll swing and soar with our flues a-roar,
For we are the Ocean Mail.

They watch for us at the harbour-mouth,
And wait for us on the quay,
Looking ever to east and south
For our head-light on the sea.
And onward, surging, we're racing fast
Where the shy mermaiden dwells,
And the crested kings of the deep ride past;
(Oh! the pomp of the rolling swells)
Lone lighthouse-men when they see our star
Lift clear of the starry maze,
Will watch us swagger across the bar
And swing to the channelled ways.
Yet never a sign or a sound we give—
No blast of horn or a hail—
For we must race that the world may live,
And we are the Ocean Mail.

*The good screws, labouring under,
Laugh loud as they lift and fling
The eddying foam behind them,
And muttering low they sing—
Make way for the Mail—
His Majesty's Mails—
We carry the Mails for the King!*

WILL. LAWSON

THE SHUNTER

*The engine-bars are splashed and starr'd—
They've killed a shunter in the yard.*

“ He never seen how he was struck,
And he died sudden,” someone said.
The driver coughed—“ That flamin' truck
Come on the slant and struck him dead.”
The fireman choked and growled “ Hard luck !”
As he was carried to the shed.

The engine whistles short and low,
(His blood is on her ' catcher-bars ')
We had to let his young wife know
His soul had passed beyond the stars,
Where he will hear no engines blow,
Nor listen for the coming cars.

She stared and stared—until he came,
On four men's shoulders, up the hill.
She sobbed and laughed and called his name,
And shivered when he lay so still—
She had no cruel words of blame—
She bore no one of us ill-will.

They've washed the rails and sprinkled sand.
(Oh ! hear the mail go roaring on !)
And he was just a railway hand—
A hidden star that never shone—

WILL. LAWSON

And no one seems to understand—

Her heart is broken! He is gone!

The engine-bars are cold and hard—

They've killed a shunter in the yard.

LESLIE H. ALLEN

THE DARK ROOM

I

A NEAR sky hung with sullen cloud,
Dull orange o'er the mountain-crest.
A slope of shadows in the West,
And on the mead a misty shroud.

The sombre pine-shade darkeneth !
There broods o'er every solemn tree
The silence of expectancy,
The very wind hath held its breath.

And I have bared my aching head,
And lean upon the window-sill,
The lamp is low, the room is still,
—We wait to hear she is not dead.

II

The nurse is kind, to have her due,
Soft-eyed, firm-handed—yes I know—
She has not moved this hour or two,
Why will she never, never, go?

LESLIE H. ALLEN

The gray-haired doctor, too, is good,
And yet I hate him by the bed,
His watch ticks slow as dropping blood,
He will not even shake his head.

The white cap moves, the gray head shakes,
I catch a whispered word of her,
I long for silence now it breaks—
The coverlet, it *will* not stir.

III

They said it was an opiate
A gentle sleep to woo,
I should be glad, but how I hate
That bottle livid-blue!

It makes the yellow lamplight burn
So green and ghastlily,
It makes her white, white features turn
A hue I dare not see.

I said "If but the fever cease
I will not weep again."
'Twere better than this marble peace
To see her in her pain.

So still she lies, so silently
She scarcely seems my own!
I never thought that there could be
A beauty in a moan.

LESLIE H. ALLEN

IV

They closed the door so soft, it made
The silence like a knife;
They stepped as they were fugitives;
Oh, how I like a tread that gives
Some echo of its life!

Before he left the doctor smiled,
But there was more to mark;
His handshake left my fingers burnt,
His straight lips twitched—for I have learnt
To see well in the dark.

The kind nurse turned her back to me,
But somewhere I heard sighs,
And in the mirror's dim relief
I saw a death-white handkerchief
Was pressed before her eyes.

Oh, wife, do not pretend so long
Now we are quite alone!
You only need to whisper, dear!
I breathe the darkness like a fear—
Am I the only one?

V

No more the roses on your cheek!
No more the passion of your breath?
I dare not think you will not speak,

LESLIE H. ALLEN

You will not speak !
You are too fair for death !

I lay my head upon your breast.
And hear no more the life-blood beat.
I dare not think your heart is still,
Your heart is still !
Oh wake and kiss me sweet !

Ah think ! a little child is born,
And it will be like you, they say,
I dare not think you will not know,
You will not know !
Or ever watch it play.

My darling, did your eyelids stir?
Your white lips quiver? Let me hark !
I dare not think your soul is dead,
Your soul is dead !
Why is the room so dark ?

.

ERNEST CURRIE

LAUDABUNT ALII

THERE are some that long for a limpid lake by a blue
Italian shore,
Or a palm-grove out where the rollers break and the
coral beaches roar;
There are some for the land of the Japanee, and the
tea-girls' twinkling feet;
And some for the isles of the summer sea, afloat in
the dancing heat;
And others are exiles all their days, midst black or
white or brown,
Who yearn for the clashing of crowded ways, and the
lights of London town.

But always I would wish to be where the seasons
gently fall
On the Further Isle of the Outer Sea, the last little
isle of all,
A fair green land of hill and plain, of rivers and
water-springs,
Where the sun still follows after the rain, and ever
the hours have wings,

ERNEST CURRIE

With its bosomed valleys where men may find retreat
from the rough world's way . . .
Where the sea-wind kisses the mountain-wind between
the dark and the day.

The combers swing from the China Sea to the Cali-
fornia Coast,
The North Atlantic takes toll and fee of the best of
the Old World's boast,
And the waves run high with the tearing crash that
the Cape-bound steamers fear—
But they're not so free as the waves that lash the
rocks by Sumner pier,
And wheresoever my body be, my heart remembers
still
The purple shadows upon the sea, low down from
Sumner hill.

The warm winds blow through Kuringai; the cool
winds from the South
Drive little clouds across the sky by Sydney harbour-
mouth;
But Sydney Heads feel no such breeze as comes from
nor'-west rain
And takes the pines and the blue-gum trees by hill and
gorge and plain,
And whistles down from Porter's Pass, over the fields
of wheat,
And brings a breath of tussock grass into a Christ-
church street.

ERNEST CURRIE

Or the East wind dropping its sea-born rain, or the
South wind wild and loud
Comes up and over the waiting plain, with a banner
of driving cloud;
And if dark clouds bend to the teeming earth, and the
hills are dimmed with rain,
There is only to wait for a new day's birth and the
hills stand out again.
For no less sure than the rising sun, and no less glad
to see
Is the lifting sky when the rain is done and the wet
grass rustles free.

Some day we may drop the Farewell Light, and lose
the winds of home—
But where shall we win to a land so bright, however
far we roam?
We shall long for the fields of Maoriland, to pass as
we used to pass
Knee-deep in the seeding tussock, and the long lush
English-grass.
And we may travel a weary way ere we come to a
sight as grand
As the lingering flush of the sun's last ray on the
peaks of Maoriland.

GEORGE CHARLES WHITNEY

THE RIME OF THE VAGABOND

THIS ancient earth is mine
With all its treasure-hoard,
The Jewel and the Swine,
The Abject and the Lord.

I feel the pulse of Spring;
I mark the destinies
That whirl the earth, and sing
Unheeded prophecies.

And while men meet in strife
In cities grey and grim,
And pay their forfeit life,
Or raise their Mammon-hymn,

Forward I fare with song,
Weaving my pleasant dreams;
The lane of Spring is long,
And lingers by the streams.

Birds in the morning grey,
Birds when the white moon shows—
Matins at break of day,
And vespers at its close.

GEORGE C. WHITNEY

Through rents the blue sky slips,
Rents in the sombre trees;
Clouds, in my thought, are ships
Sailing on sleeping seas.

You know, who never slept
With but the boughs above,
Days that have died unwept,
Nights that were void of love.

You see no dimming skies,
No last pale stars and lorn,
Nor yet with raptured eyes
Behold the birth of morn.

But I in greenwood stray,
Where trees defeat the light,
And see in dreaming day
A dryad dazzling-white;

And, as in old world tale
And lays of fair Romance,
Pass singing down the vale,
A wandering free-lance.

When Autumn's vintage stains
The earth—a generous flood—
I feel within my veins
The vagrant gipsy blood.

GEORGE C. WHITNEY

I sing of twilight when,
 Shrouded in dusk, I dream
Of shadows in the glen,
 Of moonlight on the stream.

I stir from out my sleep
 And wonder without speech
To hear the slow tides creep
 Along the silent beach ;

O Wine of Life and Joy
 Unmixed with bitterness !
O gold without alloy,
 The gold of La Jeunesse !

A vagabond I roam
 The earth from shore to shore
And ever find for home
 The old Red Road before.

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

THE OPEN SEA

FROM my window I can see,
Where the sandhills dip,
One far glimpse of open sea.
Just a slender slip
Curving like a crescent moon—
Yet a greater prize
Than the harbour garden-fair
Spread beneath my eyes.

Just below me swings the bay,
Sings a sunny tune,
But my heart is far away
Out beyond the dune;
Clearer far the sea-gulls' cry
And the breakers' roar,
Than the little waves beneath
Lapping on the shore.

For that strip of sapphire sea
Set against the sky,
Far horizons means to me—
And the ships go by
Framed between the empty sky
And the yellow sands,
While my freed thoughts follow them
Out to other lands.

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

All its changes who can tell?
I have seen it shine
Like a jewel polished well,
Hard and clear and fine;
Then soft lilac—and again
On another day
Glimpsed it through a veil of rain,
Shifting, drifting grey.

When the livid waters flee,
Flinching from the storm,
From my window I can see,
Standing safe and warm,
How the white foam tosses high
On the naked shore,
And the breakers' thunder grows
To a battle-roar. . . .

Far and far I look—Ten miles?
No, for yesterday
Sure I saw the Blessed Isles
Twenty worlds away.
My blue moon of open sea,
Is it little worth?
At the least it gives to me
Keys of all the earth!

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

MY COUNTRY

THE love of field and coppice,
Of green and shaded lanes,
Of ordered woods and gardens
Is running in your veins.
Strong love of grey-blue distance
Brown streams and soft, dim skies—
I know but cannot share it,
My love is otherwise.

I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
Of ragged mountain ranges,
Of droughts and flooding rains
I love her far horizons,
I love her jewel-sea,
Her beauty and her terror—
The wide brown land for me!

The stark white ring-barked forests,
All tragic to the moon,
The sapphire-misted mountains,
The hot gold hush of noon.
Green tangle of the brushes,
Where lithe lianas coil,
And orchids deck the tree tops
And ferns the warm dark soil.

Core of my heart, my country!
Her pitiless blue sky,
When sick at heart, around us,
We see the cattle die—

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

But then the grey clouds gather,
And we can bless again
The drumming of an army,
The steady, soaking rain.

Core of my heart, my country !
Land of the Rainbow Gold,
For flood and fire and famine,
She pays us back three-fold.
Over the thirsty paddocks,
Watch, after many days,
The filmy veil of greenness
That thickens as we gaze. . . .

An opal-hearted country,
A wilful, lavish land—
All you who have not loved her,
You will not understand—
Though earth holds many splendours,
Wherever I may die,
I know to what brown country
My homing thoughts will fly.

NOTES ON THE POEMS.

P. 8. *Soul Ferry*. "Founded on a note by Tzetzes upon Lycophron, quoted in Keightley's 'Mythology of Greece and Rome.'"—*Author's Note*.

P. 11. Sir James Martin, born 1820, Premier and subsequently Chief Justice of New South Wales, died 4th November, 1886.

P. 12. The first six stanzas of *The Dedication of Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes* to the author of "Holmby House" (Whyte Melville).

P. 14. First printed in *The Australasian* under the title of "Frustra."

P. 15. First appeared in *The Colonial Monthly* as here printed. A final stanza written by Gordon, but struck out on the advice of a friend, was preserved by the late Mr. J. J. Shillinglaw:—

I don't suppose I shall though, for I feel like sleeping sound,
That sleep, they say, is doubtful. True; but yet
At least it makes no difference to the dead man underground
What the living men remember or forget.
Enigmas that perplex us in the world's unequal strife,
The future may ignore or may reveal;
Yet some, as weak as water, Ned, to make the best of life,
Have been to face the worst as true as steel.

P. 20. The first portion of the original poem has been omitted.

P. 28. Portion of a long poem printed in four numbers of *The Melbourne Review*, 1883

P. 32. The phrase—"tormented and awry with passion"—also appears in Walter Pater's essay on "Aesthetic Poetry," which, according to Mr Ferris Greenslet's monograph on Pater, was written in 1868, but first published in *Appreciations*, 1889. *Leaves from Australian Forests*, in which these sonnets were first printed, was published in Melbourne in 1869.

P. 35. *Wallaroo*—native name of a large species of Kangaroo (*macropus robustus*).

P. 35. *Nullah*—a club used in warfare by Australian aborigines.

NOTES ON THE POEMS

P. 36. *Corroboree*—an aboriginal dance of men only, held before a battle and at religious festivals.

Lubra—an aboriginal woman.

P. 39. Dedicatory verses of *Songs from the Mountains*.

P. 44. Hy-Brasil, or Tir-Nan-Oge, is the fabled Island of the Blessed, the paradise of ancient Ireland.

P. 47. From a poem left unfinished at the author's death. First printed in *Poems* (1886).

P. 49. "Tigilau, the son of Tui Viti"; an attempt to paraphrase a legend of Samoa, is remarkable as evidence of direct intercourse between Samoa and Fiji, and as showing by the use of the term "Tui Viti" that a king once reigned over all Fiji. The singularly poetic and rhythmical original will be found in a paper contributed by Mr. Pritchard, F.A.S.I., etc., to the Anthropological Society of London."—*Author's Note*.

P. 52. First printed in *The Australasian* over the signature "Australis."

P. 53. First printed in "Flotsam and Jetsam"; reprinted, with alterations, as Proem to "Ranolf and Amohia," Second Edition, 1883

P. 54. "A very free paraphrase of a song in Sir George Grey's collection. 'Ropa' is a declaration of love by pinching the fingers."—*Author's Note*.

Pp. 61, 62. Stanzas from "Convict Once" [pp. 216-7, 188-9 respectively of *Poetical Works* (1912)].

P. 75. "The unexplored parts of Australia are sometimes spoken of by the bushmen of Western Queensland as the home of the Pelican, a bird whose nesting-place, so far as the writer knows, is seldom, if ever, found."—*Author's Note*.

P. 76. *Gidya*—a Queensland and N.S.W. aboriginal word for a tree of the acacia species (*A. homalophylla*).

Clay-Pan—a shallow depression of the ground on Australian plains, whose thin clayey surface retains water for a considerable time.

P. 80. *Parson Bird*—The Tui, or New Zealand mocking bird. The male has tufts of curled white feathers under the neck, like a clergyman's bands.

NOTES ON THE POEMS

P. 98. First printed, under the title of "*Ave Imperatrix*," in *The Daily Telegraph* (Sydney), on June 22, 1897, the day of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

P. 110. *Tui*. See note on *Parson Bird* (p. 80).

Kowhai—the Locust tree (yellow Kowhai), and the Parrot-bill (scarlet Kowhai)—N.Z. flowering trees.

Rata—a remarkable New Zealand tree with crimson flowers (*Metrosideros robusta*), which often starts from a seed dropped in the fork of a tree, grows downward to the earth, and, taking root there, winds itself closely round the supporting tree, and eventually destroys it.

P. 123. *Apple-tree*—an indigenous Australian tree, so called from a supposed resemblance to the English apple-tree, but bearing no edible fruit.

P. 137. Adam Lindsay Gordon is buried in Brighton (Victoria) Cemetery. Above the grave is erected a shattered column crowned with a laurel wreath.

P. 154. *Apple-tree*. See note to p. 123.

P. 167. *Flinders*—Matthew Flinders first came to Australia with Bass and Hunter in 1795, and made several heroic voyages around Australian coasts.

P. 172. *Jackass*—the Great Brown Kingfisher (*Dacelo gigas*), also known by its aboriginal names Kookaburra and Goburra. "J ckass" is an anglicised form of the French *jacasse*, a chatterer. The bird has a curious note resembling uncouth laughter.

P. 173. *Banksia*—a genus of the Order Proteaceæ, named after Sir Joseph Banks.

P. 176. *Mannán*—the ancient bardic name of the Isle of Man.

Eiré—the ancient name of Ireland.

The Isle of Apple-trees—"Emhain Ablach," the Isle of Arran. This was the land of faery to the Northern and Western Gaels.

P. 204. *Sir John Mackenzie*—Born 1838; for many years Minister for Lands in New Zealand. Died 1891.

NOTES ON THE POEMS

Holy Hill—Puketapu, a hill sacred to the Maoris on the Otago coast.

P. 206. *Riders*—timber used to hold down the bark roofs of primitive bush houses.

P. 209. *Mulga*—an aboriginal name given to various trees of the acacia family (*A. aneura*).

P. 212. *Jackeroo*—a “new chum,” or person recently arrived in Australia, who goes to work on a station to gain experience.

P. 214. *Push*—a gang of larrikins, or city roughs.

Flax—a native New Zealand plant yielding a strong fibre (*Phormium tenax*, N. O. Liliaceae).

Tussock—a native grass, common in New Zealand (*Lomandra longifolia*).

P. 268. *Jackass*. See note to p. 172.

P. 279. *Harbour*—Sydney Harbour.

P. 284. *Wharè*—Maori name for a hut or house.

P. 285 *Kowhai*. See note to p. 110.

Rata. See note to p. 110.

P. 298. *Toi*—the toi-toi, a tall N.Z. grass, genus *arundo*.

P. 305. *Tussocks*. See note to p. 214.

P. 307. *Wharè*. See note to p. 284.

P. 308. *Shake*—an earth tremor.

P. 318. *Maui*—In Polynesian mythology, the great hero who attempted to overcome Death, which could only be done by passing through Hine-nui-te-po (Great Woman of Night). This Maui attempted to do while she slept. Awakened, however, by the cry of a black fantail, she nipped Maui in two.

P. 322. *Weka*—Maori name for the wood-hen, so called from its note “Weeka.”

Bell-bird—the korimako (*Anthornis melanura*).

Koromiko—*Veronica salicifolia*.

Manuka—the tea-tree (*Leptospermum scoparium* and *L. ericoides*).

P. 328. *Mopoke*—an Australian species of owl (*Ninox boobook*), so called from its note—“mo-poke.”

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The bibliographies include books of verse only.

ADAMS, ARTHUR H.

Born at Lawrence, Central Otago, New Zealand, 6th June, 1872. Both parents colonial born; father of English, mother of Irish family. Educated, Christchurch High School, Wellington College and High School, Dunedin; thence with scholarship to Otago University; graduated B.A. War-correspondent in China (Boxer campaign). Visited London, 1902. Returned to Australia, 1905. Editor *Red Page*, *Sydney Bulletin*, 1906 to 1909, then editor *The Lone Hand* magazine till October, 1911, when he was re-appointed editor *Red Page*. Author of novels and plays.

Maoriland, and other Verses (Sydney, 1899).

The Nazarene (London, 1902).

London Streets (London, 1906).

ADAMS, FRANCIS WILLIAM LAUDERDALE.

Born at Malta, 27th September, 1862; son of Professor Leith Adams. Educated at Shrewsbury School, England. In Australia, 1884-89. Died at Margate, England, by his own hand, 4th September, 1893.

Henry, and other Tales (London, 1884).

Poetical Works (Brisbane and London, 1887).

Songs of the Army of the Night [Sydney, n.d. (1888); London, 1890, 1893, 1894].

The Mass of Christ (London, 1893).

Tiberius, a Drama (London, 1894).

Songs of the Army of the Night, and The Mass of Christ (London, 1910).

ALLEN, LESLIE HOLDSWORTH.

Born 21st June, 1879, Maryborough, Victoria; son of Rev. Wm. Allen. Educated, Newington College; graduated B.A. Sydney University; won James King of Irrawang Scholarship, 1904. Graduate of Leipsic University, Ph.D., 1907. Lectured in Latin and German at Sydney University. Now Lecturer at Sydney Teachers' College.

ANDERSEN, JOHANNES CARL.

Born at Jutland, Denmark, 14th March, 1873; came to New Zealand with his parents, October, 1874. Educated, New Zealand public schools. Now in Government service, Christchurch.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Author of *Maori Life in Ao-tea*, an attempt to reconstruct the ancient life of the Maoris.

Songs Unsung [Christchurch, n.d. (1903)].

The Lamp of Psyche (Melbourne, 1908).

BAUGHAN, BLANCHE EDITH (MISS).

Born at Putney, England, 1870, of Welsh and English parents. Arrived in New Zealand, 1900. Now residing at Chorlton, Banks Peninsula, N.Z.

Verses (London, 1898).

Reuben, and other Poems (London, 1903).

Shingle-Short, and other Verses [Christchurch, n.d. (1908)].

BAYLDON, ARTHUR ALBERT DAWSON.

Born at Leeds, England, 20th March, 1865, of an old North of England family. Educated at Leeds and travelled extensively in Europe. Arrived in Queensland, 1891, and since then has travelled over a good deal of Eastern Australia. Now in Sydney, writing stories, essays, etc.

Lays and Lyrics (London, 1887).

The Sphinx, and other Poems (Hull, 1889).

Poems (Brisbane, 1897).

Poems, enlarged edition [Brisbane, n.d. (1898)].

The Western Track, and other Verses (Sydney, 1905).

BOAKE, BARCROFT HENRY.

Born at Balmain, near Sydney, 26th March, 1866; father Irish, mother South Australian. Educated at Sydney Grammar School and by Mr. Edward Blackmore. Became a Surveyor, and was engaged in surveying and droving in New South Wales and Queensland bush from 1886-91. Returned to Sydney, depressed by his family's financial troubles, and suffered from severe melancholia for months. Died by his own hand, near Sydney, 2nd May, 1892.

Where the Dead Men Lie, and other Poems (Sydney, 1897).

BRACKEN, THOMAS.

Born in Ireland, 1843. Came to Victoria, 1855. Settled in New Zealand, 1869. Engaged as storekeeper, miner and journalist. Represented Dunedin in Parliament, 1881-4. Died, 16th February, 1898.

The Haunted Vale, and other Poems (Sandhurst, 1867).

Behind the Tomb, and other Poems (Melbourne, 1871).

Flowers of the Free Lands (Melbourne, 1877; Dunedin, 1877).

Lays of the Land of the Maori and Moa (London, 1884).

Paddy Murphy's Annual (Dunedin, 1886).

A Sheaf from the Sanctum (Dunedin, 1887).

Musings in Maoriland (Dunedin and Sydney, 1890).

Lays and Lyrics (Wellington, 1893).

Tom Bracken's Annual (Wellington, 1896).

Tom Bracken's Annual, No. 2. (Dunedin, 1897).

Not Understood, and other Poems (Wellington, 1905; Sydney, 1906).

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

BRADY, EDWIN JAMES.

Born at Carcoar, N.S.W., 7th August, 1869, of Irish parents. Educated, public school (N.S.W.) and Washington (D.C.), America. Engaged in farming and various other occupations in N.S.W. Editor *Australian Workman*, 1891; Editor and proprietor of *The Grip*, Grafton, N.S.W.; Editor of *The Worker* (Sydney), 1905; afterwards a free-lance Journalist in Sydney; Editor *The Native Companion* magazine, 1906. Now a press-agent in Melbourne.

The Ways of Many Waters (Sydney, 1899; Melbourne, 1909).

The Earthen Floor (Grafton, 1902).

Bushland Ballads (Melbourne, 1910).

Bells and Hobbles (Melbourne, 1911).

BRENNAN, CHRISTOPHER JOHN.

Born at Sydney, 1st November, 1870, of Irish parents. Educated, St. Aloysius and St. Ignatius Coll., Sydney. Graduated B.A., Sydney University, won James King Travelling Scholarship, and spent some years in Europe. Assistant Librarian, Sydney Public Library for some years. Now Lecturer in French and German at Sydney University.

XXI. Poems: Towards the Source (Sydney, 1897).

BRERETON, JOHN LE-GAY.

Born at Sydney, 2nd September, 1871; son of the late Dr. J. Le-Gay Brereton. Educated, Sydney Grammar School; graduated B.A., Sydney University. Now Assistant Librarian at the same University. Author of *Elizabethan Drama: Notes and Studies* (1909) and considerable textual criticism.

The Song of Brotherhood, and other Verses (London, 1896).

Perdita (Sydney, 1896).

Sweetheart Mine (Sydney, 1897).

Oilhona (Sydney, 1902).

Sea and Sky (Melbourne, 1908).

To-morrow (Sydney, 1910).

CAMBRIDGE, ADA (MRS. CROSS).

Born at St. Germain, Norfolk, England, 21st November, 1844; eldest daughter of Henry Cambridge and Thomasine, daughter of Dr. C. Emerson. Married Rev. George F. Cross of Ely, 25th April, 1870. Arrived in Melbourne, 19th August, 1870. Commenced writing serial stories for *Australasian*, 1875; has since published a number of novels in London and given an account of her life here in *Thirty Years in Australia* (1901). Returned to England, 1908.

Hymns on the Holy Communion (London, 1866).

The Manor House and other Poems (London, 1875).

Unspoken Thoughts (London, 1887).

CARMICHAEL, GRACE JENNINGS (MRS. MULLIS).

Born in Gippsland, Victoria, about 1867. Spent most of her early life in the bush. Went to Melbourne, entered Children's Hospital

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Training School and obtained certificate, 1890. Married Mr. Francis Mullis. Died 9th February, 1904, at Leyton, near London.

Poems (London and Melbourne, 1895).

Poems, miniature edition (Melbourne, 1910).

CHURCH, HUBERT.

Born at Hobart, Tasmania, 13th June, 1857. Father—Hubert D. Church, M.A., an English Barrister, descendant of John Hampden's family. Educated at Guildford, Felstead, and Oxford University. Arrived in New Zealand in 1873, studied law, and, in 1879, entered Government Treasury Department, Wellington, in which city he now resides.

The West Wind (Sydney, 1902). Reprinted in *A Southern Garland* (Sydney, 1904).

Poems [Wellington, n.d. (1904)].

Egmont (Melbourne, 1908).

Poems (Melbourne, 1912).

CLARKE, MARCUS ANDREW HISLOP.

Born at Kensington, London, 24th April, 1846; son of William Hislop Clarke, Barrister. Educated, Dr. Dyne's School, Highgate. Came to Victoria, 1864. Employed in a bank for a few months, then on a station for a year. Journalist in Melbourne, 1867-71. Appointed Secretary to Trustees, Melbourne Public Library, 1871; Assistant Librarian, 1875. Married, 1869, Marian Dunn, daughter of John Dunn, Comedian. Wrote *For the Term of His Natural Life* for *The Australian Journal*, 1870, which, partly re-written, was published in London, 1874. Died, 2nd August, 1881.

Verse collected and published in *The Marcus Clarke Memorial Volume*, 1884, and *The Austral Edition of Selected Works of Marcus Clarke*, 1890 (Melbourne).

COLBORNE-VEEL, MARY CAROLINE (MISS).

Born at Christchurch, N.Z.; daughter of Joseph Veel Colborne-Veel, M.A., Oxon., who came to New Zealand in 1857. Educated at home. Contributed frequently to Australian, English and other periodicals.

The Fairest of the Angels, and other Verse (London, 1894).

CURRIE, ARCHIBALD ERNEST.

Born at Christchurch, New Zealand, 1884, of British stock. Educated, Christchurch High School and Canterbury College. Graduated M.A., University of New Zealand.

CUTHBERTSON, JAMES LISTER.

Born in Scotland, 1851. Father a retired Adelaide Banker. Educated, Glenalmond, and Merton College, Oxford. Graduated B.A. Arrived in Melbourne, 1874. Senior Classical Master,

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Geelong Grammar School, 1875-96. Visited England for a few years, then returned and settled at Geelong. Died at Mt. Gambier, S.A., 18th January, 1910.

Barwon Ballads (Melbourne, 1893).

DALEY, VICTOR JAMES.

Born at Navan, Co. Meath, Ireland, 5th September, 1858; father Irish, mother of Scottish descent. Went to Plymouth, England, at fourteen, and left there in 1878 for Australia; landed in Sydney and shortly after went to Adelaide, where he worked as a clerk. Went to Melbourne and joined the staff of *The Carlton Advertiser*. Tramped to Queanbeyan, N.S.W., and edited a paper there for five months. Came to Sydney, 1881, and wrote for Australian papers, principally *The Bulletin*, until 1884. Lived in Melbourne for the next fourteen years; then again in Sydney until 1902, when, for the sake of his health, he made a trip to the South Seas. After a long illness, died, near Sydney, of phthisis, 29th December, 1905.

At Dawn and Dusk (Sydney, 1898).

Poems [Edinburgh, n.d. (1908)].

Wine and Roses (Sydney, 1911).

DENIEHY, DANIEL HENRY.

Born at Sydney, 18th August, 1828, of Irish parentage. Educated, M. Jonson's and W. T. Cape's schools. At fifteen wrote a novelette, *Love at First Sight*, printed in *Colonial Literary Journal*, 1844. Went to England with his parents, studied in London, and visited the Continent. Returned to Sydney, was articled to Nicol D. Stenhouse and eventually admitted—the first native-born solicitor on the rolls. Married Adelaide Elizabeth Hoalls, 1855. Elected to N.S.W. Parliament, 1856-9. Edited *Southern Cross* (Sydney) 1859-60, *Victorian* (Melbourne) 1862-4. Died at Bathurst, N.S.W., 22nd October, 1865.

Some of his writings were collected and published in *The Life and Speeches of Daniel Henry Deniehy*, by Miss E. A. Martin, Melbourne (1884).

DOMETT, ALFRED.

Born at Camberwell, England, 20th May, 1811. Matriculated at Cambridge, 1829; called to the Bar, 1841; left England, 1842, for New Zealand. Was a friend of Robert Browning and inspired his poem, *Waring*, which first appeared in *Bells and Pomegranates*, No. III., 1842. Became Colonial Secretary for Province of Munster, N.Z., 1848, and Premier of the Colony in 1862. Wrote *Ranolf and Amohia* in New Zealand. Returned to England, 1871. Died at Kensington, November, 1887.

Poems (London, 1833).

Venice, a Poem (London, 1839).

Ranolf and Amohia, A South Sea Day Dream (London, 1872, second edition, 2 vols., 1883).

Flores and Jetsam (London, 1877).

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

DYSON, EDWARD GEORGE.

Born near Ballarat, Victoria, 5th March, 1865, of English parentage. Educated public schools. Worked for some time as a miner in Victoria and Tasmania. Has published several volumes of prose fiction. Now a Journalist in Melbourne.

Rhymes from the Mines, and other Lines (Sydney, 1896).

EVANS, GEORGE ESSEX.

Born in London, 18th June, 1863; son of John Evans, Q.C., M.P., of Welsh descent. Educated at Haverford West (Wales) and St. Heliers (Channel Islands). Came to Queensland, 1881. Farming for some time. Entered Queensland Government Service, 1888, and was for some years District Registrar at Toowoomba. Joint Editor of *The Antipodean*, 1893, 1894, and 1897. Won prize for best Ode on the Inauguration of the Commonwealth. Died, 10th November, 1909.

The Repentance of Magdalene Despar, and other Poems (London, 1891).

Won by a Skirt (Brisbane, n.d.).

Lorraine, and other Verses (Melbourne, 1898).

The Sword of Pain (Toowoomba, 1905).

The Secret Key, and other Verses (Sydney, 1906).

Queen of the North: a Jubilee Ode (Brisbane, 1909).

FARRELL, JOHN.

Born at Buenos Aires (S. America), 18th December, 1851, of Irish parents. Came to Australia, 1852; spent his childhood and youth in the Victorian bush. Worked as a farmer, afterwards as a brewer, in Victoria and New South Wales. Journalist from 1887, principally on the staff of *The Daily Telegraph*, Sydney (of which paper he was for a time Editor), till his death in Sydney, 9th January, 1904.

Ephemera: An Iliad of Albury (Albury, 1878).

Two Stories (Melbourne, 1882).

How He Died, and other Poems (Sydney, 1887).

Australia to England (Sydney, 1897).

My Sundowner, and other Poems (Sydney, 1904).

How He Died, and other Poems (Sydney, 1905).

FOOTT, MARY HANNAY (Mrs).

Born at Glasgow, 26th September, 1846; daughter of James Black, mother descended from literary family of Hannay. Arrived in Australia, 1853. Educated in Melbourne. Married Thomas Wade Foott, 1874, and went to live at Dundoo, Queensland. After death of her husband, 1884, was Literary Editor of *The Queenslander* for ten years. Teacher at Rocklea for some years. Now residing at Bundaberg (Q).

Where the Pelican Builds, and other Poems (Brisbane, 1885).

Morna Lee, and other Poems (London, 1890).

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

GAY, WILLIAM.

Born at Bridge of Weir, Renfrewshire, Scotland, 1865. Arrived in New Zealand, April, 1885. Went to Melbourne, 1888. Appointed Assistant Master, Scotch College, which position he held until his health broke down. Bedridden for the last two years of his life. Died at Bendigo, 22nd December, 1897.

Sonnets, and other Verses (Melbourne, 1894).

Sonnets (Bendigo, 1896).

Christ on Olympus, and other Poems (Bendigo, 1896).

Poems, miniature edition (Melbourne, 1911).

The Complete Poetical Works of William Gay (Melbourne, 1911).

GILMORE, MARY J. (MRS.).

Born near Goulburn, New South Wales, 16th August, 1865; father—Donal Cameron—a Highlander, mother a native of the Hawkesbury district, N.S.W. Educated at public schools; became a school teacher, 1881. Joined the New Australia movement and went to Paraguay, 1895. Married William Gilmore, 1897. Returned to Australia, 1902. Now in Sydney, editing *Women's Page of The Worker*.

Married, and other Verses [Melbourne, n.d. (1910)].

GORDON, ADAM LINDSAY.

Born at Fayal, Azores Islands, 19th October, 1833; son of Captain Adam Durnford Gordon, of Worcester (England), descendant of an old Scottish family. Went to England, 1840; entered Cheltenham College (about 1844), where his father was for some time Professor of Hindustani. Was at Woolwich Military Academy (1850) and afterwards Merton College, Oxford (1852). Left England in the ship "Julia," 7th August, 1853. Arrived at Adelaide, South Australia, November, 1853, and became a mounted trooper, afterwards a horse-breaker. Married Maggie Park, October, 1862, and lived at Mt. Gambier, South Australia, for two years. Elected to South Australian Parliament, 1865; resigned, November, 1866. Moved to Ballarat (Victoria), November, 1867, where he purchased a livery stable. Became celebrated as a steeplechase rider. Removed to Melbourne in 1869 and lived in Brighton. His only child, Annie Lindsay, died in 1868; his business failed; he had several falls while racing; his claim to the Barony of Esslemont (Scotland) was defeated. In despair, shot himself, 24th June, 1870, near Brighton Beach.

The Feud (Mt. Gambier, 1864).

Sea Spray and Smoke Drift (Melbourne, 1867, 1876, 1909); also miniature edition (Melbourne, 1909).

Ashlaroth: a Dramatic Lyric (Melbourne, 1867 and 1877).

Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes (Melbourne, 1870 and 1876).

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Poems (Melbourne, 1877, 1880, 1882, 1884, 1888, 1892).
Racing Rhymes, and other Verses (New York, 1901).
Some uncollected verses printed in *Reminiscences and Unpublished Poems of A. L. Gordon* (Sydney, n.d.).

HARPUR, CHARLES.

Born at Windsor, New South Wales, 1817; son of a schoolmaster. Followed various occupations, principally farming. Gold Commissioner at Araluen for eight years. Married Mary Doyle, 1850. Died 10th June, 1868, at Enrobodalla, N.S.W.

Thoughts: A Series of Sonnets (Sydney, 1845).
The Bushrangers, and other Poems (Sydney, 1853).
A Poet's Home (Sydney, 1862).
The Tower of the Dream (Sydney, 1865).
Poems (Melbourne, 1883).

HEBBLETHWAITE, JAMES.

Born at Preston, Lancashire, England, 22nd September, 1857, of English parents. Entered with scholarship, St. John's College, Battersea, London, 1877. Remained there two years. Was occupied in teaching during the next twelve years, also lectured on English literature at the Harris Institute, Preston. Came to Tasmania in 1890 and engaged in teaching. Took orders in the Anglican Church, 1903. Rector of George Town, and now Vicar of D'Entrecasteaux Channel, Tasmania.

Verses (Hobart, 1896).
A Rose of Regret (Sydney, 1900). Reprinted in *A Southern Garland* (1904).
Meadow and Bush (Sydney, 1912).

HENEY, THOMAS WILLIAM.

Born at Sydney, November, 1862; eldest son of Thomas W. Heney, Editor and part proprietor of *Monaro Mercury*. Educated at Cooma. Entered *Sydney Morning Herald* office, 1878; *Daily Telegraph*, Sydney, 1884; *Western Grazier*, Wilcannia, 1886; *Echo*, 1889; *S. M. Herald*, 1891, and is now Editor of the last-named Journal. Has published two novels.

Fortunate Days (Sydney, 1886).
In Middle Harbour, and other Verse (London, 1890).

HOLDSWORTH, PHILIP JOSEPH.

Born at Balmain, near Sydney, 12th January, 1849; father English, mother Irish. Editor *Sydney Athenaeum*, *Illustrated Sydney News*. For many years Cashier in the Treasury, Sydney; afterwards Secretary, Forest Department, till 1892. Died, 19th January, 1902.

Station Hunting on the Warrego, and other Poems (Sydney, 1885).

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

HYLAND, INEZ K. (Miss).

Born at Portland (Victoria) 1863; daughter of T. F. Hyland and grand-daughter of Dr. Penfold, Magill (S.A.). Educated at Miss Kentish's School, Castlemaine, and by Madame Marvel. Died at Magill (S.A.), 1892.

In Sunshine and in Shadow (Melbourne, 1893).

JEPHCOTT, SYDNEY WHEELER.

Born at Colac-Colac (Victoria), 30th November, 1864, parents having lately immigrated from Warwickshire (England). Grew up in the bush and educated himself. Engaged in farming on the Upper Murray (Victoria).

The Secrets of the South (London, 1892).

Penetration (Melbourne, 1912).

KELLY, JOHN LIDDELL.

Born near Airdrie, Scotland, 19th February, 1850. Left school at eleven, self-educated afterwards. Married, 1870. Emigrated to New Zealand, 1880. Has since worked as a Journalist. Sub-editor *Auckland Star*; Editor *Auckland Observer*; Assistant Editor *Lyttelton Times*; Editor *New Zealand Times*, Wellington. Visited Great Britain 1907, returned to N.Z., and then went to Hawaii, and is now engaged in journalism in N.Z.

Tahiti, the Land of Love and Beauty (Auckland, 1885).

Tarawera, or the Curse of Tuhoto (Auckland, 1887).

Zealandia's Jubilee (Auckland, 1890).

Heather and Fern (Wellington, 1902).

KENDALL, HENRY CLARENCE.

Born at Kermington, near Ulladulla, N.S.W., 18th April, 1841; son of Basil Kendall (whose father, an Englishman, was a missionary in New Zealand) and Melinda M'Nally (of Irish descent). Brought up and educated in the bush of N.S.W. coast districts. At the age of thirteen went with his uncle as a cabin boy, and spent two years cruising in the Pacific. Returned to Sydney and became a shop assistant for a time; then clerk to J. Lionel Michael, Solicitor in Sydney and Grafton. Obtained, through Henry Halloran, an appointment in the Government Lands Office, Sydney, 1863. Married Charlotte, daughter of Dr. Rutter, of Sydney, 1868; went to Melbourne, 1869, and engaged in journalistic work. After the death of his daughter Araluen, he returned to Sydney, 1871; went to Camden Haven in charge of Messrs. Fagan Bros.' timber yards, and spent seven years there. Appointed, by Sir Henry Parkes, Superintendent of State Forests, 1881, and went to live at Cundletown (N.S.W.). Died in Sydney, 1st August, 1882.

At Long Bay: Euroclydon (Sydney, n.d.)

The Glen of the White Man's Grave (Sydney, n.d.).

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Poems and Songs (Sydney, 1862).
The Bronze Trumpet: A Satirical Poem (Sydney, 1866).
Leaves from Australian Forests (Melbourne, 1869, 1870).
Cantata for the Opening of the Sydney International Exhibition
 (Sydney, 1879).
Songs from the Mountains (Sydney, 1880).
Orava: A Tale, illustrated (Melbourne, 1881).
Poems (Melbourne, 1886, 1890, 1903; miniature edition, 1910).

LAWSON, HENRY HERTZBERG.

Born near Grenfell, N.S.W., 17th June, 1867; son of Peter Hertzberg Larsen, a Norwegian, and Louisa Albury, native of N.S.W. Worked with his father, who was a farmer and contractor; came to Sydney at seventeen and learned the trade of a coach-painter; commenced writing verse, 1887; was on the staff of the *Queensland Boomerang*, 1890; travelled in N.S.W., West Australia and New Zealand, engaged in various occupations; went to London, 1900. Returned to Sydney, 1903. Has published several volumes of prose sketches and stories.

Short Stories in Prose and Verse (Sydney, n.d. (1894)).
In the Days when the World was Wide, and other Verses
 (Sydney, 1896, 1903).
Verses Popular and Humorous (Sydney, 1900).
Children of the Bush (London, 1902, prose and verse).
When I was King, and other Verses (Sydney, 1905).
The Rising of the Court (prose and verse, Sydney, 1910).
The Sky-line Riders and other Verses (Sydney, 1910).

LAWSON, WILLIAM.

Born 2nd September, 1876, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, of English parents. Arrived in New Zealand, 1880.* Removed to Queensland, 1884. Educated Queensland State Schools and Brisbane Grammar School. Returned to New Zealand in 1892. Now living in Wellington, N.Z.

The Red West Road, and other Verses; by "Quilp N."
 (Wellington, 1903).
Between the Lights, and other Verses (Wellington, 1906).
Stokin' and other Verses (Wellington, 1908).

LOUGHRAN, EDWARD BOOTH.

Born at Glasgow, 13th December, 1850, of Irish parents. Educated in North of Ireland. Arrived in Australia, January, 1866. Public school teacher in Queensland for several years. Became a Journalist, and was employed on *Rockhampton Bulletin*, *Brisbane Courier*, and *Melbourne Argus*. Joined Victorian Government Hansard in 1879, and in 1893 was appointed Chief of Staff.

'Neath Austral Skies (Melbourne, 1894).
The Ivory Gate (Melbourne, 1907).

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

McCRAE, GEORGE GORDON.

Born Anchorfield, Leith, near Edinburgh, 29th May, 1832; son of the late Andrew Morrison McCrae (Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and afterwards Magistrate and Warden of Goldfields, Victoria). Arrived in Melbourne, March, 1841. Educated privately. Joined Audit Office, 1854, and served thirty-nine years in Victorian Public Service, retiring as Deputy Registrar-General. Visited Europe in 1864, Mauritius, Bourbon and Seychelles in 1887; Seychelles again in 1894. Has contributed a great deal of verse to Australian papers. Now living at Hawthorn, Victoria.

Two Old Men's Tales of Love and War (1865).

Mamba ("The Bright-Eyed") (Melbourne, 1867).

The Story of Balladeadro (Melbourne, 1867).

The Man in the Iron Mask: A Poetical Romance (Melbourne, 1873).

McCRAE, HUGH.

Born at Hawthorn, Victoria, 4th October, 1876; son of George Gordon McCrae. Educated at Hawthorn Grammar School. Articled to a firm of architects in Melbourne; but abandoned that profession before completing the full term, and engaged in journalism. Now living near Sydney, contributing verses and drawings to various papers.

Silvarum Libri (Sydney, 1909), re-printed as *Satyrs and Sunlight* (Melbourne, 1911).

MACK, MARY LOUISE (MRS. CREED).

Born at Hobart, Tasmania, 10th October, 1874. Both parents born in Ireland; her father, the Rev. Hans Mack, of German descent. Educated Sydney High School (contemporary with Ethel Turner) and edited a school magazine there. Became a teacher—afterwards a journalist in Sydney. Married Mr. John P. Creed, a Sydney barrister, 1896. Published two school stories and a short novel. Went to London, 1901. Published *An Australian Girl in London*, 1902, and several novels since then. Lived in Florence, Italy, for some time. Now in London.

Dreams in Flower (Sydney, 1901). Reprinted in *A Southern Garland* (Sydney, 1904).

MACKAY, JESSIE (MISS).

Born at foot of the Southern Alps, Canterbury, New Zealand, 15th December, 1864; father and mother Scottish Highlanders. Brought up on her father's station, South Canterbury. Educated, Christchurch Normal School. Public school teacher for four years; afterwards private teacher and regular contributor to *Otago Witness* and other journals.

The Spirit of the Rangatira, and other Ballads (Melbourne, 1889).

The Sitter on the Rail, and other Poems (Christchurch, 1891).

From the Maori Sea [Christchurch, n.d. (1908)].

Land of the Morning (Wellington, 1910).

Poems, miniature edition (Melbourne, 1911).

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

MACKELLAR, DOROTHEA.

Born in Sydney; daughter of Sir Charles K. Mackellar. Educated privately. Part author of *The Little Blue Devil* (prose fiction).

The Closed Door, and other Verses (Melbourne, 1911).

MARTIN, ARTHUR PATCHETT.

Born at Woolwich, England, 18th February, 1851; eldest son of an Australian pioneer colonist. Educated at Melbourne. Entered Victorian Civil Service, 1862; helped to found and was Editor of *Melbourne Review*, 1876-1882. Went to England, 1882. Died there, 15th February, 1902.

Sweet Girl Graduate (a Christmas Story) and *Random Rhymes* (Melbourne, 1876).

Lays of To-Day (Melbourne, 1878).

Fernshawe, sketches in prose and verse (Melbourne, 1882; London, 1885).

The Withered Jester, and other Verses (London, 1895).

MICHAEL, JAMES LIONEL.

Born in England, 1824; eldest son of James Walter Michael, Solicitor, and Rose Lemon-Hart. Articled to his father and became a Solicitor; was a friend of Millais and others of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Came to Australia, 1853; practised in Sydney, and subsequently at Grafton, Clarence River, where Kendall entered his office in 1857. Found drowned in Clarence River with a wound in his skull, 1865.

Songs without Music (Sydney, 1857).

John Cumberland [Sydney, n.d. (1860)].

MOLONEY, PATRICK.

Born at Hawthorn, Victoria, 1843. Educated, St. Patrick's College, Melbourne; graduated M.B., Melbourne University, 1867. Married Miss Quirk of Carlton (Vic.). Died at Ulverstone, England, September, 1904.

NEILSON, JOHN SHAW.

Born at Penola, South Australia, 22nd February, 1872; father Scotch, mother an Australian native of Scottish descent. Went with his parents in 1881 to the Wimmera district, Victoria. Educated in State schools, S.A. and Victoria. Now engaged in farming at Tyrrell Downs, Victoria.

O'DOWD, BERNARD PATRICK.

Born at Beaufort, Victoria, 11th April, 1866, of Irish parents. Educated in Victorian State schools. Graduated B.A., LL.B., Melbourne University. Admitted to the Bar. Now Assistant Librarian, Supreme Court, Melbourne.

Dawnward ? (Sydney, 1903). Reprinted in *A Southern Garland* (Sydney, 1904). Second edition, 1909.

The Silent Land, and other Verses (Melbourne, 1906).

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Dominions of the Boundary (Melbourne, 1907).

The Seven Deadly Sins, and other Verses (Melbourne, 1909).

Poems, miniature edition (Melbourne, 1910).

OGILVIE, WILLIAM HENRY.

Born near Kelso, Scotland, 21st August, 1869. Educated, Kelso High School and Fettes College, Edinburgh. Came to Australia, 1889; engaged in droving, horse-breaking and other occupations in N.S.W. bush. Returned to Scotland, 1901. Edited an agricultural paper in Iowa, U.S.A., until 1908, when he returned to Scotland again.

Fair Girls and Gray Horses (Sydney, 1898, 1899, 1905, 1906).

Hearts of Gold (Sydney, 1903).

Rainbows and Witches (London, 1907).

Whaup o' the Rede (Dalbeattie, N.B., 1909).

The Land We Love (Dalbeattie, N.B., 1910).

O'HARA, JOHN BERNARD.

Born at Bendigo (Victoria), 29th October, 1864, of Irish parents. Educated, Carlton College and Ormond College; graduated M.A., Melbourne University. Became Principal, South Melbourne College, 1890, which position he still occupies.

Songs of the South (London, 1891).

Songs of the South, Second Series (London, 1895).

Lyrics of Nature (Melbourne, 1899).

A Book of Sonnets (Melbourne, 1902).

Odes and Lyrics (Melbourne, 1906).

Calyphso and other Poems (Melbourne, 1912).

O'REILLY, DOWELL PHILLIP.

Born at Sydney, 18th July, 1865; son of Rev. Caution O'Reilly. Educated, Sydney Grammar School; went to Sydney University, but left before completing the course. Represented Parramatta in N.S.W. Parliament, 1894-1898. Master at Sydney Grammar School until 1911; now in Government Service, Sydney.

A Fragment (Sydney, 1884).

Australian Poems (Sydney, 1884).

A Pedlar's Pack (Sydney, 1888).

PARKES, SIR HENRY.

Born at Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, England, 27th May, 1815. Son of an English farmer. Self-educated. Learned trade of ivory-turner. Emigrated to Australia, 1839. Elected to old Legislative Council, New South Wales, 1854, and to first Parliament under responsible government, 1856. Was several times Premier and almost continually in N.S.W. Parliament until his death at Annandale, near Sydney, on 27th April, 1896.

Stolen Moments (Sydney, 1842).

Murmurs of the Stream (Sydney, 1857).

Studies in Rhyme (Sydney, 1870).

The Beauteous Terrorist, and other Poems (Sydney, 1885).

Fragmentary Thoughts (Sydney, 1889).

Sonnets, and other Verse (London, 1895).

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

PATERSON, ANDREW BARTON.

Born at Narrambla, near Molong (N.S.W.), 17th February, 1864; father Scottish, mother Australian. Educated, Sydney Grammar School. Admitted as a solicitor and practised in Sydney for some years. Went to South Africa as War Correspondent, and to China as special correspondent. Editor *Sydney Evening News*, 1905-6. Editor *Town and Country Journal* (Sydney) till 1908, when he became a pastoralist.

The Man from Snowy River, and other Verses (Sydney, 1895, 1902).
Rio Grande's Last Race, and other Verses (Sydney, 1902).

QUINN, PATRICK EDWARD.

Born at Sydney, N.S.W., 17th March, 1862, of Irish parents. Educated at various Sydney schools. Journalist. Member of N.S.W. Legislative Assembly for six years.

QUINN, RODERIC JOSEPH.

Born at Sydney, 26th November, 1869 (brother of P. E. Quinn). Educated in Sydney; studied law; State school teacher at Milbrulong, N.S.W., for about six months. Returned to Sydney, 1890. Published a novel, *Mostyn Stayne*, in 1897. Editor of *North Sydney News*, 1905-6. Now engaged in writing stories and verse for Sydney papers.

The Hidden Tide (Sydney, 1899).

The Circling Hearths (Sydney, 1901).

Both reprinted in *A Southern Garland* (Sydney, 1904).

REEVES, WILLIAM PEMBER.

Born at Christchurch, N.Z., 10th February, 1857; eldest son of the late Hon. W. Reeves, M.L.C. Educated, Christ's College, where he won a University scholarship. Went to England in 1874, with the intention of going to Oxford, but was compelled by health to return to N.Z. Admitted to the N.Z. bar; journalist for many years on staff of *Lyttelton Times* and *Canterbury Times*. Entered House of Representatives, 1887, as member for St. Albans; Minister for Education and Minister for Labour in the Ballance Government, 1890-6. Resigned, 1896, on being appointed Agent-General, and went to London. Published *The Long White Cloud*, an historical and general account of the colony (1897). High Commissioner for N.Z. in London until 1908. Now Director, London School of Economics.

Colonial Couplets (with G. P. Williams) (1889).

In Double Harness (with G. P. Williams) (1891).

New Zealand, and other Poems (London, 1898).

RICHARDSON, ROBERT.

Born at Armidale, N.S.W., 7th January, 1850; son of John Richardson. Educated, Sydney Grammar School; graduated B.A. Sydney University. Journalist. Went to England and died there 4th October, 1901.

Willow and Wattle (Edinburgh, 1893).

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

ROBERTSON, JOHN STEELE.

Born at Biggar, Scotland, on 21st June, 1867, and came to Australia with his parents in the same year. Educated at State School, Carlton, Victoria, where he gained a scholarship and went to the Scotch College. Won numerous prizes there and at Melbourne University, graduating B.A. with honors in 1889. Edited a College paper and *The University Review*, and later on owned and edited *Bohemia*, and contributed extensively (over the *nom de plume* of "Steele Grey") to *The Bulletin* and other papers. Died in Melbourne, 31st January, 1898.

ROSS, DAVIO MACDONALD.

Born at Moeraki, on Otago coast, New Zealand, 1865. Parents Scottish Highlanders; who, shortly after his birth, removed to Palmerston in the Waihemo Valley, where he attended school. Engaged in farming work, shearing, etc., in various parts of New Zealand. Entered Agricultural Department, and in 1893 was appointed Stock Inspector, Waikato district. Promoted to Napier district, 1906.

The After Glow [Auckland, n.d. (1904)].

The Promise of the Star [London, n.d. (1908)].

Hearts of the Pure, prose and verse (London, 1911).

ROWE, RICHARD P. L.

Born at Doncaster, England, 9th March, 1828. Emigrated to Australia when young. Journalist. Returned to England, 1858, and subsequently published a number of works there. Died, 9th November, 1879.

Peter Possums' Portfolio, prose and verse (Sydney, 1858).

SANDES, JOHN.

Born at Cork, Ireland, 26th February, 1863; son of Rev. S. Dickson Sandes. Family left Ireland, 1872. Educated at King's College, London; Trinity College, Stratford-on-Avon; and Magdalen College, Oxford; graduated B.A., 1885. Travelled on Continent as tutor for a year. Came to Australia, 1887. Joined staff of Melbourne *Argus*, 1888; Sydney *Daily Telegraph*, 1903.

Rhymes of the Times (Melbourne, 1898).

Ballads of Battle (Melbourne, 1900).

The House of Empire (Sydney, 1909).

SIMPSON, MARTHA MILDRED (MISS).

Born in Co. Tyrone, Ireland, 3rd May, 1869. Came to New South Wales with her father at the age of fourteen. Entered service of Department of Public Instruction, 1886, and was in charge of Kindergarten section, public school, Tamworth, and Lecturer on educational matters in the same district. Now Kindergartener, Blackfriars School, near Sydney.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

SOUTER, CHARLES HENRY.

Born at Aberdeen, Scotland, 11th October, 1864; father English, mother Scottish. Came to Australia with his parents when fourteen and spent three years in the bush. Went back to Aberdeen in 1882 and graduated M.D. Returned to Australia in 1887, and was for three years in charge of a bush hospital; then ship's surgeon to China ports and back. Now practising at Prospect, S.A.

STEPHENS, JAMES BRUNTON.

Born at Borrowstowness, near Edinburgh, 17th June, 1835. Educated, Edinburgh University. Travelling tutor, 1857-1860; teaching at Greenock till 1866. Arrived in Australia, April, 1866. Married Rosalie, daughter of T. W. Donaldson. Entered Colonial Secretary's Department, Brisbane, 1883, as correspondence clerk; subsequently appointed Under Secretary. Died 29th June, 1902.

Convict Once (London, 1871).

The Godolphin Arabian (Brisbane, 1873, 1894).

The Black Gin, and other Poems (Melbourne, 1873).

Mule Discourse (Brisbane, 1878).

Marsupial Bill (Brisbane, 1879).

Miscellaneous Poems (London and Brisbane, 1880).

Convict Once, and Other Poems (Melbourne, 1885, 1888).

Fayette, or Bush Revels (Brisbane, 1892).

Poetical Works (Sydney, 1902).

STORRIE, AGNES L. (MRS. KETTLEWELL).

Born near Adelaide, South Australia; now resident in Sydney.

Poems (Sydney, 1899; enlarged edition, 1909).

STRONG, ARCHIBALD THOMAS.

Born at South Yarra, Melbourne, 30th December, 1876; son of Herbert A. Strong, M.A., Professor of Classics in Melbourne University for fourteen years, now Professor of Latin at Liverpool (Eng.) University. Went to England, 1883. Educated Sedbergh School, Liverpool University, and Magdalen College, Oxford. Graduated M.A., Liverpool, B.A. Oxon., and admitted to Middle Temple. Returned to Melbourne on account of health, and is now examination coach and University extension Lecturer in that city. Author of *Peradventure*, a book of essays.

Sonnets and Songs (Edinburgh, 1905).

TURNER, ETHEL (MRS. H. R. CURLEWIS).

Born at Doncaster, England, 24th January, 1872. Daughter of H. Turner, of Scottish family; mother English. Arrived in Australia, 1880. Educated, Sydney High School, where she conducted a school paper. Edited *The Parthenon*, and engaged in journalistic work for some years. Published *Seven Little Australians*, 1894, and since then numerous other children's books. Married H. R. Curlewis, barrister-at-law, Sydney, 1896.

Gum Leaves [Sydney, n.d. (1900), prose and verse)].

The Tiny House, and other Verses (London, 1911).

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

WERNER, ALICE (Miss).

Born at Trieste, Austria, 26th June, 1859; mother English, father German. In the same year the family emigrated to New Zealand and lived at Duuedin. Went with her father to Mexico in 1864; and then to London. Newham College, 1878-80. Writing for *The Speaker* and other papers until 1893. Went to South Africa, studying native languages. Returned to London, 1896. Published three volumes of prose fiction. Now writing stories and verse, and is Professor of Zulu languages at King's College, London.

The King of the Silver City (London).

A Time and Times (London, 1886).

WHITNEY, GEORGE CHARLES.

Born at Drummoyne, near Sydney, 25th May, 1884; father Australian, mother English. Educated, Fort Street Public School and Sydney University. Graduated B.A., 1906. Now a journalist in Sydney.

WILCOX, DORA (MADAME HAMELIUS).

Born at Christchurch, New Zealand, 1873; father an Englishman, mother New Zealander. Matriculated, Canterbury College. Teaching in New South Wales and New Zealand for some years. Went to Europe, and is now in London.

Verses from Maoriland (London, 1905).

Rata and Mistletoe (London, 1911).

WILSON, MRS. JAMES GLENNY.

Born (Ann Adams) at Greenvale, Victoria, 11th June, 1848; father from North of Ireland, mother Scotch. Educated at home. Married, 1874, and went to New Zealand, and has been living at Rangitikei ever since. Has published two novels.

Themes and Variations (London, 1889).

A Book of Verses (London, 1901).

WRIGHT, DAVID M'KEE.

Born in Co. Down, Ireland, 6th August, 1869; son of Rev. W. Wright, author of *The Brontes in Ireland*, etc. Arrived in New Zealand, 1887. Entered Congregational Ministry, 1898, and was stationed at Nelson until 1909, when he left for Sydney, where he is now a freelance journalist.

Aorangi, and other Verses (Dunedin, 1896).

Station Ballads and other Verses (Dunedin, 1897).

Wisps of Tussock (Oamaru, 1900).

New Zealand Chimes (Wellington, 1900).

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